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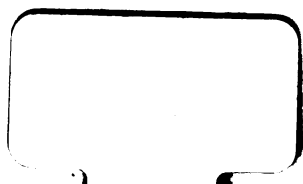
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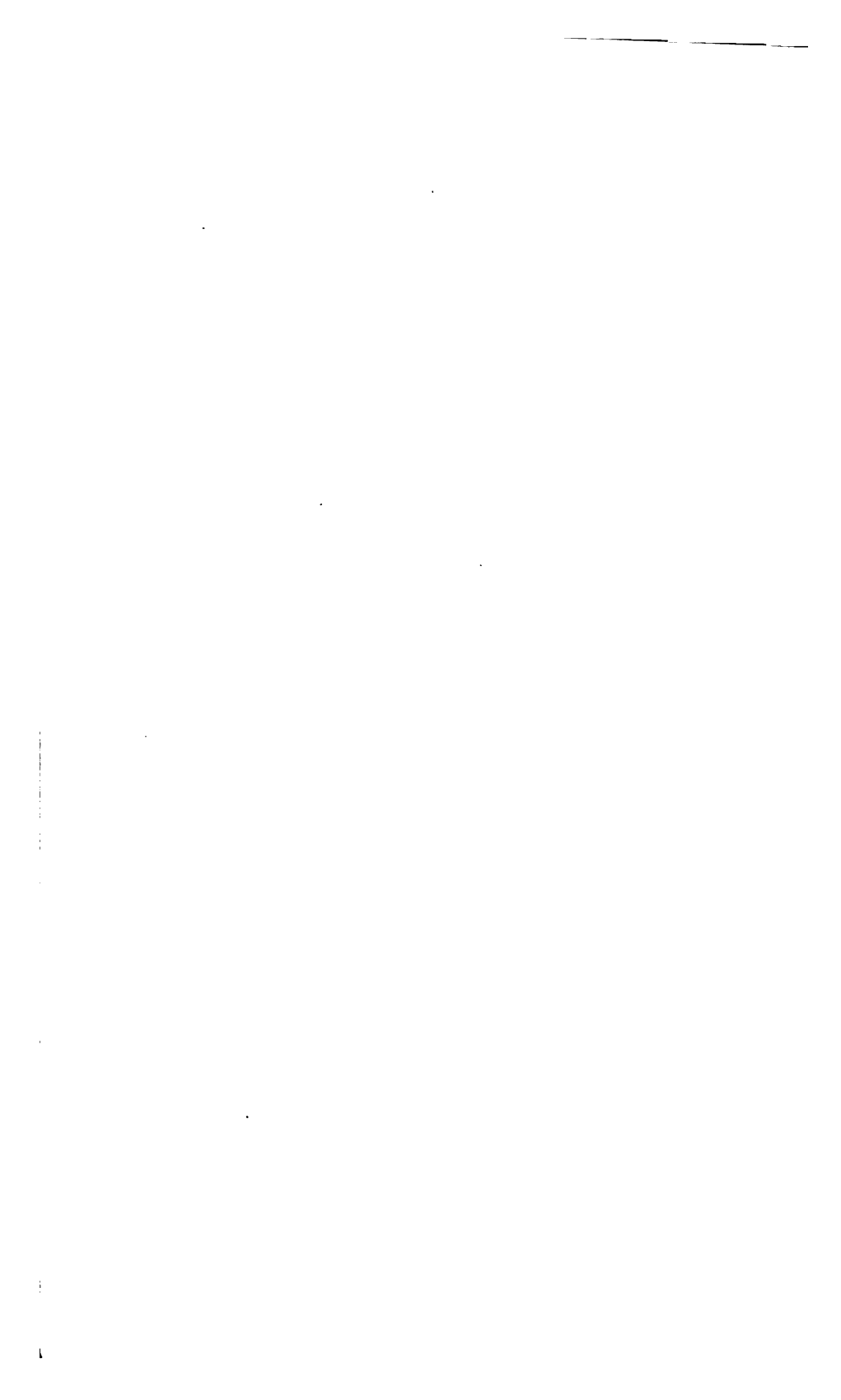
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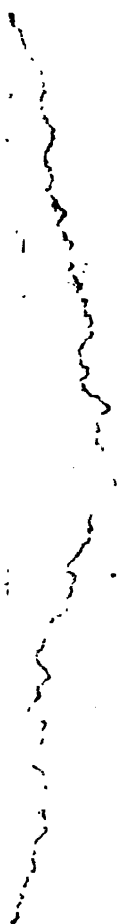


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F. Knight Del^s

J. Swaine Sc.

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JOHN

Born 1659.



DUNTON,

Died 1733.

THE
Life and Errors
OF
JOHN DUNTON,
CITIZEN OF LONDON;
WITH THE
LIVES AND CHARACTERS OF MORE THAN A THOUSAND
CONTEMPORARY DIVINES,
AND OTHER PERSONS OF LITERARY EMINENCE.
TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
DUNTON'S CONVERSATION IN IRELAND;
Selections
FROM HIS OTHER GENUINE WORKS;
AND A FAITHFUL PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

VOL. I.

PRINTED BY AND FOR J. NICHOLS, SON, AND BENTLEY,
AT THE PRINTING-OFFICE OF THE VOTES OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET, WESTMINSTER:

SOLD ALSO AT THEIR OLD OFFICE IN RED LION PASSAGE,
FLEET STREET, LONDON.

1818.



THE
LIFE and ERRORS of JOHN DUNTON,

LATE CITIZEN OF LONDON,

Written by Himself in Solitude ;

WITH

AN IDEA OF A NEW LIFE,

WHEREIN IS SHewn

How he would think, speak, and act, might he live over
his Days again :

INTERMIXED WITH THE NEW DISCOVERIES THE AUTHOR

HAS MADE IN HIS TRAVELS ABROAD,

AND IN HIS PRIVATE CONVERSATION AT HOME.

TOGETHER WITH

The Lives and Characters of a Thousand Persons

NOW LIVING IN LONDON, &c.

Digested into Seven Stages, with their respective Ideas.

“ He that has all his own mistakes confess’d,
Stands next to him that never has transgress’d,
And will be censur’d for a Fool by none
But they who see no ERRORS of their own.”

DE FOE’s Satire upon Himself, p. 6.

FIRST PUBLISHED, BY S. MALTHUS, IN 1705.



THE AUTHOR'S
SPEAKING PICTURE,

DRAWN BY HIMSELF IN 1705.

FAIN would the Graver here my Picture* place,
But I myself have drawn my truer face :
Reader, behold my *Visage* in my Book ;
My true Idea most exactly took.
My very soul may naked here be seen,
Both what I was, and what I should have been.
The Graver's skill my pen and thoughts supply ;
They know the best, my Physiognomy,
And best can draw the lines which inward lie. }
On murder'd brass-plate when some Author lies,
If not already so, 't is two to one he dies.
Thus slain and butcher'd lies the fam'd *De Foe* ;
'T is too unkind to serve poor *Dunton* so.
Thus brazen lines the recreant *Fuller* bear ;
'T is double glaz'd, for brass was Nature there.
My Book 's my Picture ; there 's my living face ;
And *speaking* tears the image of my case.
My soul undress'd stands there in open view ;
By Nature, sinful ; by Devotion, new.
There all the *Shifting Scenes* of life appear ;
There stand my blushing Errors. Ah, beware ! }
Dear-bought experience you may cheaply share.
The vast terraqueous Globe I 've rambled o'er,
But in *myself* retir'd discover'd more.
You, whose great Characters I here present, }
Be witnesses that *Dunton* does repent,
And here does stand in sheets for punishment.
But, since so many Pictures I have shewn,
Mine (*by a privilege*) should be unknown.
'T is handsome men may tell those fops they curse,
Their *pretty phiz* is join'd unto their verse.
I love to know the inside of a man,
Let who will gaze o' th' *Shadow* of him then.

* At this time his Portrait had not been engraved.

For sometimes does a very dolt appear,
 In shew, a very learn'd Philosopher.
 But, since grav'd Pictures please the eyes of men,
 Perhaps I 'll fit them when I write again.
 But now my Speaking Picture must relate
 All those fine things describ'd in copper-plate.
 It also speaks to shew the child unborn
 What I would be would my past age return.
Athens (for ages past) I did revive;
 Could I lost years restore, just thus I'd live.
 Had I the choice of flesh and blood again,
 I ne'er would stand to plot behind the scene,
 But bravely act the man I should have been.
 But, though I weep and mourn for what 's amiss,
 With tears that represent my *Inward Phiz*;
 Yet could old Time unweave my sins and age
 (That I might live just as I here engage),
 My love to my dear Wife, and to my Friend,
 I neither do repent, nor need amend.
 But for those *Errors* I do here confess,
 I would so mend and alter all the Press,
 That both my Person, and my Picture too,
 Should now no longer live *incognito*
 Thus does my Speaking Picture conquer Death,
 'T was but a dead face, Art could here bequeath,
 Look on the following Leaves, and see me breathe,
 Nor could the Limner draw my Picture here,
 For *Ego non sum Ego*, that is clear;
 And none can draw what is, and is not here.
 But when I live the *same*, by acting *new*,
 Then to be known, I 'll put my face in view.
 Dissected thus, I stand a living Martyr grown,
 Come, read my *Errors*, and reform your own.

JOHN DUNTON.

"O mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos." Virgil,

TO MY MUCH-ESTEEMED FRIEND

Mr. JOHN DUNTON,

UPON HIS TRAVELS TO AMERICA, GERMANY,
AND OTHER PARTS, &c.

WELCOME, dear Friend, to me, and England too !

Welcome as ever I have been to you !

Ulysses-like *, at last return'd again,
Though more than he thou Manners know'st and Men,
Although but *Five Years* thou, he rambled *Ten*. }

What 's the small Mediterranean he was tost on
To the main Sea ? What 's Ithaca to Boston ?

Cambridge has rhym'd on thy *Ideal* art,
I 'll strain my Muse and Conscience ere we part,
To let thy Travels have their due desert. }

Candish and *Drake*, rub off ! Avaunt ! Be gone !
A greater Rambler now 's approaching on :

You for *one Way* at once, did well, 't is true,
But his invention 's far more strange and new, }

At once he forwards goes, and backwards too.
Whilst his dull Body 's for *New England* bound,

His Soul (in Dreams) trots all the World around ;
But Cunning Men and Conjurers use this Trade,
Who, still as stocks, have Sea and Land survey'd ;
Nor think he writes more than he saw, though he
Use Authors to refresh his memory ; }

And Travellers have, you know, Authority.

Now see how on the blacken'd shore attends
Thy loos'ning Bark, a shoal of weeping Friends ;
Weeping, or what 's far worse, the sad surprize
And Grief for thy departure, froze their eyes :
He that can cry or roar finds some relief,
But nothing kills like the dry silent grief.

But who can tell the mutual sighs and tears ;
Husbandly, manly groans, and gentle Wifely fears,
"Twixt thee and Iris, at that fatal tide
Which did the knot of Heaven itself divide ?

* It is said of Ulysses, " Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes." Horat. de Arte Poetica.

Oh, that I were an Husband for an hour,
 For who can else describe Love's mighty power ?
 How sweet his moments flow ! how free from strife !
 When bless'd like thee, Philaret, in a Wife.
 But yet if Jearer still, Friends still must part,
 They go, but leave behind each other's heart.

Now Neptune's foaming surges rave and boil,
 While thou, great Friend, forsak'st our greater Isle.
 Here may it stand (just in the self-same place),
 Here may it stand till thou hast run thy race.
 With blessings you forsak'd, although it be,
 Ungrateful Isle ! unkind, untrue to thee.

A place there is, where vast sea-monsters keep,
 In the blue bosom of the dreadful deep ;
 Where angry waves and furious billows fight,
 Till they almost strike fire in a tempestuous night ;
 Where surly Nereus scowls, and Neptune frowns,
 In Sailors' English and plain Prose *The Downs*.
 Here did the Furies and the Fates combine,
 To ruin all our hopes, dear Friend, and thine ;
 For, hadst thou perish'd there, without strange grace,
 America had never seen thy face.

Now tempests terrible around thee roll,
 And would have daunted any's but thy soul.
 The vaulting surges toss thy bark on high,
 And with another Argo maul the sky.
 Eternal Rambler ! whither art thou driven ?
 Since Earth 's not wide enough, thou 'lt travel Heaven.
 If thou below so many lands explore,
 Sure thou 'lt above discover many more,
 Secrets to all but one unknown before.
 Survey'd at first, by Mahomet on the back
 Of his good trusty Palfrey—Alborack.
 And when, dear Friend ! so near to Bliss you be,
 Remember Iris ! and remember me !

—Some hope

Their earthly learning they in Heaven shall share :
 Friendship and Love will surely enter there.
 But ah ! thou empty teasing name, farewell,
 That charms the ship, and down it sinks to Hell ;
 And wilt thou then thy third last Ramble make
 To the dark confines of the Stygian Lake ?
 Be n't Earth and Heaven enough, that thou must go
 To view the Kingdoms of the World below ?
 Both of thy pockets and thyself take care,
 For shoals of Booksellers will scrape acquaintance there,
 Come up, for shame ! sure thou so long dost stay,
 Thou' call'st at Purgatory by the way ;

Where, for some little lie in way of trade,
 There 's an embargo on thy Vessel laid.
 He hears! He hears! The shortest cut he came,
 For see! the mast peeps up at Amsterdam.
 The Quays with crowds of Jews and Dutchmen swell,
 And altogether ask, "What news from Hell?"
 Ah! Boorish Land! our Rambler thou hast cross'd,
 And by his absence who know'st what thou 'st lost?
 Fix'd, on thy unfix'd shores he might have deign'd to stand;
 Nor needed Rambling from a Rambling Land.
 He 's gone! He 's gone! All thy entreaties fail,
 Nor can thy tears, nor can thy prayers prevail.

To Cologne next, and the Three Kings, he comes,
 To kiss their hands, or arms, or nails, or thumbs.
 These Eastern Monarchs ever will be brave,
 For see what vast Seraglios here they have;
 Where Urs'la reigns with her miraculous aids,
 Th' eleven (would you think it?) thousand maids.
 But Britain, sure, was rude and savage then,
 And maids (as stags from hunters) ran from men.
 Nor think, dear Friend, I ramble now from you,
 My subject rambles, and I but pursue.
 And here, where all the World invoke the aids
 Of the three rambling Kings, and rambling Maids,
 I doubt Phil-a-ret with the rest did stray,
 And beg a little help as well as they,
 Beg a small miracle * his Letter to convey.

For, in my dream I saw, methought,
 A nimble Virgin spring aloft,
 And with gay expanded wings,
 Drest in all her travelling things,
 Riding-hood of beaten gold,
 Muff of cloud to keep out cold;
 On cowl-staff of a falling Star,
 I saw him mount and shine from far;
 Like Robin Red-breast claps her wings,
 Then coughs and crows,—then thus she sings:

But what she said, I dare not tell,
 Because the World 's an Infidel.

Who can Pindaricks' lofty flights refuse,
 When thou dost lash the fiery-foaming Muse?
 I'll rein her in, and try if we can be
 As grave, as sober, and as wise as thee.

* This Poem was sent to me in a Letter, whilst I was on my Travels in the year 1686; and was answered in a Letter dated from Cologne, which coming to my Reverend Friend six days sooner than he expected, he could not forbear to think it a miracle.

Go on ! and into whate'er Country huri'd,
My Muse shall lackey after round the World ;
We'll chase the all-surrounding Sun about,
And mend the Maps, where *Bleau* and *Janson's* out.
Terra Incognita shall fly before us,
And all the savages behind adore us.
On hills of ice, as high as *Teneriffe*,
Wintering, we'll moor our weather-beaten skiff.
Through *Nassau's* Streights we'll row, unknown of old,
And *Nova Zembla* (in prose Authors) cold.
There find the Passages, and through 'em trade,
For sure for common things, nor thee, nor I, were made.
We'll cross the back of *Jesso* (if we can)
And thrid, and sound, the Streights of *Anian*,
And Ramble round, and round, and round, and then
Ramble like *Drake*, 'till we come home again.

SAMUEL WARPER, M.A.
Late of Exeter College, in Oxford *.

* This name does not occur in the Oxford Graduates.

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MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR.

A BRIEF Analysis of the Life of this ingenious but eccentric Bookseller, whose latter years were strongly tinctured with insanity, will prepare the Reader for the undisguised and desultory Narrative which he has given of himself and his numerous Friends and Contemporaries; amongst whom will be found the most eminent Divines both of the Established Church and among the Nonconformists; and nearly all the Printers, Engravers, Booksellers, Stationers, and Binders, of that period.

John Dunton was a most voluminous Writer, as he seems to have had his pen always ready, and never to have been at a loss for a subject to exercise it upon: but, though he generally put his name to what he wrote, it would be a difficult task to get together a complete collection of his various publications*. As containing notices of many persons and things not to be found elsewhere, they certainly

* This dipper into a thousand Books formed ten thousand Projects, six hundred of which he appears to have thought he had completely methodized. His mind seemed to be like some tables, where the victuals have been ill-sorted, and worse dressed.

have their use; and his accounts, it must be acknowledged, are often interesting*.

Dunton's Father (John †) was born on the 10th of June, 1628, at Little Missenden, Bucks, the place where *his* Father and Grandfather (both whose names were John) had been Ministers.

At the age of 16, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he continued till he took his Master's Degree. On quitting the University, he travelled into foreign parts; and, on his return, obtained the Rectory of St. Mary's in Bedford. After staying there five years, he removed to Graffham, in Huntingdonshire, where he married Mrs. Lydia Carter; by whom he had one Son, John, the Hero of our History, born May 4, 1659; and in three months after, he also lost his Wife, who was buried at Graffham.

He resolved not to marry again for seven years; and kept his word by retiring into Ireland, where he

* Dunton is honoured with an incidental notice in the *Dunciad*, II. 144; on which Warburton remarks, that "he was an Auction-bookseller, and an abusive scribbler. He wrote 'Neck or Nothing,' a violent satire on some Ministers of State; a libel on the Duke of Devonshire and the Bishop of Peterborough, &c." — As a Satirist, he appears to most advantage in his Poems intituled "The Beggar mounted;" "The Dissenting Doctors" (see p. 706); "Parnassus ho! or, Frolicks in Verse," preserved in his "Athenianism;" "Dunton's Shadow; or, the Character of a Summer-Friend" (see p. 492). In most of his Writings, however, he is occasionally prolix and tedious, and sometimes obscure. His "Case is altered; or, Dunton's Re-marriage to his own Wife," has some singular notions, but very little merit in the composition.

† He had three Sisters. The eldest, Anne, married Mr. William Reding, of Dungrove, in Chesham Parish, and had six Children, William, John, Nathaniel, Robert, Thomas, and Anne. His second Sister, Mary, married the Rev. Mr. Woolhouse, Minister of Prince Resbrow, Bucks. He had by her seven Children, Mary, Margaret, Elizabeth, John, Anne, Richard, and Sarah. The youngest Sister married William Pratt, and died shortly after of the small-pox.

was for some time Chaplain to Sir Henry Ingoldsby. After his return, he was instituted to the Rectory of Aston Clinton, Bucks ; and had not long been settled there, before he married a second Wife, Mary Lake, by whom he had four children, Sarah, Mary, Elizabeth, and Lake.

The younger JOHN DUNTON, who at a very early age had been placed in the school of Mr. William Reading, at Dungrove, near Chesham, was taken under his Father's own immediate tuition, with a view to an education for the Church. The acquirement of Latin he found easy ; but the difficulty of Greek overcame all his resolution. He made some little progress in Logic, Metaphysics, and Morality ; but, at the age of 14, was found too volatile for the Church, to the no small mortification of his Father, who was himself the *third John Dunton*, in a lineal descent, that had been a Minister.

When nearly 15, to suit the peculiarity of his genius, he was apprenticed to Mr. Thomas Parkhurst *, a respectable Bookseller.

On the 4th of November, 1676, he lost his Father ; who was buried in the Chancel of Aston Clinton.

In 1684, when his apprenticeship was nearly expired, young Dunton made himself conspicuous, in a political dispute between the Tories and the Whigs. Being a prime mover on the part of the Whig Apprentices, and selected for their Treasurer, the Tories, to the number of 5000, presented an Address to the King against the Petitioning for Parliaments. The Dissenting Party made their remonstrances to the former in a Counter Address, which they presented to Sir Patience Ward, then Lord Mayor of London, who promised he would acquaint the King with their Address ; and then

* Of whom see hereafter, p. 205.

ordered them to return home, and mind the business of their respective Masters.

By Dunton's own statement, his conduct during the seven years was not very regular; and at the expiration of the term, no less than 100 Apprentices were invited to celebrate *the funeral*. He soon entered on business as a Bookseller on his own account; but, to avoid too large a rent, took only half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber. "Printing," he says, "was the uppermost in my thoughts; and Hackney Authors began to ply me with specimens, as earnestly, and with as much passion and concern, as the Watermen do Passengers with oars and scullers. I had some acquaintance with this generation in my Apprenticeship, and had never any warm affection for them; in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in *how much a sheet*, than in any generous respect they bore to the Commonwealth of Learning; and, indeed, the learning itself of these gentlemen lies very often in as little room as their honesty; though they all pretend to have studied you six or seven years in the *Bodleian Library*, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass both of Human and Ecclesiastic History: when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of Saint Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ. And as for their honesty, it is very remarkable, they will either persuade you to go upon another man's *Copy*, to steal his thought, or to *abridge* his Book, which should have got him bread for his life-time. When you have engaged them upon some Project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets, perhaps; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion, and you shall never here of them more."

"The first Copy," he adds, "I would venture to print, was 'The Sufferings of Christ,' written by the Reverend Mr. *Thomas Doolittle*. This Book fully answered my end; for, exchanging it through the whole Trade*, it furnished my shop with all sorts of Books saleable at that time; and it also brought me acquainted with those ingenious gentlemen, Mr. Waters, Mr. Shewel, Mr. Clark, Mr. Benson, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Sanders, who were then Students under the care of Mr. Doolittle. There was a Copy of Greek Verses prefixed to this Book, which occasioned a Poetical Duel between the two private Academies of Islington and Stepney; Mr. *Wesley*†, then Pupil under the Reverend Mr. *Edward Veal*, endeavouring to ridicule the Poem; with whom, and Mr. *Kingston*, his Fellow Student, I contracted a very intimate friendship. Mr. Wesley was much celebrated for his vein at Poetry; though those that allow of no second-rate in that art have endeavoured to lessen his reputation.

"The second adventure I made in Printing, was 'Daniel in the Den; or, the Lord President's Imprisonment, and miraculous Deliverance;' written

* An extensive exchange of Books appears to have been at this period a very material circumstance in the Bookselling Trade.

† Samuel Wesley was son of John Wesley, M. A. a Nonconformist Divine. His Mother was niece to Dr. Fuller, the Historian of "The Worthies of England." He was born in 1666, at Winterborn Whitchurch, where his father was vicar. He was educated first at the Free-School at Dorchester, and then in a private academy among the Dissenters, whom he soon left, and was admitted a servitor, at the age of 18, of Exeter College, Oxford, 1684. He proceeded B. A. 1688; and, taking orders, was rector of South Ormesby, co. Lincoln; and afterwards obtained the rectory of Epworth, in the Isle of Axholme, in the same County. He was chaplain also to the Marquis of Normanby, afterwards duke of Buckingham, who recommended him for an Irish Bishoprick. [Hence Dunton, in his "Life and Errors," often styles him "a Dignitary."]

by Mr. *Stephen Jay*, Rector of Chinner. It was dedicated to Lord Shaftesbury, and published upon the occasion of his being acquitted by an Ignoramus Jury. This piece was well furnished with wit, and, being published at the critical time, sold well. This extraordinary success in my first attempts gave me an ungovernable itch to be always intriguing that way.

"The next thing I printed was, 'A Sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. *John Shower*, at the Funeral of Madam Anne Barnardiston.' The growing reputation of the Author made the Sermon move very well. There have been *three editions** of it, two of my own printing, and a third by my worthy Friend Mr. John Lawrence.

"When I was thus fixed in the Trade, I resolved to make public a Collection of Funeral Discourses preached by my Reverend Father, Mr. John Dunton, intituled, 'The House of Weeping†.' The success was well enough; but my chief design was to perpetuate my Father's name, for whose memory I have always entertained a very great and just veneration."

Dunton's reputation grew with his circumstances; and, Aug. 3, 1682, he married Elizabeth, one of the daughters of Dr. Samuel Annesley, who at that time was a celebrated Preacher among the Dissenters.

He now opened a shop at the Black Raven, at the corner of Princes-street, near the Royal Exchange; and published in 1685, "*Maggots*; or, Poems on several Subjects never before handled. By a Scholar‡." This Work is here particularly no-

* The exceeding large sale of single Sermons in those days must be considered as a phenomenon by a Bookseller of the present day, when 250 copies are in general too many.

† To these Discourses Dunton prefixed "The Holy Life and Triumphal Death of that faithful and eminent Servant of Christ, Mr. John Dunton, late Minister of Aston Clinton, near Aylesbury, in the County of Bucks."

‡ "I once printed a Book, I remember, under the title of '*Maggots*;' but it was written by a *Dignitary* of the Church of England."—The Frontispiece to the Volume is an anonymous

ticed as a production, at the age of 19, of Mr. *Samuel Wesley*; who, by marrying a daughter * of Dr. Annesley, became the brother-in-law of Dunton, and was connected with him in several of his speculations in trade; though they afterwards parted with an irreconcilable hatred †.

The general business of Dunton was carried on very prosperously, till the universal damp upon Trade, which was occasioned by the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth in the West; when, having 500*l.* owing him in New England, he determined, after much deliberation, to make a trip thither; and, after a long and tedious voyage of four months, and the loss of a *Venture* of 500*l.* in another ship, which was cast-away, he arrived safe at Boston in February 1685-6; and opened a warehouse for the sale of the Books which he had taken thither.

Carrying with him powerful recommendations, and his Books being of a class adapted to the Puritans,

Portrait of the Author; the Picture of a Man writing at a table, a Maggot on his Forehead, and underneath are these lines:

“ In's own defence the Author writes:
Because, when this foul Maggot bites,
He ne'er can rest in quiet:
Which makes him make so sad a face,
He'd beg your Worship, or your Grace,
Unsaught, unseen, to lay it.

* Who is said to have been a Woman of extraordinary abilities. Her letters to her Children bear the marks of sublime piety and great sense; particularly one to her eldest Son, on the principles of natural religion, which was some time in the possession of Dr. Priestley, with many others equally sensible and curious. By this excellent Woman Mr. Samuel Wesley had one Daughter, Mehetabel Wright, Authoress of several ingenious Poems; and three Sons, Samuel, Head-Master of Tiverton School, and John and Charles, the two celebrated Founders of the modern sect of Methodists. “Literary Anecdotes,” vol. V. pp. 212—247.

† Dunton, however, says, “I could be very *maggoty* on the character of this Conforming Dissenter; but, except he further provokes me, I bid him farewell, till we meet in Heaven; and there I hope we shall renew our friendship, for I believe Sam Wesley a pious Man.”

the success was equal to his wishes. His Rivals in trade were few; Mr. Usher, Mr. Philips, Mynheer Brunning, and Duncan Campbell, an industrious Scotchman, being then the only Booksellers in Boston; and Mr. Green the principal if not the only Printer. He had taken with him a steady Apprentice, Samuel Palmer, to whom he entrusted the whole charge of his business; which left him at leisure to make many pleasant excursions.

He visited Harvard College particularly, and the town of Salem; where he opened another warehouse for his Books. He also visited Wenham, an inland town; where he was most kindly received by Mr. Gerry, the then Minister of that place. And in a ramble to Ipswich he had an opportunity of seeing much of the customs of the Indians.

In the Autumn of 1686 he returned to London; and, being received by his Wife and her Father with every mark of kindness and respect, expected nothing but a golden life for the future, though all his bright prospects soon withered; for, being deeply entangled in pecuniary engagements for a Sister-in-law, he was not suffered to step over the threshold for ten months.

Wearied with this confinement, he determined to take a trip to Holland, Flanders, Germany, &c.; and stayed four months at Amsterdam; whence he travelled to Cleves, Rhineberg, Dusseldorp, Cologne, Mentz, &c.; and returning through Rotterdam to London, Nov. 15, 1688, found his Wife in health, and all her affairs in peace.

On the day the Prince of Orange came to London, he again opened shop, at the Black Raven, opposite the Poultry Compter, where he traded ten years, with a variety of success and disappointments.

"Of 600 Books which he had printed, he had only to repent," he says, "of seven: 'The Second Spira,' 'The Postboy robbed of his Mail,' 'A Voyage

round the World; or, a Pocket Library, divided into several Volumes; the first of which contains the rare Adventures of *Don Kainophilus*, from his Cradle to his 15th Year*, 1691,' 'The new Quevedo,'

* This rhapsody is noticeable for its extreme rarity, and for two elegant pieces of poetry, which, if John's own, entitle him to a higher degree of praise than he has been usually thought to merit. It is obscurely noticed in his "Life and Errors;" but the Anagram of the Author's name prefixed to a copy of verses declares him. It has a frontispiece, which is a large folding cut, with 24 circles, exhibiting the Author's adventures.—To this Work was prefixed Panegyric Verses, "by the Wits of both Universities," who, however, offer no evidence of their residence or their quality; and may be suspected to be Wits of the University of Grub-street. One of these wretched panegyrics tells us that "the Author's name, when anagrammatised, is *hid into none*," by which *John Dunton* would, and would not, conceal himself. These volumes were published in our Scribbler's thirtieth year, on his return from America; and are, in fact, a first essay towards that more mature "Life and Errors" which he gave the World in 1705. He seems to have projected a series of what he calls "The Cock-rambles of all my Four and Twenty Volumes;" but his Readers, probably, deserted him at the third. *Kainophilus*, as he calls himself, "signifies a *Lover of News*, not any thing of *Kain*, as if I were a-kin to him." It is a low rhapsody; but it bears a peculiar feature, a certain whimsical style, which he affects to call his own, set off with frequent dashes, and occasionally a banter on false erudition. These cannot be shewn without extracts. I would not add an idle accusation to the already injured genius of STERNE; but I am inclined to think he might have caught up his project of writing Tristram's life, in "twenty-four Cock-rambling" volumes; have seized on the whim of Dunton's style; have condescended even to copy out his breaks and dashes. But Sterne could not have borrowed wit or genius from so low a scribbler.—The elegant pieces of poetry were certainly never composed by Dunton, whose mind had no elegance, and whose rhymes are doggrel. On a rapid inspection, I have detected him transcribing from Francis Osborn and Cowley, without acknowledgment; and several excellent passages, which may be discovered amidst this incoherent mass, could not have been written by one who never attained the slightest arts of composition. He affects, however, to consider himself as "a great Original" in what he calls "this hop-stride-and-jump round the World;" and says, "So great a glory do I esteem it to be the *Author* of these *Works*, that I cannot, without great injury to myself and justice, endure that every one should own them, who have nothing to do

‘The Pastor’s Legacy,’ ‘Heavenly Pastime,’ ‘The Hue and Cry after Conscience.’”

All these he heartily wished he had never seen, and advised all who had them to burn them.

After confessing his *Errors* in Printing, he says, “As to Bookselling and Traffick, I dare stand the test, with the same allowance that every man under the same circumstance with me would wish to have, for the whole trading part of my life. Nay, I challenge all the Booksellers in London to prove I ever over-reached them or deceived them in any one instance. And when you come to that part of my Life that relates to the Auctions I made in Dublin, you will find that, in all the notes I made for Dublin, that I put the same price to every man. And would any Bookseller be at the pains to compare all my notes together (though I *exchanged with all the Trade*), for every penny he finds charged more to himself than to other men, he shall have ten pounds reward, and a thousand thanks into the bargain, for rectifying a mistake I never designed.”

In 1692, “having been put in possession of a considerable estate upon the decease of a Cousin, the Master and Assistants of the Company of Stationers began to think him sufficient to wear a Livery, and honoured him with the Cloathing; and the year following, Mr. Harris (his old Friend and Partner), and about fifty more of the Livery, entered into a Friendly Society, and obliged themselves to pay

with them; like the fellow at Rome who pretended to Virgil’s Verses. But I need take no other way to refute these *plagiaries* than *Virgil* himself did, requiring the tally to his *Vos non Vobis*. Let any man write on at the rate this is already written, and I will grant he is the Author of this book, that before, and all the rest to the end of the Chapter. No: there is such a sort of a *Whim in the Style*, something so like myself, so incomprehensible (not because it is nonsense), that whoever throws but half an eye on that and me together, will swear ’twas spit out of the mouth of Kainophilus.”—*For this Note the Editor is indebted to the worthy and intelligent Author of the Curiosities of Literature.*”

twenty shillings a man yearly to the *Renter Warden*, as that honour was usually once a year attended with a costly entertainment to the whole Company.

"The first year I wore the Livery," he adds, "Sir William Ashhurst being then Lord Mayor, I was invited by our Master and Wardens to dine with his Lordship. We went in a body from the Poultry Church to Grocers Hall; where the entertainment was very generous, and a *noble Spoon he sent to our Wives*.

"The World now smiled on me *. I sailed with wind and tide; and had humble servants enough among the Booksellers, Stationers, Printers, and Binders; but especially my own Relations, on every side, were all upon the very height of love and tenderness, and I was caressed almost out of my five senses. And now, making a considerable figure in the Company of Stationers, the Earl of Warrington did me the honour to send me a letter in behalf of Mr. Humphreys, desiring all the interest I could make, to procure him the Clerk's place to the Company of Stationers †. Upon my reading the Earl's letter, I did all that lay in my power to get Mr. Humphreys chosen Clerk, though by the majority of voices it was carried against him. However, the many civilities I received from the Company of Stationers for the fifteen years I traded amongst them, do oblige me, out of mere gratitude, to draw the

* Dunton at various times employed more than thirty Printers; and dealt largely with the principal Stationers in the Metropolis.

† "For Mr. Dunton, Bookseller.

"MR. DUNTON,

London, October 28, 96.

"The long knowledge myself and our Family have had of the Bearer, Mr. Humphrey's fidelity and ability, makes me request all your assistance and interest you can make to procure for him the Clerk's place to your Company at the next election, which I am informed will be ere long. Therein you will oblige

Your friend to serve you,

WARRINGTON."

character of the most eminent of that profession in the Three Kingdoms."

In delineating the Characters of others, Mr. Dunton has not forgot to describe his own *Projects*; "having been sufficiently convinced that, unless a man can either think or perform something out of the old beaten road, he will find nothing but what his forefathers have found before him. A Bookseller, if he is a man of any capacity and observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what has the best prospect of success."

One of the most ingenious (and, perhaps, the most useful) of his various *Projects* was, "The Athenian Gazette *," afterwards called "The Athe-

* In a long and laboured Dedication to the Athenian Society, prefixed by Dunton to his "Athenianism, or New Projects," he says, "My first Project was 'The Athenian Gazette.' As the Athenian Society had their first Meeting in my brain, so it has been kept ever since religiously secret.—I need not tell you (you have heard it so often in letters sent to the Black Raven) how universally the writings of the Athenian Society have obtained in the World; for the several Editions of the Athenian Oracle sufficiently evince it: but though Athenianism was entirely John Dunton's thought (I mean both the Athenian Mercury, the Athenian Oracle, and even the Athenian Society itself), yet this age affording more Poets than Patrons, (for nine Muses may travel long ere they can find one Mæcenas,) I had not presumed to inscribe the general Collection of all my Writings to your celebrated Names, had not your great humility, as well as learning, unanimously voted the Athenian Society the fittest Patron to protect, and defend a Work entitled 'Athenianism.' If it were not that most Writers have a sordid present gain in view, when they design a Dedication, I am confident we should see few Noblemen's names at the beginning of their Works, since it must be confessed it would be more for the advantage of their reputation to choose one another for Patrons, a Writer being better qualified to defend that which he has once espoused with his Pen, than any great Man with his empty Name, or a long catalogue of Titles.—As you thought good to honour me so far as to dedicate one whole Volume of the Athenian Mercuries to myself, and another to the Pindaric Lady (Madam Singer), whose Poems so greatly recommended the Athenian Project, and to whose Platonic friendship my Six Hundred Projects owe their birth, it would be a high ingratitude should I dedicate Dunton's Athe-

nian Mercury," commenced March 17, 1689-90, and continued till February 8, 1695-6 *. The plan of this Work originated in his own prolific brain; but in a short time he entered into a sort of partnership in the publication with his Brother-in-law Samuel Wesley, and Mr. Richard Sault †, and was occasionally assisted by Dr. Norris. The Work was also countenanced by several of the most eminent Writers of the age; and was honoured in particular with a commendatory Poem by Swift ‡.

Among the Patrons of Dunton was Sir Peter Pett, of whom see pp. 178, 194; and from whom he received the following Letter:

"For my worthy Friend Mr. John Dunton, Bookseller, at the Raven, in the Poultry, London.

"SIR,

July 24, 1694.

"I have taken notice of your publication of the second volume of the 'French Book of Martyrs;' and when your man comes my way, I shall be glad if he will bring me

nianism to any other than to the Athenian Society. What though our Athenian Brother (Dr. Norris) is preferred; our Divine (Mr. Wesley) dignified (and I would say, deserved it, had he not left the Whigs that gave him bread, to herd with the High-Flyers); and our Mathematic Brother (Mr. Sault) has exchanged his beloved Algebra for a Demonstration in Heaven. However, Gentlemen, I hope your *new Preferments* have not so far made you forget our former intimacy and friendship, as to deny your Patronage to the Work."

* "With this day's Number [No. 30, Feb. 8, 1695-6], which concluded the *nineteenth* volume, John Dunton thought it right to discontinue his weekly publication, "as the Coffee-houses had the *Votes* every day, and *nine* Newspapers every week;" and proposed to publish his *Mercuries* in Quarterly Volumes, "designing again to continue it as a weekly paper, as soon as the *glut of news* is a little over."

† Their original Articles of Agreement, dated April 10, 1691, are preserved in the Bodleian Library. See p. 757.

‡ This was one of the earliest poetical productions of the Dean. Dr. Johnson says, "I have been told that Dryden having perused these verses, said, 'Cousin Swift, you will never be a Poet;' and that this denunciation was the motive of Swift's perpetual malevolence to Dryden." See the Poem in the Dean's Works, edit. 1808, vol. XVI. p. 23.

one to read for a week. If I keep it a day longer (provided he then calls again upon me for it), or if there be the least damage done to it, I shall be content to pay for the book. I would be glad, likewise, if you would lend me, by him, for that time, to look over, the papers of Bishop Barlow you had from the Minister of Gainsborough, when he was in town.

"Your man wrote out the copy of Bishop Barlow's Will from the Prerogative Registers, and left it with me. It is very pious, and fit to be printed in the next edition of his Remains, and when I see your man, I shall send it you by him. But I am here to tell you that I, going lately to the said Registry, to see the Will of the famous Lord Falkland (whose Memoirs I am now about), Mr. Welham, the Register, told me that the Bookseller's man (*i. e.* yours) had copied out Bishop Sanderson's Will, as well as Bishop Barlow's, *gratis*, for my sake, and that the fee for each would have been a guinea otherwise, but that he would be contented with any one Book from you that I had published. I thereupon told him you should give him an "Anglesey's Memoirs;" and so I shall be glad if you will do, and let your man deliver it as your gift into Mr. Welham's own hand. He is always to be heard of at the Registry. And when you have so done, I shall send your man to copy out my Lord Falkland's Will there, which must needs be both pious, and wise, and ingenious. I wish you health and happiness, and am

Your very humble servant, P. PETT.

Send my man to Mr. Mount about Boyse."

In 1697 Dunton lost his Wife, whose death he bitterly lamented; though in the same year he consoled himself by another marriage * with Sarah, daughter of Mrs. Nicholas, of St. Alban's. With this lady he does not appear to have added much to his comforts or his fortune. He left her, soon after the marriage, on an expedition to Dublin with a large cargo of Books. These were carried to a good market, though he became involved in a ridiculous dispute, which he afterwards detailed at large in "*The*

* The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Rochford, M. A. Vicar of St. Peter's 54 years. He died in 1715.

Dublin Scuffle; a Challenge sent by John Dunton, Citizen of London, to Patrick Campbell, Bookseller in Dublin; together with the small Skirmishes of Bills and Advertisements. To which is added, some Account of his Conversation in Ireland, intermixed with particular Characters of the most eminent Persons he conversed with in that Kingdom; but more especially in the City of Dublin: 1699."

The volume is inscribed "To the Honourable Colonel Butler, a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland;" as a compliment due to the generous encouragement that gentleman had been pleased to give to his Auctions at Dublin in 1698, and the extraordinary and unmerited kindnesses he had received. The "Scuffle" is amusing, though not very generally interesting. But the "Account of his Conversation in Ireland" contains a pleasing description of several parts of that Island not generally known to an English Reader.

This was followed by "The Case of John Dunton with respect to Madam Jane Nicholas of St. Alban's, his Mother-in-law, 1700," 4to.

This "Case" produced the following Letter from his Wife, dated St. Alban's, Feb. 28, 1701.

"I write to let you know that, if you think much of providing for me, I am very willing you should have all your *yoke and burden*, as you call it being married, removed, and return me my fortune and we will be both single; and you shall have your land if you will return me my money, and sure that will please you; for I, and all good people, think you never married me for love, but for my money*; and so you have had the use of it all this while to banter and laugh at me and my mother by your maggoty Printers:—and still you justify your wicked reflections in your printed Case."—Again,—
"Larkin has nothing but made a laugh and derision of me and my mother," &c. &c. †

* See some Letters of this Lady, in a different strain, p. 464.

† The Original is in the Bodleian Library; see p. 756.

His next regular Work was, "The Life and Errors of John Dunton, late Citizen of London; written by himself in Solitude *, 1705" (the Work now presented to the Reader in a Second Edition.) This genuine and simple narrative is a very curious performance, and abounds in literary history of an interesting nature. It was written, as he expresses it, "in solitude;" he being at that time under the necessity of secreting himself from his Creditors; by some of whom he was pursued with harshness, and soon after actually put under arrest.

This was followed, in 1706, by "Dunton's Whipping-post; or, a Satire upon every body. With a Panegyrick on the most deserving Gentlemen and Ladies in the Three Kingdoms; &c. &c. To which is added, The Living Elegy; or, Dunton's Letter to his few Creditors; with the Character of a Summer Friend. Also, the secret History of the Weekly Writers, in a distinct Challenge to each of them."

In this little Volume he fairly states his situation; and names a day, at the distance of about two years, in which he thought he could certainly be enabled to discharge all his debts; and states his property, in possession and reversion, to be then worth 10,000*l*.

One part of his dependance, however, was the expected bounty of his Mother-in-law, in which he was grievously disappointed.

A Quaker, who interested himself to reconcile the family disputes at that period, thus addressed him :

* At the end of this Volume was advertized, as preparing for the press, "A Ramble through Six Kingdoms, by John Dunton, late Citizen of London. Wherein he relates, 1. His Juvenile Travels. 2. The History of his Sea Voyages. 3. His Conversation in Foreign Parts. With Characters of Men and Women, and almost every Thing he saw or conversed with. The like Discoveries (in such a Method) never made by any Traveller before. Illustrated with Forty Cuts, representing the most pleasant Passages in the whole Adventure. With Recommendatory Poems, written by the chief Wits in both Universities."

" My Friend,

March 31, 1706.

" I thought good to inform thee that thy Wife is at present at my house. She came last week, and has left her Mother at Luton, who is but in a bad condition. I think she cannot live long, being so very much swelled in her body and legs; but my chief end of writing to thee is to advise thee to be reconciled to her, and take thy Wife to thee before she dies, otherwise thou must not expect any thing that is hers. And as for expecting any thing in her life-time, thou mayest be assured she will not give thee any thing. She has already given thee a good portion; and her fear is, if she should give thee more, thou wouldst waste it in Printing. I would have thee consider of it, and let me have a line or two from thee, who am, thy Friend,

STE. HUMBLE.

Thy Wife desires to be kindly remembered to thee, and could be glad thou wouldst take my advice."

In his Mother-in-law's Will, dated Oct. 14, 1708, and proved in the Prerogative Court Dec. 18, the same year, she leaves to Mr. Archdeacon Cole £5. for preaching a sermon at her funeral, from Psalm lix. 16, 17; and desires to be buried in the Abbey Church, by her husband and children; and that the annuities stated in her Will * be expressly engraven on her tomb-stone, that the memory thereof may be preserved for future ages; but there is no stone, inscription, or memorial to be found in the whole Church commemorating her or her benefactions. She probably died at Luton.

Dunton's next publication was "The Danger of living in a known Sin, and the Hazard of a Death-

* She devised, after the death of her daughter Sarah without child or children lawfully begotten, to William Child, William Hill, John Ware, Thomas Brickwell, and John Robarts, of Chesham, in the County of Bucks, all her Estate, real and personal, in trust, among other things, to pay, or cause to be paid, unto six poor Widows, or other the poorest people of the Parish of St. Alban's, 5*l.* apiece yearly, the first payment to be made within one year next after the decease of the said Sarah without child or children; and also 5*l.* apiece to two poor people of St. Peter's; and 5*l.* apiece to two poor people of St. Michael's near St. Alban's,

bed Repentance fairly argued, from the Remorse of W[illiam] D[uke] of D[evonshire] 1708."

"The Preaching Weathercock; written by John Dunton against William Richardson, once a Dissenting Teacher," has no date.

The year 1710 produced "*Athenianism*; or, the new Projects of Mr. John Dunton, Author of the Answer to Dr. Burnet, intituled, '*The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance*'; being, six hundred distinct Treatises (in Prose and Verse) written with his own Hand; and is an entire Collection of all his Writings, both in Manuscript and such as were formerly printed. To which is added, *Dunton's Farewell to Printing**, in some serious Thoughts on those Words of Solomon, 'Of making many Books there is no End; and much Study is a Weariness of the Flesh.' With the Author's Effigies†, to distinguish the original and true Co-

* This, it is believed, he never completed.

† "I shall conclude, he observes, "with a short remark on Dunton's Effigies; and shall introduce all I have to say on that subject with a short account of the original of drawing Faces; for it is so little known, the discovery of it is a sort of novelty.

"The first Limning that ever was owes its rise to the parting of two Lovers, in this manner: When the daughter of Deluriades, the Sycionian, was to take leave of her sweet-heart, now going to wars, to comfort herself in his absence she took his Picture with a coal upon the wall, as the candle gave the shadow, which her father admiring, perfected it afterwards; and it was the first Picture by report that ever was made. But the drawing of Dunton's face owes its rise to the great wrong done me by Harris and other piratical Printers, and not to love (as was the case of the Sycionian Limner); for, being married, my Spouse and I wear each other's Pictures in our hearts (being drawn and hung there), and so have no occasion for an outward Picture to comfort us; for neither absence, time, nor scarce death itself, can fade the colours where a united heart is the frame, and the picture true affection. So that you see, Gentlemen, it was mere Right and Property, and not the fear that my Wife should lose the idea of her Husband's face, that tempted me to the exercise of so much patience as to sit three times to have (an't please ye) my face drawn, to be stared on as often as the Reader pleases; yet I might affirm (did no modesty forbid me to

pics from such as are false and imperfect. Take care also of being cheated by Wooden Cuts: the right is that which is drawn and 'graved by those two celebrated Artists, *Knight* and *Vander Gucht* *. To this Work is prefixed an Heroic Poem † upon Dun-

give them their just praise), that *Knight* has limned, *Vander Gucht* graved, and *Freeman* worked off, my Picture so much to the life, you do not flatter them when you say,

They make my Picture seem to think and live.

"A Gentleman seeing a very good Picture of St. Bruno, the Founder of the Carthusian Order, and being asked his opinion of it, "Were it not," says he, "for his silent rule, it would speak." So I may say of Dunton's Picture (it is drawn so much to the life, 'bating a little flattery), that were not Pictures resolved on a perpetual silence (that is, had they not a rule to hold their tongues), this Picture would talk as loud and as often as the Original does by which it was drawn. So that, Gentlemen, you might well say of my two Linnings,

Their pencil sure was made of flesh and blood.—

for, as speechless as my Picture is, it is drawn so much alive, it is hoped it will guard 'Dunton's *Athenianism*' from all piratical Printers, by distinguishing the original and true Copies from such as are false and imperfect.—So that you see, Gentlemen, it is merely the securing the benefit of my own copies, that has put me to the charge of a Copper-plate, and not the ambition to have a Face cut in Brass, with a Laurel about my Head, and Pegasus for my Arms, and eight Verses under my Picture, writ by the Athenian Society."

* In the original Portrait, were these lines under a Pegasus:

"ATHENIANISM was John Dunton's thought,
And in these features to Perfection brought;
For *Knight* and '*Gucht* that mystic Art did find,
To paint John's PROJECTS Person and his Mind.
They, with the Likeness, warmth and grace do give,
And make his Picture seem to think and live;
And 's Heraldry he from the Muses farms,
For PEGASUS should be a Poet's Arms."

† Of this "Heroic Poem" a few lines will be sufficient:

"Here 's Dunton's Phiz, that New † Athenian Swain,
Who hatch'd six hundred Projects in his brain;
The brood is large, but give him time to sit,
He will six hundred Projects more beget;

‡ Referring to his "*Athenian Oracle, or Question-Project*," as also to Old Athens, mentioned in Acts xvii. 21.

ton's Projects, written by the Athenian Society; with an Alphabetical Table of the several Projects, Questions, Novelties, Poems, and Characters."

This Volume, on the whole, is a strange mixture of sense and folly; containing some good articles in prose and verse, a few of a licentious turn, and some deeply tinctured with insanity*; a misfortune under which Dunton appears to have long laboured.

In the Dedication, which breathes all the pride of self-consequence, he informs his Readers "that he does not write to flatter, or for hire."

As like his Mind, as this is like his Phiz,
 For in this Face, Art and the Graver kiss;
 Yes, *Knight* and '*Gucht* are here at equal strife,
 To draw John Dunton's features to the life;
 First Knight did limn, what Van-'Gucht after drew;
 They're matchless Artists, every line is *you*;
 For all do say, that see this painted frame,
 That 't is not Dunton's Picture, but the same.
 Surely this Phiz would to their praise redound,
 Could they but give the Shape they make, a Sound:
 What wants the Echo of a living Creature
 But Shape, and what but Voice this manly Feature?
 Yet both can't meet together, God alone
 Will have this secret art to be his own:
 Yet Knight and Gucht here copy so from Nature,
 We don't know Dunton's dead from living Feature.
 Such Art! such Life! a Phiz so nice and good,
 Their pencils sure are made of Flesh and Blood!
 So just a form they to his Picture give,
 So like '*J. D.*' that it appears to live.
 This very Shadow charms beholders more
 Than Dunton's real substance did before.
 Thus Knight and '*Gucht* in art have equal shares,
 Prometheus' work in Dunton's phiz appears,
 And from their paint it got the fires it bears. }
 Nay, Dunton's phiz is here so nicely wrought,
 That we can in his aspect read his thought;
 Or, in one word to sum our thoughts extent,
 The perfect piece all Dunton does present.
 So many Projects ev'ry line indites,
 You'd swear the very Picture lives and writes.
 Yet D. himself has drawn with better grace,
 His Book's his Picture, there's his living face.
 Fam'd Knight and '*Gucht* drew but the outward rind,
 But Dunton's Projects draw his very mind."

* On this subject see his Appeal to King George I. p. 740.

Of the *six hundred Projects* * which he talks of, only *twenty-four* are given; and of these a specimen of the better parts are now re-printed.

* You have," he says, "in this First Volume of '*Dunton's Atheism*,' *twenty-four* of those six hundred Projects promised in the Title to this Work. It would too far anticipate my own design of presenting the world with novelties, to tell you what the 576 remaining Projects are; besides, to be particular in that discovery would take up more room than this address will allow of, I having exceeded the bounds of most Dedications already. However, Gentlemen, I will so far indulge your Athenian Itch as to promise you in my second Volume the Projects, intituled,

1. The Art of Living *Incognito*; being a hundred Letters on as many uncommon subjects. Written by John Dunton, during his retreat from the world and business. The Second Edition, corrected and much enlarged; with an Alphabetical Table to the whole undertaking.

2. Death-Bed Charity; or, Alms and no Alms; a Paradox, proving Madam Jane Nicholas giving fifty pound a-year to the poor of St. Alban's was no charity, but, as she vainly thought, a sort of compounding with God Almighty, for giving nothing to the poor in her life-time; with Reflections on the Panegyrick Sermon, preached at her funeral, by Mr. Cole, Archdeacon of St. Alban's.

3. Mother Sparges; or, a Congratulatory Elegy to the Poor of St. Alban's, upon the Death of Madam Jane Nicholas. This Project is a poetical description of a miser's funeral; or rather, an enumeration of all those distinct species of beings that rejoice that Madam Nicholas has now no more than her length and breadth in the Abbey Church of St. Alban's.

4. The Wedding Legacy. A Poem; shewing all the good Madam Jane Nicholas ever did with her Estate, was to give on her death-bed an annual pension of five pounds to Mrs. Elizabeth Ben (now living in Barkhamstead), which has helped her to two sweethearts (and probably a husband) in her fortieth year.

5. Jane Nicholas's Ghost, lamenting her unjust Will, and promising to haunt all that persuaded her to it. Fancied in a morning dream.

6. Dunton's Creed; or, the Religion of a Bookseller, in imitation of Dr. Brown's *Religio Medici* *. Dedicated to the Stationers' Company. Fourth Edition. To which is added, The Author of Fortune; or, a Panegyrick on Writing for Bread.

* This was first published in 1694, under the name of Benjamin Bridgwater, Gent. one of Dunton's *Hackneys* (see p. 177); and was adopted by Dunton as his Creed. See a small specimen of it in p. 751.

In the latter part of the Reign of Queen Anne, John Dunton published an undated Pamphlet, under

7. The Double Life; or, a new Project to redeem the Time, by living over to-morrow before it comes.

8. The Merciful Assizes; or, a Panegyrick on the late Lord Jeffreys's hanging so many in the West. In a Letter to Madam Hewling, who had a Son hanged and quartered at Taunton. The Second Edition.

9. The Lost Rib restored; or, an Essay attempting to prove the Relation between Man and Wife is not dissolved by Death, but abides for ever; and that those Virgins who die unmarried are yet related to Husbands, and will be united to them in the other World.

10. The Conforming Dissenter. A Paradox; proving a man may change one orthodox way of worshiping God for another, and yet be no turncoat; occasioned by Mr. D—s, Mr. P—rs, and Mr. H—sets, &c. being educated amongst the Dissenters, and preaching in a Conventicle many years, and now conforming to the Rites and Ceremonies of the Church of England.

11. The Royal Diary; or, King William's Closet Piety. The Fourth Edition, so greatly enlarged as to complete the Diary.

12. Alter Ego; or, Dunton's Character of his worthy Friend Mr. George Larkin, Sen. By way of Elegy.

13. The Methodizer; or, Secret History of Mr. Sault, Author of the Second Spira; with the Narrative of that imaginary Wretch, and Dunton's Affidavit, clearing his innocence, as to any sham or fraud in publishing of that Narrative.

14. The Funeral of Mankind. A Paradox, proving we are all dead and buried.

15. A House to be let; or, a Widow in mourning.

16. The Irish Huckster. A Satire on the Engrossers of Corn; but more especially on Dives, one of the dear Joys.

17. The Surprize; or, History of such as have died suddenly, from Eutichus down to Mrs. Fuller in Noble-street, who was well and dead in the same moment.

18. A Proverbial Poem; or, the Wits of the Age reduced to Practice.

19. The Weeping Poet; or, Elegies describing the Lives and Deaths of the eminent Dissenting Ministers that died in the last Century.

20. Deceptio Visus; or, Seeing and Believing are two things.

21. The Saint Alamode; or, a View of the Piety and Morals of some high Pretenders to Religion, without respect to Parties. With an Alphabetical Table of the several prophane Wretches and modern Hypocrites characterized and exposed in this dis-obliging Project.

the whimsical title of "A Cat may look at a Queen ;
or, a Satire upon her present Majesty.

At this period he had become a flaming Patriot ;

22. The She Club ; or, Sixty Maids at Confession.

23. The Religion of Brutes ; or, the whole Duty of Man, as taught us by Beasts, Birds, and Fishes.

24. Non Entity ; or, a grave Essay upon Nothing.

25. The Poet in Love ; or, the Courting Project.

26. The Philosophic Wife. A Poem on the Arts and Sciences.

27. The History of Slander (or Acquittal of innocent Persons), from our Saviour's time down to the public clearing of Dr. W——s.

28. The Querists. A Satire on Interloping. Dedicated to the British Apollo.

29. The Athenian Catalogue ; or, Private Instructions for erecting a Library ; with Dunton's Notes, containing his observations on Books and Learning, for the two and twenty years he traded in the Stationers' Company.

30. Chemical Beggars : or, a Satire on the Philosopher's Stone.

31. Dunton preaching to himself ; or, every Man his own Parson.

32. The Secret Oracle ; or, a modest Answer to such Love Questions as were formerly sent to the Athenian Society by the masked Ladies and Town Sparks.

33. The Spiritual Hedgehog, a Project (or Thought) wholly new and surprizing.

34. Dives and Lazarus ; an Heroic Poem, in Twelve Books.

35. The History of Ingratitude ; or, Dunton's Experience of pretended Friendship throughout the whole course of his life.

"By that time my six hundred Projects are all published, I hope to present the Athenian World (or lovers of novelty) with a compendious view of Universal Learning. I confess it is a bold promise ; but that my Athenianism (when completed) may make it good, the first Project in my Second Volume shall be "The Philosophic Spy ; or, A new Search after Vanity in the Arts and Sciences, &c.;" which Spy I design to continue in all my Athenian Volumes, till my six hundred Projects are all published ; and in the last Volume that completes these Projects I shall add, "A Farewell to Printing, in some serious Thoughts on those Words of Solomon, 'Of making many Books there is no end, and much Study is a Weariness of the Flesh.'" "And then if no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till the resurrection, good-night to you here, and good-morrow hereafter. And, John, when thou art so reposed,

Lie still in thy grave for the quiet o' th' Nation ;
Nor canst thou write more without flat conjuration."

and published his noted Pamphlet, called "Neck or Nothing *," which passed through several editions.

On the Accession of King George the First to the Throne, Dunton continued his patriotic effusions; but was disappointed in the patronage he expected, which produced in 1716, under the name of "a Reverend Friend," though evidently written by himself, "Mordecai's Memorial; or, There's nothing done for him: a just Representation of unrewarded Services †."

Soon after this, in conjunction with Daniel De Foe, he projected a new Weekly Paper, called "The Hanover Spy ‡."

The following wholesome advice was soon after given him by a kind and judicious Friend.

* In his "Public Spirit of the Whigs," Swift says, "Among the present Writers on that side I can recollect but three of any great distinction; which are, The Flying Post, Mr. Dunton, and the Author of the Crisis. The first of these seems to have been much sunk in reputation, since the sudden retreat of the only true genuine original author, Mr. Ridpath, who is celebrated by the Dutch Gazetteer as one of the best pens in England. Mr. Dunton hath been longer and more conversant in books than any of the three, as well as more voluminous in his productions: however, having employed his studies in so great a variety of other subjects, he hath, I think, but lately turned his genius to politics. His famous tract, intituled *Neck or Nothing*, must be allowed to be the shrewdest piece, and written with the most spirit, of any which hath appeared from that side since the change of the Ministry: it is indeed a most cutting satire upon the Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke; and I wonder none of our friends ever undertook to answer it. I confess, I was at first of the same opinion with several good judges, who from the style and manner suppose it to have issued from the sharp pen of the Earl of Nottingham; and I am still apt to think it might receive his Lordship's last hand."—It is worth remarking, that Dunton did not see that Swift's praise was purely ironical, and that he was brought forward only to vex Steele and the Earl of Nottingham. See his "Appeal to King George I." p. 740.

† Noticed in the present Volume, p. 730.

‡ The Articles of Agreement, dated Oct. 28, 1707, are in the Bodleian Library. (See p. 757.)

To Mr. John Dunton, to be left with Mr. William Lutwich, in West Harding Street, near Fetter Lane.

SIR,

November 5, 1718.

I am glad to find you are not guilty of offering any such papers as I accused you of to sale. You accuse Mr. W——s unjustly ; for, I protest to you, he is entirely ignorant of this affair. What I wrote is wholly a secret to yourself, and only for your own advantage.

I have nothing in the world to say to you, Sir, neither in public nor private, provided Mrs. *Rowe*, nor Mrs. *Singer*, nor *Philomela*, is named any more by you ; which I would ask as a piece of justice and honesty, or mere civility ; for, though I am a man of the world, I am no bully nor rake ; and, if you are not yourself the aggressor, I shall never treat you with the least ill-manners.

The rest I have to say to you is merely to advise you, for your own profit, and with the same sincerity I would a friend. Such titles as "Athenian Phoenix," and "Pindarick Lady," are so senseless and impertinent, that it would spoil the credit of any Author that should use them : and for Plato's Notions, and Platonic Love, those terms have been so justly exposed by the Spectator, and are so very ridiculous and unfashionable, that nothing of those chimeras and whimsies would sell in the genteel part of the world. Pray look on the title of your Platonic Wedding again, and consider whether any person of common sense, or that knows the polite part of the world, would buy it ; and it is they are the greatest readers. Frolic and merry conceits are despised in this nice age.

The mentioning the "Athenian Oracles" will do your Works an injury ; for you know they are condemned to long oblivion. What I speak is not in the least to affront you ; but if you have Essays or Letters that are valuable, call them Essays and Letters in short and plain language ; and if you have any thing writ by men of sense, and on subjects of consequence, it may sell without your name to it ; but pray leave out that, and all your female trumpery ; for I am in too public a rank not to know the taste of the age ; and I can assure you the mentioning of female correspondents and she-wits would ruin the sale of the best Authors we have.

I have never seen, and perhaps it was not published. Nor do I find any other mention of him, but that he died, in obscurity, in the year 1733, at the age of 74.

25, *Parliament Street*,
Nov. 1, 1817.

J. B. N.

tice of known Duties, or dying daily to this Life and World, would of itself resolve the most ignorant Person in all the abstruse points of the Christian Religion—being a new Directory for Holy Living and Dying; composed of the Author's own experience in Religion, Politics, and Morals, from his Childhood to his Sixty-third Year, but more especially during his dangerous disease in Ireland in the year ninety-eight, when his life was despaired of. And completed in twenty Essays, upon such nice and curious points in Divinity, as were never handled before. To which is added, *The Sick Man's Passing Bell*, to remind all Men of that Death and Eternity to which they are hastening. Containing, 1. God be merciful to me a Sinner; or Dunton at Confession, in which he discovers the secret Sins of his whole Life; with his resolution in what penitent manner, by the help of God, he will spend the short time he has yet to live.

2. "Dunton's Legacy to his Native Country; or a dying Farewell to the most remarkable Persons and Things, both in Church and State; with his last prayer, or those very petitions to Almighty God, with which he hopes to expire.

3. "A Living Man following his own Corpse to the Grave; or Dunton represented as Dead and Buried, in an Essay upon his own Funeral. To which is added, for the oddness and singularity of it, a copy of his last Will and Testament. His Living Elegy, wrote with his own hand; and the Epitaph designed for his Tomb-stone in the new Burying-Place. Together with

4. "The Real Period of Dunton's Life; or a Philosophical Essay upon the nature of that grand climacterick year, sixty-three, in which, as few persons outlive that fatal time, he expects to be actually buried with the best of Wives, Mrs. Elizabeth Annesley, alias Dunton, with their reasons for sleeping together in the same Grave till the General Resurrection, as contained in two Letters that passed between Mr. Dunton and his Wife, a few days before she died. The whole Directory, and Passing Bell, submitted to the impartial censure of the Right Reverend Father in God, William, Lord Bishop of Ely. By Mr. John Dunton, a Member of the Athenian Society, and Author of the Essay intituled "The Hazard of a Death-bed Repentance."

We all are seized with the Athenian itch,
News, and New Things do the whole World bewitch. Dr. WILD.

TO HIS OLD FRIEND
MR. JOHN DUNTON,
ON HIS IDEA OF A NEW LIFE.

THE Press grows *honest* ; and, in spite of fate,
Now teems a *Birth* that is legitimate :
Thy Book 's thy own, so rare a Muse 'twas fit
Should not be garnish'd out with dead-men's wit.
Yet lives their *Genius* in thee : true it is,
Arts have a kind of Metempsychosis ;
But no perfection dwells within thy breast,
For thou hast faults, and so have e'en the best.
The World 's a *Wood*, in which all lose their way,
Though by a diff'rent path each goes astray.
Thy forty years did *print* thee full of crimes,
But, as Repentance cleanses all thy lines,
We can't be angry that you went astray,
But thank those *Errors* made you miss your way :
For you, by fixing on a false delight,
Instruct ; and, by mistaking, set us right :
The instances are here, or none, or few ;
And the fresh *Wreaths*, untouch'd, belong to you ;
For though the World, like warmer fruit-trees, bear
A double harvest of ill weeds each year ;
'Twas thought *extremely* difficult to find
A frailty and a generousness of mind
Like yours, consenting, in one subject join'd ;
You, to the praise of virtuous deeds resign'd, }
At your own *Fame's* expence, oblige mankind ;
And by this goodness, sure, compound for more
Than all the *Errors* of your life before.
Thy *Youth* those lessons teachest unto Men }
Which few have learn'd at fourscore years and ten,
And your *Idea* makes us *New* again.
Thus thou out-stripest life, and dost beguile
The Fatal Sisters of a longer *file* ;

And, like the youthful planet of the light,
 Art ever climbing, and yet still at height.
 Thou 'st read both men and books, thou hast a key
 To each man's breast, which is thy *Library*.
 Are these the bloomings of thy greener age?
 Sure they some wond'rous summer fruits presage!
Nature doth seem to antedate thy years,
 And ere thy seed-time 's past, harvest appears.
 We blush to see thy *Ideal Life* display
 A dawning clearer than our brightest day.
 Say, Friend,—what Genius with this vigour fir'd
 Thy soul, and the celestial hint inspir'd?
 Say; for the *Unknown Muse* I would invoke,
 T' assist me whilst I sing the triumphs of your Book.

When life's departing stages we review,
 The *False* things fright us, though they pleas'd when *True*.
 Fantastic sins in dismal orders rise,
 And with a *real* horror strike our eyes:
 Thus, whilst we count the up-shot of our pains,
 We curse the memory of what remains,
 And gaze with terror on the slow-advancing scenes. }
 'Twas thus: but now the bugbear is no more,
 We love to trace the imagin'd stages o'er, }
 And court the *Spectre* which we shunn'd before:
 Directed by your nobler rules to cast,
 And regulate the future by the past.

If e'er the Golden Age again return,
 And flash in shining beams from 's iron urn,
 That Age not as it was before shall be,
 But as th' *Idea* is refin'd by thee.
 That seems the common, thine 's the *Elixir* gold:
 So pure is thine, and so alloy'd the *Old*.
 Hail, new Reformer! by whose light we see
 Omnipotence (almost) in *Poetry*;
 Your *Flame* can give to graves Promethean fire,
 And Cowley's clay with living paint inspire.
 For, like some *Mystic* wand, with awful eyes,
 You wave your Pen, and lo! *New Men* arise.

RICHARD FREIND, *Master of Arts*,
 late of Trinity College in Cambridge

TO THE IMPARTIAL READERS.

GENTLEMEN,

THE common business of my Life has given me many opportunities to know something of the fate of *Books*; and I am sensible the following performance lies under very many and peculiar disadvantages: however, if there is any justice due to my *Life and Errors*, I may well be allowed to prepare my Reader's mind a little. If he is but impartial, he is as kind as I would wish him.

My retreat from the world and business has given me not only the leisure, but the inclination, to become more thoughtful than before. Some time ago, in my retirement, my thoughts began to fix, with more attention than was usual, upon the nature and the tendency of human life, and what part I had acted in it.

The *review* of my busy life put me sufficiently out of humour with it: there were very many passages I could easily recollect, which wanted both repentance and amendment. I found the world and myself had very different thoughts of *John Dunton*; I am inwardly conscious the best part of my innocence lies where I am charged the deepest. After all, had I no better design in this performance than purely self-defence, I should neither have given the world, nor myself, the trouble of it. It is well for me, and the thoughts of it give me abundant satisfaction, that the private opinions of other persons must not make the rule of judgment when our last accounts are given in. My Judge is both my advocate, and a searcher of the heart.

I know very well, and am satisfied with, my low obscurity ; it frequently falls out upon the open stage of the world, and in human life, as it does upon other theatres. Some of the *personæ dramatis* retire behind the scenes, before the play be over, and the curtain drop. I am heartily thankful, with regard to my own advantage, that my life has been lengthened out to me, until I have been able to make a *moral* to it ; and that, though I have dreamed a great part of life, yet that now methinks I begin to be awake. How far others may think themselves concerned in my waking thoughts I cannot tell : the burthen of my *New Idea* is no less than the business of the Christian Life. If there is anything peculiar in it, perhaps it may meet with a Reader here and there, whose circumstances are akin to mine ; and upon that score, it will be capable of doing him the better service. The Life which I here *un-live*, has been an amusement to me forty years : had I been so happy as to turn the tables much sooner, my satisfaction had been greater. And if any have been so unfortunate as to copy after my *real Life*, I here take the opportunity to tell them, that I solemnly disown the original. However, in the room of it, I here substitute a new method of living for them ; and, if they will embark upon the same bottom with me, our way, and our end, will be both the same. However, if others will not take the same measures with me, and refuse me their company, I cannot help it : I am no friend to Religious impositions ; but, unless they turn *Living Christians*, they will certainly miscarry.

If the Book fall into the hands of some Readers who never heard of *John Dunton* before, I shall not in the least be out of humour upon that account ; but I would inform them, that, according to the best evidence he can get, he was living the tenth of October, 1704, which is the most I am allowed to say, and, therefore, the performance looks an *original* in its kind. However, not to put a trick upon the Reader, my *old Life* is over, which makes an account of it much less a solecism than it seems.

Were I in the humour to turn this Preface into a bill of fare, I could promise the Reader that, before he has

perused the following sheets, he will know something more both of *Men* and *Books*. Here are very many *Characters* of learned and great men, with whom I have been concerned; and, indeed, my *Life*, and my affairs, have been so closely interwoven with those of other people, that there was no avoiding it. So that as for all those that do not approve of their own *Characters*, they will find a necessity to pardon them; for I could not write an impartial History of my own *Life*, without giving a distinct account of every person I have either known or corresponded with; and, for that reason, I found myself obliged, in a most particular manner, to run through (in brief characters) *the whole History of the Stationers' Company, so far as my Life and actions have been any ways mixed with them*: and though I have been satirical on some *Booksellers*, &c. yet I hope I need not assure the rest, that it would be the farthest thing in the world from my intention, should any passage in these papers be thought a reflection on that *honourable* employment, so liberal and ingenious, that it indeed seems an *Art*, rather than a *Trade*. The very attempting any such thing would be the worst defiling of my own nest; for, though I have given a farewell to *Trade*, I shall ever think it an honour that I was once a Member of the Stationers' Company. But that there are some ill men among us (spite of the Proverb) is neither to be denied; nor needs it any excuse, any more than the exposing those persons to the just censures of present and future ages.

I own it is a nice undertaking to write a *History of Living Men*; but I have been as just and impartial to other men's reputations as I could, and I am sensible I have not been too indulgent to my own. If any shall think themselves touched a little sensibly, and reckon it worth their while to exclaim in public, I desire no more than their *names* at length, and I shall do them all the justice which the merit of their cause does require.

After all, there are two or three Enemies in the world; *Sir Gnaw-post*, *Squire Vinegar*, and *Satan himself*. Should either of the two former begin to *mutter*, it would make pretty diversion for the Publick; I am furnished with *Memoirs* enough to make a *Life* for either of them, to

which shall be annexed a Catalogue of their *Writings*. One or both of them know very well who writ so *furiously* for the Church, and underhand for the service of the Dissenters at the same time. But supposing these *two Men* (I was going to say *Monsters*) should have that respect to their reputation to avoid *wincing*; yet, whilst Bigotry and Lewdness are found amongst those that pretend to Religion, this *Idea of a New Life* must expect unmannerly treatment. However, I have here drawn my pen, and defy the Devil and all his Hackneys; for, should I fall in the defence of Virtue, and in a *war with Vice*, it would be great and honourable, and I should only pity and pray for a profane World; but did I begin a *New Life* (like those in Paradise), or were refined almost to an Angel, yet this History of my *Old Life* would no sooner be made public, but I should be assaulted by that furious and inconsiderate monster called *Censure*, whose lashes I will receive with the same contempt the Lacedemonians (those avowed enemies to Athens) did the cruelty of their Correctors, sporting themselves whilst their backs were torn with the unmerciful whip. Of that efficacy is resolution and innocence, that it presents pain but mere opinion, and values a *furious Gnaw-post*, or a *lewd Vinegar*, no more than a harmless Hellespont did the vain threats of a proud Xerxes. Seneca saith well, better *aliud agere, quàm nihil*, for idleness is the Devil's opportunity; the consideration of which made me (as some *Knaves* will call it) expose my *Life and Errors* in the following sheets.

However, let the Criticks say what they please, my subject is good and great, being no less than the *Idea of a New Life*; and had I made any particular Dedication, I should have stooped no lower than a Prince: the subject meriteth as much, had it been handled accordingly. Sir William Cornwallis saith of Montaigne's Essays, "that it was the likeliest book to advance wisdom, because the Author's own experience is the chiefest argument in it." And, indeed, should every man write a History of his own Life, comprehending as well his vices as virtues, how useful would this prove to the Publick! But such an impartial History of Living Men may rather be wished for than expected, since men have ever preferred their own private reputation before the real good of themselves

or others; so that I have the honour to break the ice, in giving the World an *Idea of a New Life*; and as I have ventured to publish the discoveries I made in my *Travels* abroad, and in my private *conversation* at home, so I have digested the whole into *Seven Stages*, and shewn under each of these how I would think, speak, and act, might I live over my days again, &c. As this *Idea* of a New Life is an *Original Project*, perhaps some will call it one of *Dunton's Maggots*; for, having printed thirty of Wesley's writing, it would be strange if I should not, by imitation, become one myself. But how little I deserve to be so accounted, is sufficiently shewn in the following sheets. I confess, six years ago, I printed my *Living Elegy* (or represented John Dunton as dead and buried, in an "Essay upon my own Funeral"), and perhaps some may think it a little *maggoty*, that I should come again from the Dead to write "The History of my own Life;" but, Gentlemen, cease to wonder at this, for I have almost finished "The Funeral of Mankind; or, an Essay proving we are all dead and buried, with an Elegy upon the whole Race: To which is added, a Paradox, shewing what we call Life is Death, and that we all live and discourse in the Grave," &c.

Now this subject is new and surprizing, but is far from being *maggoty*; for, if a man must be called a *maggot* for starting thoughts that are *wholly new*, then farewell invention. In this sense the *understanding Locke*, and *metaphysical Norris*, are greater *maggots* than *John Dunton* (as they publish thoughts that are *newer* and *better*); but sure none are so stupid as to call these gentlemen *maggots*, for obliging the world with their *ideal* discoveries; and though my weak composures must not be named with their learned works, yet still they are *new* (either as to the matter or method), and as such cannot merit the title of *Maggots*; for even Philosophy itself had never been improved, had it not been for new opinions, which afterwards were rectified by abler men, such as *Norris* and *Locke*; and so the first notions were lost, and nameless, under *new* superstructures. But such a fate with respect to this *New Idea*, is too agreeable for my judgment to repine at, or my vanity to hope for: yet if, after all I can say, my *Ideal*

Life must pass for a *maggot*, I must own it my own pure maggot; the natural issue of my brain-pan, bred and born there, and only there; and therefore, if *pure Novelty* will be any recommendation of this Book, I may expect that even the Criticks themselves will be kind to it; for, to use the words of the *scoffing Tub-man**, the History of my *Life and Errors* is "a faithful and painful Collection," wholly gathered from my own breast; neither is my Idea of a *New Life* stolen from any thing else but my own thoughts of becoming a *New Man*.

Now if any should be so impertinent as to ask whether this Account of my *Life* be a *True History*;—I answer, Though I was the first that set up *The Athenian Oracle*, yet I never pretended to be *infallible*; and I should be fitter for *Bedlam* (than to lay the plan of a *New Life*) if I would swear to my actions for Forty Years; nay, I would not vouch for the space but of Six Months, my memory (by reason of sickness) is grown so treacherous. However, this I may venture to say, I publish it for a *True History*, so far as my *Diary* serves me; and I dare challenge any one of those *Thousand Persons* that are here named, to disprove one line that I say of them; but, if nothing will satisfy the *incredulous Reader* but it is all *Fiction*, for such, if he please, he may take it; but let him remember,

That whatsoe'er of Fiction I bring in,
'Tis so like Truth, it seems at least akin.

But, perhaps, some may own this Book for a *True History*, that yet may question my discretion for publishing a *Secret History of my own Errors*. To this I answer, He that is ashamed to confess the ills, he hath been conscious of, shews too plainly he is a great many leagues from repentance, and is more in love with his sin than his amendment; but, if there is "joy in Heaven over one sinner that repents," I cannot but think my lamenting my *old Errors*, and resolving on a *new Life*,

* "I am informed," says Swift, in the Tale of a Tub, "that worthy Citizen and Bookseller Mr. John Dunton has made a faithful and painful Collection, which he shortly designs to publish in *twelve volumes in folio, illustrated with copper-plates*; a work useful and curious, and altogether worthy of such a hand."

will set me beyond the *venom* of ill tongues. Sure I am, no good man will dislike any thing that endeavours to promote a reformation of manners; but will love my design more than my performance, and approve my future intended Innocence, more than he will condemn the *Errors* of my past Life. But, however it is taken, I am sure it is honestly meant; for I confess my *Errors* on purpose to shame myself out of love with them, and do add to them my *Idea of a New Life*, as a testimony against myself if ever I fall into the like again.

But, seeing I have been too remiss in the former part of my Life; for those *few moments* I have yet left, I will endeavour, by the grace of God, daily to act Faith and Repentance, and direct all the *future steps* of my Life towards Heaven; and if, after all my striving, I may but bring up the rear in *Bless*, it will abundantly recompense all the *Tears* I have, or can shed for my Sins: and I heartily wish that all my Readers may repent of their *Old*, and enter with me on a *New Life*.

These sheets should have been made public above a Year ago; but my almost *constant sickness*, and some other impediments, have put a stop to it; so that it is more than reasonable to put the Reader out of his suspense at last, what this important *Birth* may prove.

Gentlemen, I have only to let you know that, besides the Satire here and there scattered in this *Life*, there are many things which want a *Key*, and are likely to do so (without new provocation); for they were not writ for every body, though I hope there is enough intelligible to entertain the World with a great deal of profit and diversion.

And now, Gentlemen, I am

Your humble servant,

Oct. 10, 1704.

JOHN DUNTON.

POSTSCRIPT.

CANDID READER; -- I must beg pardon for one *Error*; if the Reader finds a repetition of the same expression under different Characters, that he will please to excuse it; for in a Thousand Characters (and that of persons that excel in the same virtues, &c.) I found it a hard matter so to diversify the expression, as never to repeat the very same words I had used before; but, as hard as it was, I believe I may venture to say, that in a Thousand Characters the Reader will not find Ten Blunders of this kind, and that I hope may be some Apology: but, bating the *Error* of some few repetitions, my Thousand Characters are entirely new, except Nine that I formerly published; and having written those before with my own hand, I was loth to be at the pains of writing again the same Characters, having done it as well as I could before.

And now, Reader, fall to, and welcome; for as to the rest of my *Errors*, I leave them to thy eye to discover, and to thy candour to pardon; or if my *Whole Book* must pass for *One Great Error*, without either smile or excuse, I must say thou hast no stomach to a *New Life*. And so Farewell!

JOHN DUNTON.

INTRODUCTION.

CANDID READER,

IT goes hard with the *pride* of human nature, and the principle of self-love, to take a Review of our past Lives, and to make a Collection of Mistakes and *Errors*; though it would certainly be the ready way to amendment, and I am resolved to give the world a precedent of this nature. St. Austin informs us, that he who repents is almost innocent; and I may add, that Confession is the best companion of sincere Repentance.

The frowns of Divine Providence have darkened my affairs, and confined my circumstances; and yet, in great mercy, have given me *leisure* and *retirement* to reflect on my former Life, which is a recompense sufficient for my being cut off from the society of mankind, and almost from all commerce with a designing world, that has little in it but vanity and disappointment. When I trace back the years I have lived, I am quite lost in wonder and amazement at my own wanderings, and I can scarce outlive the very thought how I have spent a Life that is of infinite concern with reference to an After-state. All I am able to do at present is only to form an *Idea of a New Life* from the ruins of the past; and though I cannot, in a physical sense, live over again the time that is already gone, yet I can do it in wish and inclination; and am resolved, by the assistance of Divine Grace, to conform my *Life*, as near as possible, to this *New Idea*, in the reality of practice, till I shall meet the Grave and Eternity, and have no more to do with Time and Sin.

To clear my way a little before I make an entrance upon the Work, I will first tell the Reader what I mean by this *Idea of a New Life*; and, in the second place, I shall chalk out the method of the whole, that the most narrow capacity may take in both the design and the management.

As for the first, I mean only a *Life* that is perfectly squared by the rules of Reason and Revelation. This plan to *live* by is entirely disencumbered of all those *Names*, and *Sects*, and *Parties*, that have raised so much dust and noise, and have done the greatest prejudice to Christianity and the Reformation. The world, it is true, has given me that partial and precise name of *Presbyterian*; which I renounce for ever, and take this opportunity to tell those strait-laced souls, who are for fixing bounds and enclosures in the flock of Christ, that I am neither Churchman, Independent, nor Quaker. That title is the best, and sufficient for me, which obtained at Antioch under the Christian dispensation; I desire no character for the future but a Lover of Jesus, and one that intends for Heaven and happiness in the Life to come; and it is of small moment with me, whether a malignant world will allow me this measure of charity: my right to the Covenant of Grace, and my eternal interest, have no dependence upon ill-nature and envy.

Having now dispatched the first point, I will inform the Reader with the method of these sheets: And first, I shall draw the black lines of my own *Life*, so far as it is run already; where several *Remarkable Occurrences* will come to light, which otherwise, out of pure necessity, would have slept unknown till the last day of search and scrutiny. Secondly, I shall form an *Idea of a New Life*, and make it run parallel with the former. Under this head I will shew what actions of my *Life* I repent of, and reflect upon with sorrow; and such also that were innocent and defensible. And, to make this particular more complete, I will acquaint the Reader how I would think, and speak, and act, would Heaven but indulge me that happy opportunity of living over my days again.

JOHN DUNTON'S

Life and Errors.

CHAPTER I.

FROM HIS BIRTH TO HIS FIFTEENTH YEAR.

AT the threshold of this Account, I must own it as a very criminal *Error* of my *Life*, into which both Disappointment and Passion have frequently misled me; that I have too often arraigned the Divine Providence that Nature ever travailed with such an unhappy birth. It was almost a relief to me to cry out with Job, iii. 3. 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, *There is a man-child conceived.*' Would but this acknowledgment be a caution to others, how they split upon the same rock, and quarrel with Providence, I should reckon myself sufficiently recompensed.

However, to begin. I was born at Graffham in Huntingdonshire the 14th of May 1659. My father, Mr. *John Dunton*, was Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, and rector of Graffham. My mother, *Lydia Dunton*, was daughter to Mr. Daniel Carter, of Chesham; and, were it not foreign to the purpose, I could here acquaint the Reader with the *Visions she had of another World* in her trances, in one of which she lay three days, and was mercifully restored as they were disposing her in the coffin; and a year after she died *in earnest*, and was interred in Graffham Chancel March 3, 1660; upon which occasion the following couplets were composed:

" She did, I saw her mount the sky,
 And with new whiteness paint the Galaxy ;
 Heaven her, methought, with all its eyes did view,
 And yet acknowledg'd all its eyes too few.
 Methought I saw in crowds bless'd Spirits meet,
 And with kind welcomes her arrival greet,
 Which, could they grieve, had gone with grief away,
 To see a Saint more white, more pure than they.
 Earth was unworthy such a prize as this,
 Only a while Heaven let us share the bliss."

To return. My first entrance upon the stage was attended with all the symptoms of death, as if I had been sensible of my future miseries, and willing to steal into the grave from the very womb of Nature ; but some of the attendants* were so compassionate and cruel, as to sprinkle water on my forehead, and raise me to life, though, alas ! it proved but an unkind office, to chain me down to this world, when I was making my retreat, and taking wing for another ; upon which emergency the following lines were written :

" So the infant day does rise,
 Gilding hills, and painting skies,
 Till some envious pregnant cloud
 Does its blooming glories shroud.

So a short-lived Winter's sun
 Sets almost as soon 's begun ;
 Weeping Heaven laments its fall,
 Mourning Earth, its funeral.

So a Rose-bud does prepare
 To salute the calmer air,
 Till some piercing Northern gust
 Rends and spreads it in the dust.

Such, poor Infant, was thy birth,
 Such thy parents' joy and mirth ;
 Roses, suns, and days can be
 But a *Meiosis* of thee."

The first appearance which I made was very mean and contemptible ; and, as if Nature had designed me to take up only some insignificant and obscure corner of the universe, I was so diminutive a creature, that a quart pot could contain the whole of me with ease enough ; whereupon was written :

* Mrs. Palmer, of Graftham.

" There lies a pretty little Knave,
In 's cradle, dressing-room, and grave."

In this condition, and long before I had any articulate use of my tongue, I gave the world sufficient evidence of a child of Adam; and the certain tokens of corrupt nature and intemperate passion were more and more apparent, as I made advances both in strength and age: all the signs of disobedience and revenge, of impatience and immoderate desire, were seen in me, when I wanted the power to execute what my inclinations led me to. These were only the more innocent and infant essays of depraved nature, to those *blacker* crimes that are yet to come. It is a matter of certainty with me, that, by a narrow observation of the temper and constitution of children, we may discover most of those vices and virtues in the very embryo, which afterwards make them remarkable in the world. This notion has often thrown me into melancholy, when I have reflected how ripe and pregnant the seeds of all vice and sin were in me when so young:

" These the sure preludes, these the ruder plan,
Of early childhood ripen'd into man!"

When my mother was deceased, and my father there-upon left in sorrow, he made a voyage into Ireland*, that his griefs might be abated; where, at the request of Sir Henry Ingoldsby, he settled for several years. This made some alteration in my affairs. I was sent immediately away to Mr. *William Reading's*, at Dungrove, a place almost in the neighbourhood of Chesham, and there put to school so soon as I was capable: this was the first of all those inconsiderate Rambles that I have made. The world may expect that I should here make up the accounts of my improvement and proficiency at school; but, alas! those years which I spent there were as well cancelled out of the number I have lived.

All the advance I made under Sarah Wire, John Ducket, Richard Bowly, and a whole catalogue of Teachers, was only to know the rudiments of my mother tongue. I could improve fast enough in any thing but

* Attended by his old and faithful servant, Mr. Thomas Tallwood.

the art of learning, to which I had a strange kind of aversion, both as it kept me confined, and, as I thought, was too difficult and unpleasant.

At this time, when I could only tell backward a few years, which I then reckoned a sort of misery, my mind was furnished with a number of very odd fancies, which have since been my great unhappiness. I remember one day, as I returned through the fields from Chesham-school, my thoughts were so entirely taken up with projecting to myself the plan of life, and what I would *be*, and *do*, when I came to be a man—that my feet misled me, and I wandered, without knowing it, till I had out-measured the *Terra Firma*, and so plunged headlong in the River; but, as Providence would have it, my cousin, Mr. John Reading, was lying on the bank, and saved me from a death, which, in all probability, was both present and unavoidable.

Another providential deliverance I received at Chesham was this. While I was playing with a *lead* bullet in my mouth, it slipped down my throat; but, the size of it being too large for the passage, it stopped in my breast; and I remained in that condition till I had lost all hope of life, when on the sudden the bullet bolted up, and so prevented both my own and the fears of others:

Thus oft we take our leave of life and pain,
And both, yet linger, and we live again;
Thus oft we stretch, the fatal gulph to pass,
And Death flies off, and turns the vital glass:
Thus oft we're willing when we cannot die,
And wish in vain for immortality.
Death hags the mind, then vanishes away,
And oft adjourns the last decisive day.

And here, that I may not prove ungrateful to the God of Providence, and preventing mercy, I shall add a *Third Danger*, that my childish curiosity exposed me to. One day I was wandering alone in the fields of Dungle, and, taking up a *bearded* ear of corn to play with, I made the experiment how far I could venture it down my throat, and pluck it back again; but, both to my surprize and pain, it stuck there, and whilst I struggled with it, I only sent it farther out of my own reach. In this extremity, some of my Relations that were walking

in the fields* found me lying speechless, and gasping for breath, and with some difficulty they set me at rights again, though the memory of it will remain with me--

"When nothing else can stop our little breath,

The staff of Life turns into darts of Death."

This was the third time that Death had threatened me, and by so many signal deliverances was I rescued; but, alas! there was nothing of them that gave me the least impression, save the bare remembrance, which helped me to tell them over to my School-fellows† with abundance of pride; for I could then boast of my *heroism*, having out-faced such a number of deaths and dangers; and I am sure the matter lost nothing by the relation of it. At this age, a lie with me was a matter of very little scruple, though I never practised the sin unless it would either prevent a discovery, or procure some advantage that at least would gratify and please me; but, alas! this providence in sin can never atone for it.

The advances I made at *School* went on very slowly, for I had a thousand little things to say, that would excuse my absence, or at least abate the rigour of the punishment: *sickness* and *business*, I remember, were threadbare topicks, I had made use of them so frequently; though I am fully convinced to my sorrow, that these methods to conceal my negligence were the greatest *cheat* I ever put upon myself.

In my own defence (and I think I neither have, nor shall baulk the least *Error* that occurs) I can say, that as for the little thieveries, too common with children, I was never much addicted to them: once, indeed, I was persuaded by a company of play-fellows to join with them in *robbing an Orchard*, and, being placed as a centinel, we were all of us discovered; and perhaps it was well for me, seeing, had we got safe off with the booty, I might have had the courage to make a second adventure of that nature. However, I cannot call it any merit in

* Mr. Walmesley of Chesham, Aunt Reading, her daughter Anne, Mrs. Mary Gossam, Sarah Randal, Robert Reading, Mrs. Prat of Bellingdon, &c.

† Elias Cook, Matthew Biscow, John Aires, Thomas Reading, &c.

me that I was no more addicted to steal, because it proceeded purely from my own cowardice, when my inclinations were strong enough.

At these years *Religion* was as little understood as practised by me, though I was possessed with strange notions of Heaven and Hell; and as I had some love for Heaven, in regard I was told it was a place of happiness and pleasure, and furnished with variety of agreeable entertainments; so I had some servile fear of Hell, because it was represented as a place full of the blackest and the most frightful terrors; as a fiery dungeon, where impenitent sinners should be punished with endless and extreme pain. These considerations were matter of astonishment to me, when I either reflected upon them as it were by accident, or was talked to about them; though these impressions wore off, like letters inscribed upon the surface of water; for so soon as I got among my school-fellows, I was diverted, and grew as unaffected as before.

This is an unfit place to tell the Reader those young thoughts I entertained of *Death*. In general I formed an idea of him like a walking skeleton, with a dart in his right, and an hour-glass in his left hand. This image took its rise from some effigies I had seen, or some discourse I had heard of Death; and the imagination, though it was lively enough, was yet of little service to me, because I reckoned upon a vast number of years, and a world of pleasure, betwixt me and Death. However, at the worst, I thought I could certainly persuade him to spare me; and though I had been informed that Death was inexorable as well as impartial, yet self-love was so strong in me, that I could not but think that I might make terms of peace with him, or, at least, that prayers and tears would prevail with him, and work upon his pity.

With reference to the Day of Judgment, my sentiments were so childish and various, both as to the place and manner of proceeding at that solemn appearance, that they would swell the Work quite beyond compass. But, if ever I had a glimpse of Heaven, it was in these *early days*, as I was once reading the fifteenth Psalm; and for that reason I read that Psalm with a peculiar pleasure to this day.

To return. Nine years of my *Life* were already up, when my Father returned for England, and was advanced to the Rectorship of Aston-Clinton*, where he married a *second* time†; and so soon as he had settled his affairs, and formed a family, I was sent for home; but I bid a farewell to Dungrove with almost as much reluctance as the soul leaveth the body; and indeed the comparison is something apposite, for at those years I knew as little of any other part of the Globe, as the soul does of the Upper Worlds. At the arrival of this melancholy news, I swooned away, as if my Life and Dungrove had been incorporate; and the pleasure I found in that *deliquium* has ever since reconciled my thoughts to Death, and familiarized the appearance of the King of Terrors. But this foolish passion wore off, and was less and less troublesome the longer I had been so agreeably entertained at my Father's house, though that liberty at first was followed with a perfect bondage to my apprehensions; for my Father began now to look after me a little strictly, and in regard he designed me for the Ministry, I was kept at home under his own care and tuition; for I had convinced him sufficiently of my roving inclinations; and beside, having made such awkward improvements at school, he thought I was not in a condition to be trusted with my time abroad; and for my own part, I concluded that to be bred a Minister was something out of the road, and beyond the reach of the common sort of mankind: this worked upon my ambition, and went down with me well enough, till I was given to understand *what* there was betwixt me and being a Minister. An attempt was made upon me; but indeed the Latin tongue gave me satisfaction enough, though I had attained to some perfection in it, and could speak it pretty well extempore: but the difficulties of the Greek quite broke all my resolutions; and, which was a greater disadvantage to me, I was wounded with a silent passion for a Virgin‡ in my Father's house, that unhinged me all

* By Sir Francis Gerrard.

† With Mrs. Mary Lake, daughter to the Rev. Mr. Mariat, and sister to that eminent citizen, Mr. Thomas Rolfe.

‡ Mrs. Mary Sanders.

at once, though I never made a discovery of the flame, and for that reason it gave me the greater torment. This happened in my thirteenth year, when, by some impulse or other, I am sure I loved, though the nature of the passion was a secret to me; yet the symptoms of it were so innocent and sincere, that I may call it, with propriety enough, the very tendency of Nature to closer union. I can attribute my freedom, and the cure of this amorous indisposition, to nothing else but profound silence, which was certainly occasioned by the contrary strugglings of fear and shame; for I always haunted her retirements; and when I was with her, my tongue faulted, and refused to be the instrument to convey the least of those tender things I had to tell her.

“ Thus pensive Ghosts by their loved reliques stay,
And sigh and sob the midnight hours away:
Thus infant passions combat in the *womb*,
And, silent, lay each other in the *tomb*.”

My Father tried all the methods with me that could be thought of, in order to reconcile my mind to the love of Learning; but all of them proved useless and ineffectual. My thoughts were all unbent and dissolved in the affairs of Love; and you may well conceive that an amour, which was entirely transacted within my own breast, and the severities of study and strict discipline, would make betwixt them but a very indifferent sort of harmony. However, had I been as much a master of the Greek as I was of the Latin tongue, I must without dispute have packed up for Oxford. When my Father was convinced that an unsettled mercurial humour had given me such a disgust to the Languages, which I then thought very barren and unprofitable; the next experiment that he made was to know how the rational part of Learning would relish with me; upon this, I began to dabble in Philosophy, and made some little progress in Logick, Metaphysicks, and Morality; the last of which was only in notion, not in practice, for neither Aristotle, Heribord, Wendelin, nor all the Ethicks in the world, could work a reformation in my manners. Their fine-spun threads, and the reason of their notions, pleased me, I remember; but that was all. My Father's hopes began now to dwindle very sensibly; yet he was very unwilling

to resign, in regard he would gladly have transmitted the priesthood to his own posterity, seeing he himself was the third *John Dunton*, in a lineal descent, that had been a Minister. However, there was no striving against the stream of Nature—

Ex quovis ligno non fit Mercurius.

Fourteen years of my *Life* were run, and my Father had not the least encouragement to proceed with me, so that he began to take up a resolution to dispose me some other way: an account of which must be the business of the next Period.

CHAPTER II.

AN IDEA OF A NEW LIFE; OR, THE MANNER HOW
I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I
LIVE OVER AGAIN THESE FOURTEEN YEARS.

IN vain, alas, in vain! the period's run!
I wish, but can't recall, th' unwilling Sun.
His radiant rounds are finish'd in the sky,
And a few more lead to Eternity.
Time's one successive *now*, it cannot stay,
But streams in silence on, and smooths away.
We live but *once*, and vainly wish for more;
That *once* improv'd, we make the blissful shore.
But, ah! those years, and those more happy times
Of youth mis-spent, and stain'd with deepest crimes!
Yet, while remain these latest-running sands,
I'll sue for pardon with up-lifted hands.
At Mercy's feet for grace I'll prostrate lie,
And there unanswer'd, there I'll pine and die.

There is commonly a long time spent before Children can take in the different natures of good and evil. Yet it is a matter beyond dispute with me, that there is no child can commit any actual transgression till its understanding be impressed with some obscure notices, at

least, of the evil of sin. And though those images that an infant forms of duty and obedience may have but very faint influence on the will that is unrenewed, yet they are sufficient to leave the person inexcusable. Upon this notion I shall raise the first *rudiments* of a *New Life*, and begin to reform from that very instant in which the first actual sin was committed ; for there is no one can doubt but where there is a capacity to sin, there is at the same time a capacity to reform ; in regard that, by the rule of contraries, whatsoever is capable of the one, is also capable of the other.

The very first effort of this *Ideal Life* should be to guard and secure those avenues that lead into the errors and the sins of Infancy ; which, for the sake of method, I will range under the heads of Passion and Disobedience ; and the reason why I place Disobedience the second is plain, seeing it is the natural offspring of intemperate Passion.

To begin : Passion, in the general acceptance, may be branched into Pride and impatient Desire, which are frequently, if not always, the first fruits of corrupt nature in Children. These are the seeds of all those licentious and wild excesses which have been the ruin of thousands, and have made so many desolations among mankind ; for, when men have all along soothed themselves with the vanities of ambition, and the fooleries of inclination, they will find these affections will be constantly pursuing them at the heel, and spurring them on to all the kinds of unlawful liberties. Now these men must either abridge their inclinations and sinful appetites ; which, when they are ripened and habitually confirmed, will give them a world of uneasiness and trouble in their own breasts ; or, on the other hand, they must gratify themselves at the expence of their virtue, if they have any, and the favour of Heaven. Now the first of these extremities, I am sure, is very unacceptable to human nature ; for it is the emblem of the pains of Hell to have those inclinations about one that cannot be gratified without a wound to conscience, and a breach upon Christianity ; and as for the last extreme, it is as evident that a man, unless he were abandoned to that chimera of speculative Atheism, cannot indulge himself

the liberty of sinning in the face of Heaven, and in defiance to all the menaces of divine displeasure and future punishment; for, if a man does not discredit the Words of Truth, the immortality of his own mind, and that he is capable of subjecting himself to God's moral government, he must, out of mere necessity, believe there are states of rewards and punishments in the life to come. But how easily might both these extremities be prevented, if men would but cut off the first tumours of Pride, and the extravagance of Desire! It is a matter of no great difficulty, we know, to divert a stream at the fountain-head, which, if it run on undisturbed, may overflow, and drown a Country. And the case is exactly the same with corrupt Nature: when it gets the bias, it is very difficult to stop and correct its course; and we are certainly informed that, if reformation does not make the amendment, the consequence will be no less than misery and endless ruin. Upon these reflections, might I live over my years again, my first business should be to prune off the very infant motions of proud Nature; and in regard that this *New Idea* shall be squared according to the rules of Reason and Revelation, I will first see what assistance Reason can furnish toward the mortification of Pride; and here the very first thought that my Reason might suggest, would be the mean original that I sprung from. The dust is but a mouldering principle to grow proud upon; it is the most incapable and corruptive part of the Creation; and it would be extreme folly to see the meanest and most insignificant moiety among the whole system of things, begin to advance itself; so that, upon this first reflection, my body would be thrown out of all claim and pretence to swell and grow proud of itself. But, again, should I consider my dependence at these years upon Providence, and my obligations to things and persons, I am persuaded the thought would humble me. Pride, if any such thing were allowable, should only be the prerogative of persons that are independent; but this is what none of the race of Adam can boast of; and I am sure we have the least grounds for it when Children; at that time the whole Creation seems to have an indulgent kindness for us, and upon that regard may properly be called our Parent. But, alas!

we conclude, when we are so young, that seeing persons have so much indulgence and respect for us, they certainly discover something in us that must be extraordinary, and thereupon we grow insensibly vain, and are soothed into pride before we understand ourselves; but, might I live those early days again, I would correct this *Error*, and not only frown upon those that should offer to commend and praise me, but improve those very praises to my own humility. Were but persons well aware how fast the seeds of Pride ripen to maturity by this officious sort of vanity, I believe it would grow out of fashion, and that Parents would discourage it, seeing the consequence may prove so fatal.

But, if neither the meanness of my original, nor my dependence upon persons and Providence, could cure the *growing tympany*, I would look within myself, and see how narrow and unimproved my understanding lies, and what fatigue and industry would be necessary, before my knowledge could be enlarged to any considerable size. In the next place, I would take a survey of the natural obliquity and stubbornness of my will; how passionately it is inclined to what is evil, and how cold and disaffected to all that is good. Thus far my own reason might help to humble me, in taking as full a view of my natural and moral imperfections as I should be capable of at those years. But, alas! I am satisfied that all this would be ineffectual, if the Word of God * were not at hand, to carry the matter farther. I would therefore turn over the Bible, and there I should find the first rise of all my unhappiness; that I was born a child of apostate Adam, and that all the disorders of my nature, the darkness that hovers over my understanding, and the perverseness of my will, were all of them the hereditary ruins of the human nature, and the lamentable effects of the first Fall. The Bible would inform me, that "I was conceived in sin, and brought forth in iniquity;" and that, without repentance and reformation, I was an heir of misery in the next world. This prospect would be so

* That the Scriptures are of Divine Authority is an inquiry of that consequence, that as yet I suppose myself too young for it; so I shall take it here upon trust, and persons that understand themselves will not censure me.

black and dismal, that I should have all the reason in the world to be humble for the future. I cannot say, indeed, that my thoughts would at that age act up to this pitch of accuracy; however, something like it might be done, that would be extremely serviceable to root out of my nature, as near as possible, the very principle of pride, which, I am fully persuaded, would be the happiest advance that could be made in Youth, towards a religious and a Christian life.

This preparation already made (though I must expect that the pride of Nature, and the impatience of desire, will make frequent reprisals and returns upon me, so long as the human nature is imperfect), the next *step* I would take should be, to submit myself to the reasonable government of my Parents; and indeed, at these young years, I cannot so well judge for myself as they, in what instances their authority is reasonable. This obedience to my Parents is a matter of indispensable duty, so long as their commands are consistent with the law of God, and the dictates of human nature; and it is that which I would endeavour to perform with all imaginable cheerfulness, that it might appear I did not obey purely out of necessity and constraint, but from a principle of inclination. They are by nature my superiors, and were the instruments in the hand of God, to bring me, a reasonable creature, upon the stage of this world to act a part for eternity: and it cannot be supposed that a man-child should be born, and for so great ends as the honour and enjoyment of God, but that his wisdom and providence were concerned to order the minutest circumstances of it: that I should have my life-time now, and not some centuries either sooner or later; that I should be born, as it were, a Christian, and not a Pagan; in England, and not in Asia; of these, and not of other parents. And shall all this expence of wisdom and contrivance be laid out upon this very matter; and shall not I submit myself to those who, both by Nature and Providence, are made my Parents? But, if such a train of thought as this, will scarcely be granted me at these years, yet there are some other ways to get myself convinced of the duty I owe in this respect. God has been so careful to secure to Parents the obedience of

Children, that he has made it a part of his positive Law, which was before only a common dictate of the reasonable Nature ; and Children may be allowed to have the decalogue by heart pretty early ; and there it stands the first precept of the second table, " Honour thy Father and thy Mother ;" and has the promise of a long life annexed, and of which Children are commonly very fond. To this conviction of duty from the fifth commandment, I may add all the indulgent care and solicitude of Parents for the good of their Children ; and what obligation so forcible as this, to win over the affections, and even to tie children to obedience ? When I was naked and defenceless, they clothed, and fed, and fostered me ; when I was very often running upon my own ruin, they prevented me ; when I knew nothing of it, they were contriving for my happiness ; when I was ignorant, they gave me instruction ; and what monstrous ingratitude would it be, now that my reason is something awakened, to disobey and to disappoint their expectations ! To make their lives and their deaths uncomfortable, and to bring such a load of guilt and inevitable punishment upon myself, which, without the severe sorrows of repentance, cannot possibly be avoided !

Having thus laid down the reason of the duty, and my own resolution with reference to it, I shall next shew how I would manage myself at School, might I but have that happy opportunity once again. In the general, it may be sufficient to say, that I would use all the diligence I could possibly be master of, in order to get some tolerable acquaintance with the Languages. As for Play, I would give myself no greater liberty in it than was absolutely necessary to preserve my health, to quicken fancy, and to keep me from melancholy. But then, in particular, as to the Languages, that which is native to me should be my first care ; though the many beauties of it will require a peculiar genius, and some time and study, and I might add, a long custom to speak and write well, to make one become a master of them. Latin should be my next study ; and, indeed, there is reason to give it the second place ; for the grammar to it, being well understood, will make the Greek Syntax more familiar ; and the knowledge of this tongue will be a good

foundation to some of the European tongues. In my study of this tongue, I would not content myself with the barren knowledge of the words, and the common rules of construction; but I would endeavour to get a taste of it, to have a relish for the delicacies with which it abounds; to know the difference betwixt true grammar and good Latin. I would take all possible care of my Themes and Orations; and I would never be persuaded to flourish with the stolen beauties of other Authors, but endeavour to write a free style, and to avoid all appearance of pedantry, with which most of our Public Schools are so miserably infected, that Gentlemen are obliged to spend as much time in conversation and travel, if not more, than they had done at the School, before ever they can discourse like reasonable creatures, and conjure down that apparition of pedantry, which their education had raised.

Nor would I be satisfied with writing a Prose style tolerably well, but I would labour hard to get a taste of the Latin Poetry; for, though Poetry may be cried down by men of dullness, that never had any harmony in their minds, and that in a life-time could never conceive one enlarged thought; yet these Dullards should never deprive me of an entertainment so generous and grateful, where it makes no inroads upon Virtue, and the great rules of Christianity; for my innocence should always remain unsullied, and be my chiefest care.

As for the tongues that are yet behind; the Greek, Hebrew, Italian, French, Spanish, and High-Dutch; these should be all I would ever aim at, and in which I would endeavour to be as well skilled as my time and circumstances would admit.

After all, I would not take up here, as if the barren insipid knowledge of words and sounds were sufficient for me; but make some attempt upon the Sciences, as, indeed, it was no small part of my happiness to have done in my former *real Life*. The great end I would aim at in Logic should be, to fix my thoughts, and make them something more solid and consistent, that I might neither speak nor write (if possible) upon any subject, till I had worked my thoughts into a conformity with it, which I reckon to be the very nature of Logical Truth;

and, indeed, it is the want of this fixedness of thought that makes men superficial : they do not dwell upon an idea till they make it correspond exactly to the nature of the object, as one face answers the other in a glass.

Mathematicks, it is true, are recommended for this purpose, to fix the attention ; but then the study of them is so tedious, and life so short, and again, the truth they discover is altogether absolute, and unrelated to the happiness of man, that I should content myself with a general knowledge of them.

Metaphysicks, if one should pursue the knowledge of them in the old way, would make but an unprofitable study ; I would therefore become a votary to the speculative way, and endeavour to digest Malbranche, so far as he follows truth, and where he makes an *Error*, I would always take the liberty to think for myself.

Natural Philosophy, a little of it might be necessary to give a man some knowledge of the present system of things, and of the world he inhabits ; and, upon this head, I would read over both the antient and the modern account of matters.

Moral Philosophy, I reckon, is of absolute necessity for a man that intends to understand himself, and what the genius of the reasonable nature is, with all the general designs that mankind are driving forward. Though what I would here make the express subject of my study, should be the great law of Nature, which as it is most agreeable to reason, so the knowledge of it gives a man a wonderful enlargement in his thoughts, frees him from a trifling levity of mind, sets him above the mean designs of common life, and always inspires him with a generous emulation to act up to the native precepts of this law.

Divinity is the greatest study of human life ; and without some knowledge at least of its essential doctrines, a man would be altogether in the dark as to his happiness and his last end. And might I live over my days again, I would endeavour to acquaint myself as early as I could with these two great inquiries : First, " What was my state by Nature ?" Secondly, " Upon what great design was it that the Eternal Son of God became incarnate ?"

With reference to the former, it seems to be the universal cry of Nature, or at least it should be so, that "Man is a condemned creature, a criminal under sentence of eternal death." One would think it should be no less the practice, than it is the duty, of Parents, in the most familiar words, to tell their Children of their dreadful state, seeing they know it as well as if they saw the inscription in real characters upon their foreheads, "You are condemned." What ingenuous Child, upon this information, but would weep out these or the like expressions—"Is it a thing impossible to be saved? Is there no Redeemer to buy off the sentence? Is there no kind Intercessor to plead my cause? Must I die, and is there no remedy?" And, indeed, can the matter admit that either I or any other should be less concerned than this comes to? With what satisfaction could I play, eat, or sleep, or go to school, seeing I was all the while a condemned malefactor, God unreconciled, and my soul in extreme danger every breath I draw, of going out into an eternal state of endless and intolerable pain? How could I reconcile my thoughts to my condition, seeing it admits of nothing as yet, but either of a blind security, or of wild despair?

When I was thus desponding of the favour of God, and of future happiness, how welcome news would it be, to hear one say: "It is true, all this and more is thy state by Nature; but the Son of God was here upon earth some seventeen hundred years ago, and has made satisfaction for thee, and procured a pardon!" With what concernment of mind should I immediately make this return? "Who will speak for me to this great, this merciful Reconciler? Why then is my state so full of danger? Is there nothing to be done in this case*?" Suppose now, that answer should be made, "There is nothing to be done but what is highly reasonable†; only believe, and repent,

* I do not suppose the matter can be brought thus forward, and so ripe for conversion, without the previous operation of the Spirit, for that is of absolute necessity, and yet a great and a blessed mystery.

† What folly is it for a sinner to dispute the case. Is faith an instrument? or is it a condition? Is my repentance a condition of my pardon? No matter what names you give them, they are absolutely necessary; thy life is at stake; thou must die without them.

and you shall be pardoned and saved ; and for this faith and repentance apply yourself to the Throne of Grace, and beg earnestly, in the name of the blessed Jesus, that the Holy Spirit may work them in you ; and, for your farther information, read over the Testament of your dying Lord, and that will give you a large account of this wonderful transaction."

With what overflowings of joy should I be thus informed ! How frequently would I importune for the graces of the Spirit, that Christ might be revealed in me the Hope of Glory, that my repentance might be sincere, that my sins might be for ever cancelled !

Might I live over my days again, how happy should I be in this early conversion, that I might but have the opportunity once again thus to dedicate a life-time to the glory and the service of God.

CHAPTER III.

STAGE II.—DUNTON'S LIFE AND ERRORS, THROUGH HIS SEVEN YEARS APPRENTICESHIP.

MY fifteenth year was now well advanced, when my Father, after a variety of thoughts and cares concerning me, came at last to this resolution ; that, seeing my inclinations did not lead me to Learning, he would put me out an Apprentice. The next difficulty that occurred was, to single out some Trade, that might both be honourable, and suit the peculiarity of my own genius ; and in short that of a *Bookseller* was pitched upon. By this means he thought to make it my interest to be at least a friend to Learning and the Muses, if I would not join myself to them by some nearer affinity. Upon these thoughts, my Father made enquiries, to whom he might safely commit the charge of his Son ; and in this affair, I am sure, the least regard he had was to seculars ; for he was sensible enough that the management and dis-

cipline of my young years would have a swaying influence on my after-life.

In this extremity, and in regard there were so many miscarriages in this matter, my Father made application to his very intimate friend Mr. Sands, who recommended Mr. Thomas Parkhurst, as a religious and a just man. Upon this information, my Father (after giving me his blessing) sent me to London. Thus, through imprudence, and the mercury of my own brain, I bid a joyful farewell to Letters; though, indeed, all the acquaintance I had with them could scarce require the civility.

I was now only to traffick with the *outside*, the shell and the casks of Learning; though, had I taken other measures, my Shop might have been a Library, and my mind the richer; and the better furnished of the two :

“ Thus fools from Athens into Egypt go,
Or fields of Science change for those of Snow.”

Upon my arrival at London, I was very kindly received by my new Master; which was sufficient encouragement, both to my Father and myself. I was not fastened for good and all at this time; but my Master and myself were left to make the experiment how we could approve each other. But, alas! though Mr. Parkhurst shewed me all the kind civilities and tender regards that were possible for him, yet I could not reconcile my mind to confinement; so that, in the compass of a few days, I was resolved to make a journey of it home again, having satisfied my curiosity. I acquainted my Master with the fit that was then upon me; and he gave me very reasonable advice about it, and desired me to write to my Father upon it, before I should venture to leave the town, and run the risk of his displeasure. But I thought this would spend too much time, and perhaps disappoint me of my journey; so headstrong and impatient was I at those years, if any Project my thoughts ran upon did not take effect the next minute. However, not to give the Reader the same impatience which was then my unhappiness, I took horse for Aston Clinton; but I passed the road with a world of solicitude how my Father would receive me. I made my first appearance to my friends, and so was introduced at *second hand*, to take off the

dint of displeasure; but, after all, the first sight my Father had of me gave him very great surprize. The world might judge it impertinent, if I should here tell them all that passed betwixt us. His resentment was soon over; and he took the opportunity at that time to communicate his pious counsel to his Children in general. The substance of it was, "That we should live in peace, and love one another. That we should take care in the first place to prepare for death, and make sure of an interest in Jesus. He recommended a Christian humility to us all, and bid us never expect any great share of happiness and satisfaction in this life: it would be sufficient for us, he said, though we were never so mean in this world, if we could but meet together in Heaven, and be for ever happy together in a life to come."

This advice has often sunk with weight upon my conscience, when I have reflected how ungrateful I have been to the gracious care of so good a Father, and that I have never lived up to his Christian admonitions.

When this discourse of my Father's was finished, he gave me several letters that were written by my own Mother, and desired me to peruse them frequently, and keep them as a memorial of so dear a Mother.

I shall give the Reader an abstract of them, for his service, as well as my own.

In a Letter to her Brother Benjamin, she tells him, "The concern she had for his future happiness, was as sincere and earnest as that which she had for her own: This life is short and uncertain: man dies, and where is he? Oh, that amazing question! *Where is he?* I am the meanest of all those that would fain get to Heaven; but, dear Brother, I would have you grow in Religion like a tall cedar, and stand as a pillar in the Church of God. I wish I could bring Eternity close to your thoughts. *Eternity!* Oh! there is amazement in the sound; it is soon pronounced; yet it will last for ever. It is but a little word, yet it is of infinite concern: I would recommend nothing to your study but a crucified Jesus, for there is nothing else that is worth a thought. I would wish no more for you, but that you may so run, as to obtain an immortal crown."

In her letter to her Brother Jeremiah, she tells him,

with a world of tenderness, "What affection she had for him as a Brother; but her affection would be much dearer and more refined, if he were but a Brother in Christ! She desires him to devote himself to God, and to fly those sins that the heat of youth might expose him to; and then requests it of him, that he would make the returns of praise and thankfulness, for the mercies of Providence." Towards the conclusion, she begs of him "to make Religion and Practical Christianity his greatest concern; that he, with the rest of their pious Relations, might sit down with Jesus Christ in the heavenly places."

In a Letter to her sister Child, she writes thus: "You are a Mother, it is a blessing, and yet but an earthly one; for Children are certain cares, and very uncertain comforts. That you may experience the love of Jesus, which is far above the affection of a Mother to her Child; that you may always enjoy the smiles of God's countenance; that your conversation may be an ornament to the Gospel of Jesus Christ; that you may gradually be sanctified and refined by the Spirit of Grace; and that you may at last be caught up in the clouds, with all the Saints, to meet the Lord in the air;—is the constant and fervent prayer of your affectionate Sister."

In a Letter to her aunt Child, she writes to this effect: "It is the greatest satisfaction I can receive, to hear that Religion meets with encouragement amongst you. I have, indeed, more necessity to learn of you, who have attained to the maturity, I hope, both of grace and age; yet I cannot forbear to tell you that God expects a tribute of glory and of praise from us, in regard he has, through infinite grace, translated us from the kingdom of darkness into that of light. Oh, the dying love of Jesus Christ! What returns of gratitude, of duty, and obedience, does it exact at our hands! Let us give all diligence to make our conversion and our election sure. My continual prayer is, that we may grow in grace, and prove good proficients in the school of Christ."

The last of these Letters was written to her sister Desbrow, and runs thus: "That we should help one another forward in our way to Heaven, is a very passionate exhortation in Scripture; and I heartily wish it may be engraved on your heart and mine. We are both

of us entered upon the stage of this world : but may we have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of joy ! May we, with Mary, make that good choice, and increase daily in the knowledge of our dear Jesus ! May the love of God remain always warm and flaming in our hearts, that it may purge and refine us into his own image ! May we learn Christ, love and live Christ, that at last we may attain to the Resurrection of the dead, is the restless desire of your loving Sister !”

My Father now endeavoured to make me sensible of my folly, in leaving London and my good Master after so childish a manner ; telling me, I must go back again for my pains. Upon this he wrote a very friendly letter to Mr. Parkhurst, which, for the Reader's satisfaction, I will transcribe.

“ MR. PARKHURST,

[1675.]

“ I have returned you my Son, whom I desire you would receive as myself, and as my own bowels. I own that he may justly have given you offence, for which you might very reasonably refuse him ; but I hope he comes again to your greater satisfaction, and to do you better service. I resign him entirely to you ; for I know there is none will take a more friendly and Christian care of him than yourself, both with respect to this and another world. I will never encourage him to take the same liberty for the future, and you know I was ignorant of his coming home ; however, I hope you will pardon him, which I shall acknowledge as done to myself ; and which will for ever oblige your real friend and servant,

“ J. DUNTON.”

With this Letter I returned for London, where I found a very kind welcome from Mr. Parkhurst ; but another *, in my absence, had stepped into my room upon trial, so that I could not be received again till that matter was brought to some issue ; and, in the mean time, I was forced to take up with my cousin, Mr. John Child, a Grocer in Stocks-Market. I had not lodged a week there, when I was visited with the small-pox, which were so severe upon me, that it was almost a miracle I survived them. My eyes were closed seven days ; and,

* John Laurence, son to the Rev. Mr. Edward Laurence.

whilst the blindness remained with me, I heard the voice of William Briggenshaw, whom my Father had sent to visit me. This gave me such a transport of joy, that it was thought I should have expired in the excess of it.

So soon as this indisposition was worn off, and my health restored (though I shall carry the pits, and the signatures of that distemper, to my grave), I went upon a second trial to Mr. Parkhurst, and it was my good fortune to please him; for, from that very time, I began to love Books to the same excess that I had hated them before. When a month was expired, I was bound his Apprentice for seven years; and I cannot but say, that, if ever an Apprenticeship was easy and agreeable, it was that which I served; and, had I not been over-borne with head-strong passions, both to my own ruin and the loss of time, I might have made considerable improvements in so good a family. My diligence was well enough at first, of which the following Letter from my Father gives sufficient testimony:

“DEAR CHILD,

May 10, 1675.

“Thy Master’s Letter to me last week gives me great encouragement to think that (if it please God I live) I shall receive a great deal of satisfaction from thee. He writes so fully of thy cheerfulness, tractableness, and industry; and that thou art willing to learn and obey; as also of thy honesty, and especially of thy desire and endeavour to know and serve the Lord. This good character of thee is, indeed, the most comfortable cordial that I have taken all the time of my late and long sickness. I pray God continue thy good resolutions of living up to thy Master’s commendations of thee. Now, dear child, if thy deserts answer these praises, I shall not fear but I shall meet thee in Heaven hereafter, though through my weakness and indisposition I may see thy face no more on earth. There thou wilt meet thy Mother, who died praying so earnestly for thy eternal happiness. But I must subscribe in haste (being much indisposed with a cold, which the last Lord’s-day’s preaching gave me), your loving Father, still praying for the welfare of your soul and body,

JOHN DUNTON.”

These praises will stand recorded against me, like the lasting monuments of shame. Soon after I forfeited all

their great and their good opinions of me; for almost from the very receipt of my Father's Letter, I may date the *Errors* and *Mistakes* of my Apprenticeship; my thoughts, my time, and all, began now to be taken up with the soft intrigues of Love. I fell into my first amour like a Knight Errant, being purely shammed into it; and the manner of it was thus: L— B—ly, my fellow-apprentice, had forged the following Letter, in the name of Susannah S—ing, a young virgin, and then a boarder with Mr. Parkhurst:

"DEAR SIR,

"We have lived some time together in the same Family, and your distant conversation has given me a little impatience to be better acquainted with you. I hope your good-nature will not put any constructions upon this innocent address to my disadvantage; and should you discover it, it would certainly expose yourself at the expence of your
SUSANNAH S—ING."

I was strangely surprized at this *Billet-doux*, and more in regard the lady had all the little and the charming prettinesses both of wit and beauty that might easily have gained her as many conquests as she pleased; in short, so licentious and extravagant was my folly, that I gave her a *billet* the same day, in which I made an appointment to meet her in Grocers' Garden the next evening, where we both attended; but so soon as I revealed the occasion, she told me she was ignorant of it. However, this romantic courtship gave both of us a real passion; but my Master, making a timely discovery of it, sent the lady into the country; and absence cooled our passions for us, and by little and little we both of us regained our liberty.

Not long after, my Father was visited with a severe fit of sickness, when I asked leave of Mr. Parkhurst to go and visit him, which he gave me with his usual freedom, for he never denied me any request that was reasonable. I found my Father very weak, though he had no symptoms upon him of an immediate death. However, lest he should never have the opportunity to speak with me and admonish me any more, he gave me his dying counsel before my return for London. The words were taken as they dropped from his tongue by myself, which I will insert in this place for the service of the Reader.

“Concerning your Soul.—1. As you have been a Son of many prayers and tears, being a long time earnestly begged of God, and against all human hope being brought forth into the world by God’s special hand of Providence; and being wonderfully restored to life again, after some hours’ seeming death, which immediately ensued after your birth; and being likewise as signally delivered from the nearest hazard and likelihood of death when you had the small pox; I do therefore exhort and charge you, in the presence of the all-seeing God, and as you will answer it before Jesus Christ, the Judge of the Quick and Dead, that you make it your primary and principal care and endeavour, to know, fear, love, obey, and serve God, your Creator and Deliverer, as he hath revealed himself, through his Son, by the Spirit in his Holy Word. 2. I do likewise counsel you to read God’s Holy Word, both in the Latin and English Bible, as often as you have opportunity; and I also counsel you to read over ‘Wolleb’s Compendium of Theology’ in Latin and English, till you well understand both, at such seasons as you may most conveniently do it. 3. I do likewise counsel you, constantly every morning and evening, to pray unto God for his direction, protection, and benediction, in all that you do, and that with an audible voice when you may conveniently do it, or at least mentally, expressing all possible reverence, affection, joy, and thankfulness to God through Christ therein. 4. I counsel you likewise manfully to resist all extremes, sinful sadness, and despondency of spirit; and to exercise faith, cheerfulness, and delight, in the remembrance of all God’s mercies and deliverances. 5. I do likewise counsel you to shun all evil company, with all temptations and occasions of evil. 6. I do likewise counsel you to be dutiful to your Mother, loving to your Brother and Sisters, obedient to your Master, diligently and faithfully to serve the Lord in all relations and conditions, as he requireth.

“Concerning your Body.—I counsel you to use moderate exercise and lawful recreations, for the necessary health of your body, being always moderate in your eating, drinking, and sleeping. Never spend too much time, or cost, in any exercise or recreation.

"Concerning your Estate.—1. I do counsel you never to desert your Trade, or calling, which you have by God's special Providence been called unto. 2. I do counsel you to serve your *full time* with cheerfulness and delight, endeavouring to acquaint yourself with all the mysteries and improvements of your Trade; and, if you find not convincing reasons to the contrary, to serve as Journeyman for one year; because I judge by that means you may gain more acquaintance and interest, and a farther insight into your Trade. 3. I do counsel you not to marry before you be twenty-five years of age, unless some remarkable Providence shall induce you thereunto. 4. I do likewise counsel you to use all possible prudence in your choice of a Wife; that she be truly religious, or at least eminently virtuous; that is, born of honest Parents, and who is of age and estate suitable to yourself. 5. I do likewise counsel you not to sell any part of your estate in Land, if either your Wife's portion, or your borrowing of money upon interest, may conveniently serve to set up your Trade. 6. I do likewise counsel you to have a convenient Shop, in a convenient place, at your own charge, which will very much facilitate and make way for your suitable and comfortable marriage; yet, if you shall by some remarkable Providence meet with a Wife of a considerable estate, you may, by her portion, set up your Trade without mortgaging of your Land. 7. Lastly, I likewise counsel you in all things, and in all times, so to think, and speak, and act, as you may be willing to appear before God at Death and Judgement.—*Dec. 25, 1675.*"

Thus has all my Life been filled up with mercy and special Providence; and new opportunities constantly thrown in my way, that the remembrance, at least, of my duty, and my obligations to Heaven, could never be lost; but, alas! all proved too little to reform my Life, and to fix the pre-eminence of my affections upon Jesus Christ. I was always taken up with the fresh pursuits of vanity, and the fooleries of youth; and I know not what account I can give in at the bar of God's Tribunal for the mis-spence of those years. My score will certainly be enhanced, because there has been such an expence of goodness and gracious care all lost upon me. Would

but others avoid those rocks where I have split, and learn early to husband their time and their opportunities, that neither the just expectations of Heaven, nor the hopes of Parents, may suffer a disappointment! this would be a very sensible satisfaction to myself, and the best improvement they can make of my youthful *Errors*. But, above all things, I would caution Children how they slight the counsels and admonitions of dying Parents. I am sure my own transgression in this case will torment my thoughts, and sit heavy upon my spirits, till I die.

To return. When I had received this dying counsel, I took a long farewell of my Father, and came back to town. At this time, indeed, I had some sense of Religion upon my mind, which, and I blush to own it, led me, through the artifice of Satan, and my own vicious inclinations, into almost the greatest *Error* of my Life. The business was this. I never thought myself at ease but when I sat under the powerful Ministry of Mr. Doolittle. His Sermons, methought, were preached with that energy and concern which at once gave me a wonderful pleasure, and yet wounded my conscience. Mr. Parkhurst endeavoured to dissuade me from going there, telling me "I broke the order and the harmony of his family;" but all his careful remonstrances could not bring me off. One Lord's-day, and I remember it with sorrow, I was to hear the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, and it was then and there that the beautiful Rachel Seaton gave me that fatal wound. I have more charity to her piety than to think she designed it. However, this I am sure of, that I was made a conquest.

"Thus round the Altar Satan lays his gin,
And turns Religion into snares and sin.
Devotion cools when grosser objects please,
And, conscience stifled, we transgress at ease."

If I should here publish to the world all the extravagance of this amour; how much time was stolen from my Master's business at Mr. Dawson's dancing-school, in visits, letters, and fond intrigues, it would almost be to commit the same *Error* over again. I shall therefore leave this amour on the wheel, and return to my Father. I had now dreamt three nights successively of his

death, before I had the least intimation of it; but the visions of the night proved true, and circumstances of his exit were the same to a very nicety with these I had seen in sleep. This supernatural intimation has inclined me to think there is more in dreams than is commonly supposed; and I am of opinion that two important truths may either be deduced from them, or at least may be disentangled of abundance of doubts and difficulties. First, That the human mind is immaterial, and in her own nature independent of the body, because she can act so briskly, when all that is gross about us lies dormant and inactive. Secondly, That when the body sleeps, and upon occasion, there is a free commerce and intercourse betwixt the Invisible World and the mind of man. But these reflections are a little foreign to the business.

To return. My Father died of the stone, Nov. 24th, 1676, *an. ætat.* 48; and was interred in Aston Chancel.

HIS ELEGY.

“ Those shapes of Fortune, which, to view in paint,
 Would make another faint,
 He did endure in true reality,
 And feel what they could hardly bear to see:
 His soul so willing from his body went,
 As if both parted by consent;
 No murmur, no complaining, no delay;
 Only a sigh—Ah, John!—Ah, Anne!—and so away.”

With reference to his character, some may think me too near related to be impartial: however, it is well known he was wonderfully fitted out by Nature, and furnished with acquirements for all the great ends of an useful life; and what impression the Gospel of a crucified Jesus had made upon his own mind, was the best known to those who had the greatest intimacy with him. His moderation to Dissenters, and his charity to the Poor, will, I doubt not, make the two brightest jewels in his crown of glory. His Funeral Sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Hayes, Minister of Chesham.

I shall now return with my Reader, and finish the black history of my *Apprenticeship*. You have had the account of my Amours; and from these my mercury hurried me upon another extreme, which took up the greatest part both of my time and thoughts. There was

now a faction on foot betwixt the Tory and the Whig Apprentices, which made a great noise. The Tory part presented an Address to the King against the petitioning for Parliaments*. The Dissenting Party made their Remonstrance to the former Address, in another they presented to Sir Patience Ward, who was then Lord Mayor.

Joshua Evans and myself were the first that moved in this affair; but the thing ripened at such a rate, that in a small time there were 300 Apprentices engaged in it, that had their frequent meeting at Russel's house in Ironmonger-lane. Mr. B—leyh was chosen Speaker of this grave Society, and myself made Treasurer.

The Tory Apprentices had gathered five thousand names to their Address; but ours, I speak modestly, had at least thirty thousand. There were twenty of us elected to present the Address. Mr. Firman introduced us; and we were well received by my Lord Mayor, who promised he would acquaint the King with our Address, and then bid us return home, and mind the business of our respective Masters. However, before we dispersed, we regaled ourselves very plentifully at Russel's house.

My Apprenticeship was now just upon expiring, when I invited a hundred Apprentices to celebrate a *Funeral* for it, though it was no more than a youthful piece of vanity; for all such entertainments are expensive, and they are soon forgotten. Thus have I lived over seven years more of my short *Life-time*, and you see they have been fooled away in *Error* and *Mistake*; and nothing to purpose is yet done towards the glory of God, the great end of my being, or my own happiness in his favour in another Life. It will be necessary, before I give you any farther account of my Life, to shew you how I would reform the *Errors* of these seven years, and how I would think, and speak, and act, might I but have the opportunity to live them once again.

* Upon this Tory Address, a certain Renegado composed a Poem called "War-Horns."

CHAPTER IV.

AN IDEA OF A NEW LIFE, OR, THE MANNER HOW
I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I
LIVE OVER AGAIN THESE SEVEN YEARS OF AP-
PRENTICESHIP.

STILL as I write, the time streams swiftly by,
And gives near prospects of Eternity.
Kind Heaven regard those fervent prayers and tears,
Accept th' amendment of my latest years.

The former part of this *Idea* has made provision against all the excess of pride and impatient desire ; and upon that bottom, obedience to my Parents was secured. A short account was given there of my studies, as they refer either to the Languages, or to the Arts and Sciences, which make up the human and the more reasonable part of Learning. Lastly, an attempt was made towards an early conversion to God and Piety, from the great and the general apostacy.

I am now entered upon a new *Stage of Life*, and shall proceed to an *Ideal Reformation* of it, in this method. First, I will shew what my conduct should be under the notion of an Apprentice. Secondly, How I would avoid all the foolish extravagance of Love and Courtship. Thirdly, I will lay down some short stricture of my Christianity, both as to principle and practice. These three heads will make a complete *Idea* for this *Stage*.

To begin. My first great care under the relation of Apprenticeship, should be *diligence* ; for no sooner does an Apprentice drop his diligence, but he is on the high road to every irregularity ; he is exposed to every vice, lies open to temptation, and, I may venture to say it, always associates with the worst of companions. Were I to prescribe to all the Apprentices in town, I would do it in this one word, *Diligence*. It is the want of industry that ruins thousands in a year ; for it presently sets a

man a thinking how to entertain his fancy, and to divert himself with pleasure. Youth is too active to lie idle; and when the business of common life is unregarded, the projects of mischief and wickedness are constantly carried on. It would be needless to enlarge on this head; the whole world will say this part of my *New Idea* is very reasonable.

The second rule for my conduct under this relation, should be *the strictest justice*; and perhaps the management of my *real Life* may allow me to wind up this head to the highest pitch; and, were I to live over my years anew, I would make Justice the great essential of my life, as it refers to commerce among men. Ever since Property was established in the world, Theft has been the usual and the sullen method to make inroads upon it; and both the divine and human constitution have taken all imaginable caution to prevent it, though they are both of them insufficient to restrain, where men will not abridge their inclinations after more than their own.

But to bring this down to the purpose. Apprentices, as they have the greatest temptations to steal, and to wrong their Masters, so they may do most mischief that way; for it is but labour in vain for a Master to form projects, to break his sleep, to stretch his brains upon tenter-hooks, and all this to secure a subsistence for his lifetime, while some thieving Apprentice consumes him insensibly, and eats out the very vitals of every contrivance. And as this practice brings ruin upon the Master, so the Apprentice is no gainer in the issue; for, besides the ill habit and the sin, which yet are considerations black enough to terrify, it is great odds but he is overtaken in his measures. There are methods enough to find out the most secret sinner of this kind, which I have practised with very good success; and, but that the hints are I hope grown common, I would transcribe them, that Apprentices might see how obnoxious they lie to be discovered.

But, as I would be just in every instance, so I would never over-reach a Customer, to enrich my Master. This is an unaccountable piece of folly, and commonly unrequired, unless the Master take greater liberties in sin than he would allow his Apprentices in any other case.

Besides, it were very imprudent, if the Master intends to keep up the reputation of his Trade; and indeed it was my happiness to be linked with a Master who had more prudence, and a better conscience, than this comes to.

With reference to my behaviour in the Family where I am thrown, it should be always gentle and obliging; I would reckon my Master and Mistress as another Father and Mother, and be as tender and loving towards the Children as if they were my Brothers and my Sisters. There is no way but this to win respect; and to make the chains of a seven years' bondage sit easily without galling; and I am sure there is not an Apprentice but might make a pleasant seven years of it, were he always thus diligent and just, and behaved at this rate in the Family where he lives. I have only one thing more to add with respect to my own advantage; and that is, I would endeavour to penetrate as far as possible into the Mysteries of my Trade; for, unless a man look well into the nature of his business, and see every reference that it bears, he will scarcely make any thing of it, when he begins to depend upon his own bottom.

A man should be well furnished with an honest policy, if he intends to set out in the world now-a-days. And this is no less necessary in a Bookseller than in any other Tradesman; for in that way there are plots and counter-plots, and a whole army of Hackney Authors that keep their grinders moving by the travail of their pens. These Gormandizers will eat you the very life out of a *Copy* so soon as ever it appears; for, as the times go, *Original* and *Abridgment* are almost reckoned as necessary as Man and Wife; so that I am really afraid that a *Bookseller* and a *good conscience* will shortly grow some strange thing in the earth. I shall not carry the reflection any farther, but only make this single remark, that he who designs to be the best Christian, must dip himself the least in business.

Thus I have given you a short *Idea* what my conduct should be under the notion of an *Apprentice*.

The method obliges me in the next place to shew how I would endeavour to avoid all the fond extravagance of Love and Courtship.

Man, it is true, is naturally an amorous creature;

which is an argument of his poverty, and that he cannot furnish himself out of his own being with the happiness which he wants. The fund of human nature runs low, and cannot supply its own capacities, which is the very reason why we have any tendency beyond ourselves. But, alas ! here lies our unhappiness, that we point the love of our natures the wrong way, and spend that among the creatures, which was designed to carry us up to Heaven and happiness : now this can never do, for you may join emptiness to emptiness as long as you please ; it is certain that nothing more than emptiness will be the result of all ; and this is the very case so long as our Love remains sensual, which was designed to be seraphic. But this way of reasoning is not half so powerful upon men as the allurements of sense.

My business is not preaching to others ; it is only the reformation of myself : however, I may have liberty to tell the world what provision I would make to secure myself from this common danger. And the first method I would take should be, to turn off my affections from so low trifles, by an early direction of them to the *last Good*. When once a heart is affectionately devoted to its God, and effectually touched with seraphic love, it will, like the needle, be always pointing that way ; direct it to what point of the compass you please, propose to it the enjoyment of any creature, it will but tremble and be restless, till it turns again towards God and its final happiness, and there it will fix and centre.

But, alas ! when grosser flames take hold of any heart that is disinclined and undevoted to its God, there is sacrilege for the present against the Deity, and there will be certain disappointment in the issue. How miserable must such a Gallant be, who has no interest in any higher happiness than what a Mistress can afford him ! Besides, he is in danger to engage the rest of his affections, and to spend them upon an object that can never make any answerable returns.

For my own part, I have reason to know the folly and the sin of such a choice ; and, might my years be unravelled, my God should have the first warm sally of my love ; and by this method, there would be the less danger of spending that strength and heat of affection upon

the false appearance of happiness in any creature, which is only due to the *lust*, and the *chiefest Good*. I should never reckon that either the frowns or smiles of the most flaming beauty could either make me happy or miserable; for, only a lawful degree of love being engaged, a disappointment would not give me that uneasiness which it might, had the whole stream of my affections run that way.

Should a Mistress prove unkind, how little would that affect me; whilst my God, the Author of all harmony, has the greatest share of my affection; and is forming me, by the gracious influence of his Spirit, into a living temple for himself, and whilst I know his design is nothing less than to fit me for an eternal intercourse of love, and joy, and satisfaction, in the other world! This great transaction of wonder would so engage my thoughts, that those lower disappointments would vanish out of sight.

I see so much in this first method to keep my affections unengaged with any creature, that, were it but really worked and impressed upon my mind, it would be sufficient to secure me. However, there is a second consideration, that, were it but sedately weighed, would have a mighty influence to preserve me; and it is the ruin and the unhappiness that other Apprentices have run themselves into, by a too early engagement in the affairs of Love. There was an ingenious Apprentice, a Friend of mine, and I remember it with sorrow, who, by a secret marriage, unknown to his Master, and without the consent of Parents, has made himself an eminent instance of this kind. The project was concealed till his Wife being with child made the discovery of the whole; the young Gentleman, being conscious of his folly and disgrace, through a constant weight of grief upon his mind, pined away piece-meal to his grave.

There are numbers of other instances of the same nature, though I shall rather decline to mention them, in regard the matter is so well known. How many Parents in England every year have their hopes defeated, and see their Sons, upon whom they had built very large expectations, make themselves the objects of the lowest infamy and contempt! However, might I but return

into the same circumstances again, I would improve these common *Errors* to my own security and advantage ; for I consider that Apprentices do not only ruin their reputation and their secular affairs by those of Love ; but they usually grow amorous at the expence of their Religion and their Virtue, and so give the disappointment to all the care of Parents in their sober and Christian education. By this method they lose their interest and their happiness both in this and another world. This is a subject of so ill consequence, that one could not possibly expose it too much in a whole Folio of Reflections.

The third and the last method I would take with myself, in order to prevent my ruin in the Knight-errantry of Love and Courtship, should be, to employ all the spare hours I could get, without prejudice to my Master's business, in turning over the best of Books ; and the first inquiry I would make should be concerning the Truth of the Christian Religion. Upon this very important subject, I would read over with all imaginable care "*Grotius de Veritate Christianæ Religionis*," and "*Mr. Baxter's Reasons*;" for I reckon that these contain the strength of all that either has or can possibly be advanced upon this head.

When I had once bottomed myself upon some certainty in this inquiry, my next business should be to inform myself with Systematical Divinity ; and here it is necessary to make a very cautious choice, there is such a variety of System-writers. Wollebius's "*Pocket System*" should be read with care, for the respect I owe to my Father's judgment ; and the next I would chuse should be "*Amesii Medulla Theologiæ*," "*Synopsis purioris Theologiæ*," "*Altingius*;" and, so soon as I were furnished for it, Mr. Baxter's "*Methodus Theologiæ*," with Lawson's "*Theopolitica*."

As for Thetical Divinity, I should content myself with "*Le Blanc*," and "*Theses Salmurienses*."—Church History : A short view of it would be very useful ; and upon that head I would make choice of "*Hornius*," both in regard it is compendious, and for the finery of the style.

Divine Poetry should be all I would venture upon. Let those turn over the productions of the Stage that

have better security of their own innocence than myself. I should always think that a Play and an Apprentice are very wild and very unsuitable companions; and there are great odds but he that takes the liberty of that diversion gets the wild-fire among his passions. Cowley's "Davideis," Milton's "Paradise Lost and Regained," are noble and innocent enough. It is true, I should have mentioned Mr. Wesley's "Life of Christ;" but, I ask his pardon, it is intolerably dull, and, as often as I take it up, it rather jades than gives life to my fancy. After all, if the work I have cut out be not enough to employ my time, I would venture upon Mr. Tyrrel's "History of England," for it is really a shame that a man should be altogether a novice in the History of his own Nation*.

I have now finished the second part of this *Idea*, and shewn how I would prevent all the folly and extravagance of Love and Courtship, and leave neither room nor inclination for a thought to wander that way.

My next business, before I shut up this Stage, is to give the world some short account of my Christianity both in Principle and Practice.

I shall here first run over the Articles I believe; and, secondly, form my practice in conformity to them.

With reference to the former of these; First, I really believe there is a God, an independent, necessary, self-existent Being, the first Cause, and the last End of all things†. Secondly, I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament to be the revelation of his will to mankind, and they contain the perfect rule both of Faith and Life. Thirdly, I believe Adam, as our natural and

* Should the objection be made, that these Books are fitter for the Library of some old Divine, than the study of an Apprentice, I would only make this reply; That the improvements of my *new Ideal Life* are greater than can easily be imagined; and that I would endeavour to be *old* in Religion and useful Learning, before I was so in years.

† Let Atheists talk against the Deity as long as they please, his Being stands firm as the mountains and the everlasting hills: it is their conscience of guilt, and their fears of an after-judgement, that make it the great interest of such wretches to wish for that which can never be. They were better stop the course of the Sun, and argue the Universe out of being, than say there is no God. He has not left himself without witness, and in a little time every eye shall see Him.

our federal head, by his fall and apostacy from God, exposed all his numerous posterity to the penal sanction of the Divine Law ; and that, if there is any hope yet for rebellious mankind, it neither does, nor can possibly, spring from themselves. Fourthly, I believe there is a Trinity, Father, Son, and Spirit, all (incomprehensibly) the same in unity of essence *. Fifthly, I believe that the Eternal Son of God, in pursuance of the Covenant of Redemption betwixt his Father and himself, was in fulness of time personally united to the human nature, in which, by his obedience and death, he made full satisfaction to Justice ; took off the curse of the Law, and sealed over a new Covenant of Grace to mankind, upon the necessary conditions of Faith, Repentance, and a Holy Life. Sixthly, I believe that Faith, Repentance, and every other Grace, are worked in us by the influence of the Blessed Spirit ; and that, by the mere disabled powers of Nature, there is none can remove themselves out of a state of Nature into that of Grace. Seventhly, I believe that the holy Jesus, as the Judge of the World, at the end of time, shall make his second descent into this lower world, both to reward and doom according to the different states of men.

This is a short summary of my faith ; and it either has in express words, or implies, the whole of Christianity. But, seeing all this is no more than what I believe, I shall in the next place make it my business to acquaint the Reader how I would form my practice upon this Creed, might I but live over those days again. First, If God be the First Cause of all things, and has given me this being, which is an effect both of infinite Power and of infinite Goodness ; then the inference is plain, that I am obliged to pay him homage, to the utmost of my capacity : and

* You may call them *Persons*, *Substances*, *Something*s, or what you please, if the notion of them be the same ; for the *Spirit* speaks to us in a popular way, and not in the terms of art. However, the best notion I could ever form of a Divine Person, or you may call it any other name, is the *Divine Essence* under a personal character ; though I am not superstitious of any term, you may call a *Distinct*, or an *Incommunicable Character*, it is all one to me. The three *Distinct Characters*, as I take them, are to beget, to be begotten, and to proceed from the Father and the Son ; or, in other terms, *Generation*, *Filiation*, *Procession* or *Spiration*.

seeing I am made a reasonable creature, and capable of God's moral government, it is certain my happiness or misery depends upon the good or ill management of my faculties ; so that I can never lose by obedience, or make the least advantage of sin.—Secondly, If God be my last end, it follows by strong consequence, that I should love him as my happiness ; for happiness and last end are convertible terms, and carry in them the same *Idea*. It would be a gross solecism in morality, for a creature to know where its happiness is lodged, and yet to disregard and have no affection for it. How sad a spectacle is it, to see a man, whom God has raised into being, always disinclined and disaffected to his Maker, who, upon that very account, must of necessity be his happiness and his last end ; but, on the contrary, what a pleasure must it be to the great Creator, to see the creature that he has made always directing the whole stream of its affection towards himself. Suppose a man had the power to give being to some very minute creature ; would he not immediately stamp it into nothing, if it were always hating, and taking pleasure to disobey him ? But then, on the contrary, did it always burn with love to him, and make him the centre of all its affection, and of every tendency of its will, would it not be the highest pleasure of the maker of it to look on, and see it so entirely taken up to obey and please him ? This is the very case, and infinitely more ungrateful, when mankind, a set of reasonable immortal creatures, are always contriving how to disobey, and to displease their God : and how unkind must it be to deprive God of that holy pleasure and satisfaction which he might take in us, did we but make him the first and last object of our love ! Were but the disinclination of our natures worked off, and the principle of love fixed in the room of it, we should then have the very fountain of all duty and obedience within ourselves. Let others make choice of a happiness for themselves, I should always reckon it my duty, and my highest interest, to love God above all other objects that would stand up as rivals with him for the affections of my heart.—Thirdly, If the Scriptures are the revelation of the Divine Will, and have the stamp of God's authority upon them, it is my duty to search them with care and diligence ; to fear the threatenings, to pay

obedience to the precepts, and to draw encouragement from the promises: in regard they are the great charter of my peace and hopes in this life, and of my eternal safety in the other world. What greater pleasure could I meet with, than to read over and over the life and sufferings of my Redeemer, the wonderful contrivance of Man's Redemption by him, the curious descriptions of the new Jerusalem, and of the heavenly state? With what holy transports should I meditate upon the whole scheme of God's designs, with reference to a set of reasonable creatures here in this world! My Bible would inform me how many different states *Man* either has or shall pass through; that, when he was first set up in this world, he was made in the state of Innocence, but that he soon lost it, and the favour of his God, by disobedience, and so involved himself and his posterity in a state of Unregeneracy: after this, that God might not lose and destroy his creature, there was a way found out for the free exercise of Mercy, without any prejudice to infinite Justice. The Son of God made atonement for man, and, by his Almighty Spirit and Grace, brings men successively back again from their revolt into a state of Grace; and while they continue in this state, the Holy Spirit is working upon them the lively character of God's image; and when their course of Gospel obedience and sanctification is finished, they are gathered up, as they drop out of this world, into a state of glory. However, those of the rebellious race that persist in their impenitence, and will not accept the offers of peace and pardon, must, when this life is over, enter upon a state of endless unhappiness, and lie a long eternity in extreme pain. The Scriptures would inform me of all this, and much more; I would therefore peruse them with the greatest diligence; especially in regard I must be judged by them at the last day.—Fourthly, The Throne of Grace should be much frequented. My prayers should rise as often as I could well retire, and this would be the most effectual method to maintain a correspondence betwixt Heaven and my own mind, and to draw down as much Grace as would carry me back again with itself to Glory. I do not think it would be possible for me, or any mortal, let us start as early in Religion as we please, to convert our-

selves; yet I can never suppose that an unregenerate person has no necessity upon him to pray; for, though he cannot effectually turn his own heart, nor graciously incline his will, yet there is neither a natural nor a moral impossibility to hinder his application to God for the assistance and influence of the Blessed Spirit.—Fifthly, Divine contemplation should be my constant exercise once or twice a day. This great duty lies under a general neglect. There are few professors but can pray, and read, and sing Psalms, though there is scarce one among a thousand that is well acquainted with heavenly meditation. It is great pity that so few among mankind should know how to think. If they were turned apart by themselves, and had some subject appointed to employ their thoughts upon, how awkwardly would they go to work! how few thoughts could they infer from it, but a reasonable creature would blush to own them!—Sixthly, My great care all along over my practice should be, that one Christian duty did not jostle out another. It is true, there are some duties within the compass of Christianity, that might possibly give me more pleasure than I could find in others; but, alas! we are not to pick and chuse; we must pay universal obedience to the law of Grace.

I have now finished the *New Idea* for the stage of Apprenticeship, and wish the same measures may take with others, which should govern my own life and practice, might I but live over these years again.

CHAPTER V.

STAGE III.—OF BACHELORSHIP.

DUNTON'S LIFE AND ERRORS FROM THE TIME OF HIS FREEDOM, TO THE DAY OF HIS MARRIAGE.

IT is no very agreeable engagement, I find, to make the World my Confessor, and to publish every *Error* and *Mistake* that I can possibly recollect. However, could I,

at my own expence, persuade the Reader, for a conviction of his own *Errors*, that perhaps may be too near akin to mine, to fall in with my *New Idea*, or to think out *another* for himself, agreeable to Christian principles, and to the reasonable and religious conduct of human life—could I but obtain this of him, I should bear with patience all the censure and contempt which the less reasonable part of mankind may think fit to load me with.

My Apprenticeship being now over, and myself turned out into a wide world, to stand upon my own legs, and to barter for subsistence among the rest of my fellow creatures, the cares of the present life began to break in upon me; and now my notions of things were very different from those I had entertained before. I began now to recollect the prudent advice of my good Master, whose concern for me did not expire with my Apprenticeship; he looked after me, to see how my affairs stood, and how I would make the first offer to manage matters.

The first care I had upon me was (as my Father had advised me) to “take a convenient shop in a convenient place;” but, that I might not run the hazard of too large a rent, till I found how accounts would balance, I took up with half a shop, a warehouse, and a fashionable chamber, which I had of honest Mr. John Brown, whose extraordinary civilities to me I have not yet forgotten.

The world and business had now perfectly set me at ease from all inclination to Love and Courtship; and my resolution was, first of all to make the experiment whether my trade would *carry two*, and then to proceed upon a safe bottom.

PRINTING was now the uppermost in my thoughts, and *Hackney Authors* began to ply me with “*Specimens*,” as earnestly, and with as much passion and concern, as the *Watermen* do *Passengers* with *Oars* and *Scullers*.

I had some acquaintance with this *Generation* in my Apprenticeship, and had never any warm affection for them; in regard I always thought their great concern lay more in *how much a Sheet*, than in any generous respect they bore to the *Commonwealth of Learning*; and, indeed, the Learning itself of these Gentlemen lies very often in as little room as their Honesty; though they will pretend to have studied you six or seven years

in the Bodleian Library, to have turned over the Fathers, and to have read and digested the whole compass both of Human and Ecclesiastic History—when, alas! they have never been able to understand a single page of Saint Cyprian, and cannot tell you whether the Fathers lived before or after Christ. And as for their Honesty, it is very remarkable: they will either persuade you to go upon another man's Copy, to steal his Thought, or to abridge his Book, which should have got him bread for his life-time. When you have engaged them upon some Project or other, they will write you off three or four sheets perhaps; take up three or four pounds upon an urgent occasion; and you shall never hear of them more. I have offered thus much, as a character of these Scribblers, that may give the caution to Booksellers, and take off a most wretched scandal from the Trade in general. However, though I have met with temptations enough of this nature, to grow rich by knavery, and a learned kind of theft; yet this I can say for myself (and I neither have, nor shall be too lavish in my own praise,) that I never printed another's Copy, went upon his Project, nor stole so much as his Title-page, or his Thought.

Having given the Reader my free thoughts upon this occasion, which are really necessary, I shall return with him to the thread of history.

The very first Copy I would venture to print was written by the Reverend Mr. Doolittle, and intituled, "The Sufferings of Christ." This Book fully answered my end; for, exchanging it through the whole Trade, it furnished my Shop with all sorts of Books saleable at that time; and it also brought me acquainted with those ingenious Gentlemen, Mr. Waters, Mr. Shewel, Mr. Clark, Mr. Benson, Mr. Wells, and Mr. Sanders, who were then Students under the care of Mr. Doolittle. There was a Copy of Greek Verses prefixed to this Book, which occasioned a Poetical Duel betwixt the two private Academies of Islington and Stepney. Mr. Wesley, then Pupil under Mr. Veale, endeavoured to ridicule the Poem; with whom, and Mr. Kingston, his fellow Student, I contracted a very intimate friendship. Mr. Wesley was much celebrated for his vein at Poetry; though

those that allow of no *second rate* in that art have endeavoured to lessen his reputation.

The second adventure I made in Printing was a Copy written by Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner, intituled, "Daniel in the Den : or, the Lord President's Imprisonment, and miraculous Deliverance." It was dedicated to the Lord Shaftesbury, and published upon the occasion of his being acquitted by an Ignoramus Jury. This piece was well furnished with wit, and, being published at the critical time, sold well—

"Books have their time of life as well as we ;
They live by Chance, but die by Destiny.
Our fate is less severe, in this alone
That Books no Resurrection have, *We* hope for one."

This extraordinary success in my first attempts gave me an ungovernable itch to be always intriguing that way.

The next thing I printed was a Sermon preached by the Reverend Mr. John Shower, at the Funeral of Madam Anne Barnardiston. The growing reputation of the Author made the Sermon move very well. There have been three Editions of it, two of my own printing, and a third by my worthy friend Mr. John Lawrence.

When I was thus fixed in the Trade, I resolved to make public a Collection of Funeral Discourses preached by my Reverend Father Mr. John Dunton, intituled "The House of Weeping." The success was well enough, but my chief design was to perpetuate my Father's name, for whose memory I have always entertained a very great and just veneration.

These Books I have mentioned were all I printed whilst I remained a Bachelor.

Having now, as they say, the whole world before me, and my reputation growing with my circumstances, which is no unusual thing, let the Religion and the personal deserts of the man be in what condition they please ; my Friends began to persecute me with the subject of Marriage, and were now as warm upon it as I had once been before. Old Mrs. Seaton first sets upon me (whose daughter Rachel had charmed me so much out of my senses, as you have heard), and recommends to my choice one Sarah Day, of Ratcliffe. She made her appear, you

may be sure, as innocent as Eve; one that had neither thought nor done any mischief since the day she was born. Her fortune was considerable, and lay so and so; besides, she was extremely pretty, well bred, and the best-natured creature in the whole world. This description made me a little addle, I confess; and, while the frenzy was upon me, I fell to rhyming.

ANAGRAM.

SARAH DAY.—*D. HAS A RAY.*

But, before this Project had made any deep impression upon me, there came a second proposal, which put me quite out of humpur with the former. "There is Sarah Doolittle," says another person, "will make a better wife for you by ten degrees, and then you will have her Father's Copies for nothing; and his Book on the Sacrament, you know, has sold to the twentieth edition, which would have been an estate for a Bookseller." This design was quite lost in the novelty of another; and Sam Crook being too fortunate a Rival, I would not so much as attempt the matter. But then Sarah Briscow of Uxbridge was recommended with all imaginable concern. She was handsome, and rich, and religious; and there were more topicks about her to argue from than ever Scheibler could invent.

My patience would scarce last me to give these solicitations and fine stories the hearing; and if they happened to move me a little for the present, so soon as they were gone, I lost all the impressions they had made, and grew hard-hearted again. However, that I may not jade the Reader with a length of dulness upon these matters (for, though they may be of great importance in life, yet they appear but of small moment in print), I shall proceed to the real business of Courtship, and make as short work of it as the circumstances will admit.

One Lord's-day (and I am very sensible of the sin) I was strolling about just as my fancy led me; and stepping into Dr. Annesley's Meeting-place, where, instead of engaging my attention to what the Doctor said, I suffered both my mind and my eyes to run at random (and it is very rare but Satan can throw in a temptation when

the sinner lies open for it), I soon singled out a young lady that almost charmed me dead ; but, having made my inquiries, I found to my sorrow she was pre-engaged. However, my Friends, to keep up the humour I was in, advised me to make an experiment upon her elder Sister (they both being the Daughters of the Reverend Dr. Annesley) ; and the hint they gave me, as Providence would have it, made a deeper impression upon me than all the recommendations they had given me before. I disposed all matters to carry on the design with all possible dispatch. But I steered by another compass than I had done in all my former amours ; and was resolved, in regard the Reverend Dr. Annesley was a man of so much sincerity and religious prudence, to mention the matter first of all to him ; and taking Mr. Isaac Brinly along with me, and Mr. Obadiah Mariat to second the proposal, the Doctor sent for Mr. Parkhurst, who gave me a character that was favourable enough ; so that, having received all reasonable satisfaction of that nature, the Doctor told me, “ I had his free consent, if I could prevail upon his Daughter for her’s ; which was more than Mr. Cockeril (deceased) could ever obtain, after a long courtship.”

I shall not now take the liberty to acquaint the Reader with all the advances I made in the Courtship ; they would be too tedious, and perhaps might not well bear the perusal, though innocent enough in their kind. However, at length I was so fortunate as to gain her consent, which was the beginning of the greatest happiness I have as yet met with in this life *.

The mutual satisfactions we enjoyed in an intimate friendship (which we designed should shortly lose itself in a nearer union) were now a little interrupted ; fair Iris being obliged to attend her Reverend Father to Tunbridge, where I sent her this Letter :

* The Reader must not imagine that this affair was so soon adjusted as it is here related ; the *Golden Fleece* was well guarded, you know ; and happiness lies often among the greatest difficulties—

“ *Virtus per ardua ducit.*”

"DEAR MADAM, *London, May 26, 1682.*

"I hope there is not so much infidelity in your nature as to make any new protestations necessary; you have made me so much and so entirely yours, that I dare not claim the least property in myself. Absence, it is true, has a world of unkindness in it to those that love to such an excess as I; however, it is much beyond its power to steal away your dear Image, as it has done the Original. I should have nothing left to keep me from despair, were not my imagination and my hopes very kind to me. Shall I yet say, fair Conqueror, that it is in your power to make me unhappy? I will not fancy so at least, out of mercy to myself, and for fear I should wrong your good nature. I intend to see you shortly at Tunbridge, for this impatience of love is not to be endured. Humble service to your Reverend Father.—I am, in all sincerity, your affectionate
PHILARET."

Two or three days after, I went down to Tunbridge, and stayed there some time with fair Iris, till my occasions brought me back to Town.

Among the other Letters to dear Iris at Tunbridge, after my return to London, I have yet preserved a Copy of the following Letter, sent with a Ring, which had this inscription, "I seek to be, not Thine, but Thee."

"DEAR CAPTIVE! *London, July 6, 1682.*

"And why may not I call you so? It is all the satisfaction your absence will afford me, to think you mine, and there is no ingratitude on my part, for I was long since yours. I have often since my return dreamed over every passage, and every single circumstance, every word you spoke, and every smile you were pleased to allow me in our journey to the top of Crowborough, where we had every way so pleasant and so wide a prospect. Our Landlady Perke, and only as an appendage of yourself in the train of thought, comes often in my mind, who inhabits the top of that wild mountain in a homely cot, and has her dining-room, dressing and withdrawing room, hall, parlour, bed-chamber and kitchen, all (for convenience as one may say) lying in one common apartment, where she has no society with other mortals. One would think her provisions must, out of pure necessity, drop from the Heavens by miracle, considering her

neighbourhood to them, and the difficulty of access from this world to that place. This, you will say, is but a barren subject for my thoughts to work upon, and where is the relief of it? Why, Madam, methinks I could be content to spend a life-time with yourself in such a solitude, where our happiness would run smooth, and never be disturbed with the folly and impertinence of other mortals—

Where, while our lives would last, I'd ever be
Not thine alone, but ev'n the same with thee;
Scarce Death should part us, for we'd hand in hand,
Leap o'er life's barriers to the promis'd land,
From dull mortality we'd soar above,
And change our sensual for seraphic love.
There our dear Jesus we'll for ever view,
And plunge in joys and blisses ever new.

I could almost enlarge for ever, when Religion, and my love to Iris, are the themes. Why will not you write a long Letter? Nay, lovely Iris, let me have one from you as large as a Folio; nothing can drop from your pen, but will give poor languishing Philaret all the transports that a Lover can imagine; especially do not forget to tell me when you intend to return, for my happiness turns all upon that hinge. My humble service to your good Father: I return him thanks for all the kindnesses I received at Tunbridge. I am with as much sincerity as one would wish, your affectionate

PHILARET."

"DEAR SIR,

Tunbridge, July 9, 1682.

"I have received your Letters; but, being obliged to take a small journey from Tunbridge with my Father, I had no opportunity to make you any answer. You seem impatient at my silence, but it is only a matter of course; though were your impatience represented with less of fancy, I should be disposed to believe you sooner. But all Courtships must, at one time or other, have a little Knight-errantry in them, otherwise, the Lover is reckoned to be something dull; however, you have said enough that way to secure you from any such imputation, and I would have you express yourself in no warmer terms than a primitive simplicity may admit of. One that loves till he loses his reason, will make but an odd figure for a husband. You will say, perhaps, I am preach-

ing up passive obedience; but we shall agree upon that point afterwards. At present please to deny yourself a little luxuriance in your Letters, lest my Father should find them, and be offended with them. I suppose we may return for London, July 21. My Sisters Judith and Sarah send you their service. I am yours, &c. IRIS."

At their return, I gave them the meeting on the road. I shall not here trouble the Reader with the preparations that were made for the Marriage, and my extravagances in treats, &c.; only it will be necessary to take notice, that, for the convenience of Trade, I took a large Shop in Princes-street. The day to solemnize the Marriage was agreed to be on the third of August 1682.

I shall here, for my own, and the Reader's satisfaction, insert the character of fair Iris, before she was married, written by Arsinda.

"Iris is tall, of a good aspect; her hair of a light cheesnut colour, dark eyes, her eye-brows dark and even, her mouth little and sufficiently sweet, her air something melancholy, sweet and agreeable, her neck long and graceful, white hands, a well-shaped body, her complexion very fair. But to hasten to that which I think most deserves commendation, I mean her *Piety*, which, considering her youth, can scarce be paralleled. Her wit is solid, she has enough of that quick wit so much in fashion, to render her conversation very desirable. She is severely modest, and has all kinds of virtues. She never yet, I dare venture to say, gave any one an ill word when absent, never when present commends them. Her humour is good to a miracle. She is an agreeable acquaintance, a trusty friend; and, to conclude, she is pleasant, witty, and virtuous; and is mistress of all those Graces that can be desired to make a complete Woman."

I shall annex a character of myself, written (when the World smiled upon me, and when I made a better figure in it than my circumstances will permit at present) by the ingenious Cleonta, Sister to fair Iris.

"Philaret is of a middle stature; his hair black and curled, his eye-brows black and indifferently even, eyes almost black, quick and full of spirit, his nose rises a little in the middle, his lips red and soft; the whole com-

posure of his face, though it is not so beautiful as some are, is yet rendered amiable by a cheerful sprightly air; his body is slender and every way well-proportioned. As for those beauties his mind is enriched with, he is not only free from those vices that most young men are inclined to, but is very pious. Heaven has blessed him with a very plentiful wit, his way of writing is excellent; he has great skill in Poetry, and I think the famous Cowley may from him learn a passionate strain. He is of an excellent sweet humour, carries it respectfully to his Superiors, and obligingly to his Equals; and his humility is visible to all, when he converses with his Inferiors. He certainly is the most passionate and constant Lover living. His friendship is courted by all; for he is a true friend, and will not disclose a secret that he is intrusted with, though the concealment may endanger his life: he is hard to be displeased, and, when offended, easily reconciled: his spirit is tender and compassionate, something inclining to love: his modesty is more than usually great; and, to finish this imperfect description, I must sincerely say, he has all those good qualities that are necessary to render him an accomplished Gentleman."

I blush to insert this character of myself; for the World, that has known Philaret a long time, will discover little of the Original in the Picture. However I will endeavour to come up to it in my *new Life*, though I have fallen far short in the *old*.

My great *Errors* whilst a Bachelor were, my over-eager concern in Trade, my too frequent neglect of Closet-prayer, with abundance of folly and extravagance in the affair of Courtship; and I have often lamented that the very first occasion of it was taken, though undesignedly given, on the Lord's-day. These general hints may be sufficient to caution others, and I am altogether unobliged to make the confession more particular.

I shall finish this Stage with a short abstract of the Sermon, preparatory to the Marriage, preached by Dr. Annesley, the Reverend Father of dear Iris.

Ephes. v. 32. "This is a great Mystery."

"There is no necessity, upon this occasion, to enter upon the question, 'whether Marriage be a Sacrament?' Cajetan has given up the cause, as too desperate to be

managed. Marriage is as due to Heathens, by the right of Nature, as to Christians; but Sacraments are peculiar to the Church. We shall suffer our thoughts to dwell a little upon this great Mystery, and turn the words into this plain proposition: 'That where the great Mystery of Espousals betwixt Christ and his Church is made the very pattern of Marriage among Christians, there the duties and the comforts of that state will be the best secured.'

"The Text lies in a place where the mutual interests and respects of Husband and Wife are compared, and interwoven, with the relation which Christ bears to the Church. The love of Christ, and the provision he has made for the Church, are arguments to enforce the providence and the love of Husbands. The obedience of Wives to their Husbands, and of the Church to Christ, stand upon the same bottom; and when the Apostle winds up the whole exhortation, he tells them, 'This is a great Mystery.' Marriage is a mystery as it bears a reference to Christ; and the metaphor is managed with wonderful beauty and variety in the Song of Solomon, which is a Song of Loves."

The Doctrine was laid open in several Propositions.

Prop. 1. "The Duties of the Married State must be performed, if the Comforts of it be expected." Under this head the several duties were insisted upon at large; but the necessity of Love, as the fundamental article, was clearly argued, from which all the other duties would follow, out of inclination and choice. The motive to it was the innocence of pleasure. Prov. v. 19. "Be thou always ravished with her Love." The place would answer the original much better, were it read, "Err thou always in her Love;" as if it were said, this degree of love would be an *Error* in any other case, but here thou mayest *err*, and yet be innocent; here thou mayest roam, and wander, and lose thyself, and yet not sin; it must be a *nonsuch-love*.

Prop. 2. "The Comforts of Marriage have their whole dependance upon the performance of the Duties." The proof of this is too large to be inserted; but the consequence is so easy and evident, that the Reader may be satisfied with the very hint of it.

Prop. 3. "The Espousals of Christ with his Church, are a great Mystery."

Prop. 4. "Christ espousing the Church, is the best pattern of all Christian Marriages."

The application of this Discourse was particular, and came home to the present case; but so much as I have mentioned, may be enough to give the Reader a taste.

CHAPTER VI.

THE IDEA OF A NEW LIFE: OR, THE MANNER HOW I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I LIVE OVER THE STAGE OF BACHELORSHIP AGAIN.

THE farther I proceed upon my *old Life*, I find there is the greater necessity for this *new Idea*. Every Stage I have lived presents me with a new set of miscarriages; and were the question put, "What has been the great occasion of them all?" I would answer, "A mistaken notion of myself and others." The very Elements of Life are begun in *Errors*, and our understandings are never wholly disabused, till we leave the World. The interests of men do metamorphose them into so many shapes, that at last they grow perfect Riddles to themselves. But my business is to correct myself, and not to make reflections upon others. The method of my *New Idea* upon this Stage shall be very obvious and distinct.

First, I will show what my management as a BOOK-SELLER should be.

Secondly, What measures I would take upon a resolution to marry, and upon what reasons and motives I would make my choice.

Thirdly, What my practice should be as a Christian, and as one that prefers Heaven, and the favour of God, to all the advantages of the present life.

First, Were I to begin the Trade of Bookselling once again, I would never give myself the trouble to keep *open Shop*. Unless a man can haggle half an hour for a farthing, be dishonest, and tell lies, he *may starve behind his Shop-board*, for want of subsistence. There is no certainty in a *dropping Trade*. I would wish no more than a convenient Warehouse, with a good acquaintance among the Booksellers; and a man's honesty in this case would sufficiently recommend him.

This method of driving on the Trade by Wholesale, Subscription, &c. would give me leisure to *project* and *write*, for which I have always had a peculiar inclination; and, in regard the *Projects* of the present Age are many of them disingenuous, and either do no service, or abundance of mischief, to Religion and Learning, I would endeavour to keep myself within bounds.

First, I would never go upon any design that interferes with another man's Project; but the contrary is grown so common and so notorious at this day, that the whole Trade has almost ruined its reputation and its honesty at once. This is but a learned way of robbery at best, and a man may as well take the bread from his neighbour's mouth, as destroy his Copy.

One would think the imaginations of men were almost run out, and that the poverty of their minds has put their principles out of order, when they begin to plunder for subsistence, and to steal either a man's Thought, his Copy, or his Title-page, in order to make *the thing sell*.

Secondly, I would neither write, nor put an Author upon a Project that gives the least encouragement to Irreligion and Atheism; it should be the last shift I would make to get money at the expence of Religion and the Glory of God. A man cannot expect his Christianity will save him when he dies, if he makes a jest of it while he lives; the best he can say for himself is, that he hopes he may come to repent of it when his circumstances are a little enlarged. I know the temptation has been too hard for many. Many think could they effectually expose Religion, they should get an estate by it. May not such men rather expect to be cloathed with rags, and that no eye shall pity them?

Thirdly, I would endeavour to be well assured of the

Religion and the honesty of an Author, before I would put him upon the least engagement; and I could give the caution to every Bookseller that concerns himself in Printing, to peruse the Copy as it goes to the press, in regard I have smarted more than once for being too credulous in this respect. Unless your Author have a tender regard to conscience and his own reputation, there are odds but he will write *himself* into the design, and it shall come abroad (if the reference be allowed) both *ring-straked* and *speckled*.

Within the compass of these three rules, I would be as active and as diligent as I could, leaving the success to Providence, and the merits of the cause.

My next business should be, as opportunities would offer, to gather a good Collection* of the best Books in Divinity, Morality, History, Philosophy, &c. I should not desire a great number; few, well chosen and well digested, would do a man more service, and prevent confusion, with which most of our great Readers are over-run.

The method now obliges me to dwell a little upon the second head I proposed; which is, to shew what measures I would take so soon as Marriage became necessary for me.

Marriage is a business of so great importance, that it carries a powerful influence with it upon a man's whole life-time; but, though there be a hundred Blanks in this Lottery for one Prize, yet I would not despair upon that account, though the odds are so many against me. I have made this observation, that Matches are usually the most unhappy, either when Parents make the choice for Children, or when the rash intemperance of youth runs persons upon this state.

It is a matter of some difficulty to make a judgment when Marriage is either *lawful* or *necessary*. There are many that regard no more than the mutual consent of parties; which, notwithstanding, in several instances may be insufficient. I cannot think that mere concu-

* I once did this at a very great expence; but a good man should be perfectly resigned when wise Providence takes from him those enjoyments that he values most.

piscence can ever justify the matter. The satisfactions of sense are fleeting and uncertain, and should these once wither upon their hands, the very reasons of the Marriage were destroyed; though I am not so much in love with austerity of life, nor do I so much mistake the ends of Marriage, as to throw these low inclinations quite out of all pretence; I would freely give them some subordinate regards, and their very nature and design can require no more. As for myself, I would never marry the woman I could not love; but then, if she had no more to recommend her than as she is handsomely made up of four elements, I should let her alone.

Secular advantage is a second prevailing argument in this age, and has done abundance of prejudice to our Races of Nobility, and to the Nation in common.

It would, I doubt not, have a very happy issue, would the Parliament think fit to consider what the Hon. Sir William Temple has advanced upon this subject, in his "Essay on Popular Discontents."

So long as Riches are the great motive to marry, our Births will be feeble and short-lived, for the effect can never have more in it than the cause could furnish. When the mutual inclinations of Parents begin to languish and die, how can we expect the offspring should have either life or vigour? Poverty will not run a family out so soon as the want of inclination and desire.

I should expect a competency in this case; and as for more, it would but lie like lumber upon my hands, and a man commonly wants the heart to do good with it.

Were I to enter a second time upon the Stage of the World—so soon as Marriage became the more necessary state of life, I would make the following inquiries, as near as the circumstances would admit.

1. I would be well assured of the Lady's virtue; where there is no morality, Religion wants a foundation to build upon. As the substance of the Moral Law is taken into the Law of Grace, so both Morality and Grace go to make up a Christian, and to qualify for Heaven. But suppose we have no farther regard than the satisfaction of a man as he goes through life; there is nothing more necessary than the virtue of his Wife, to make his way very easy and comfortable.

2. I would make all possible experiments, either by my own distant conversation, or by the assistance of a Friend, to find out whether the Lady be good-humoured; if our humours would not harmonize, we might as well join the opposite poles of two load-stones, as endeavour to be happy. There is something in the very make and constitution of some persons that gives a quite different turn to all they either do or say. Some are as easy and ductile as you would wish; but they usually want prudence, and their management is often to very little purpose. Others have perfect firebrands in their temper; and, upon every little accident they will take fire, as if there was gunpowder among their passions.

'Methinks there is abundance of sense in the common jest, that "if you would have a Wife for your purpose, you must bespeak her, for there is none ready-made."

It is true enough, the human nature is so much out of order at this day, that the man has odds against him in the game, when he takes up the resolution to marry.

To return. If, upon the strictest search I could make, I found the humour of the young lady pretty tolerable, which is all one can reasonably expect, my next business should be,

Thirdly, To make my first addresses to the Parents. The government and the right of Parents should have a very tender regard in these cases, and it is unlawful to break in upon their property without consent. Abundance of mischief has been occasioned in the world, when Children have engaged their affections unsuitably, without the knowledge of their Parents; either death or disobedience have usually been the issue of it.

I would lay open every circumstance to the Parents, and rather ask their advice, than solicit for consent; and I would not have them to lay any command upon their Daughter, but leave her wholly to the freedom of her own choice.

Should the Parent consent, I would next address the Daughter, rather with the sincerity than the gallantry of a Lover. To make use of nothing but *hyperboles*, is as much as to say, *It is impossible to be true*. To let a Mistress know that one's happiness or misery lies purely

at her own disposal, is to give her the hint, that she may try the experiment.

In the third place, I shall give the world some farther account of my Christianity, through this Stage of Bachelorship, in my *Ideal Life*.

The necessity of Religion does not alter with the conditions of life; its obligation is indispensable, and always the same; and in general, now that I am entered upon the world and business, I would endeavour to live up to every Article of my Creed. I am sensible this Life is no more than a pilgrimage, and a state of expectation; my end, and my home, lies beyond Death and the Grave. This serious reflection would cool the heat of my affections to the present World, and let me see the nature of all the pleasures and entertainments of sense—that they are no more than pretty convenient amusements, in my way to Heaven. Riches are a game too low and mean, for a Soul that is touched with the love of God. I shall soon remove into another state, where the fulness of the Deity will be enough for subsistence. In the mean time, I would fix all my dependence upon God and Providence, and act only as a reasonable creature within the compass of lawful means. I would be constant in Prayer, which is the Christian Engine, that pulls down Heaven into the Souls of Believers. All my petitions should ascend by the influence of the Spirit, in the name of the blessed Jesus. Upon every *change of life*, I would be sure to recommend myself and my affairs to the wisdom and the care of God, and be perfectly resigned, under every condition, to the pleasure and the will of Heaven; and, to say no more, I would endeavour to be a Christian.

Should the question be put, “To what Church would you join yourself?” I answer, “I would occasionally conform to every Church, where the Bible is made the Rule both of Faith and Life.”

CHAPTER VII.

STAGE IV.

THE LIFE AND ERRORS OF JOHN DUNTON, FROM
THE DAY OF HIS MARRIAGE TO MRS. ELIZABETH
ANNESLEY, TILL THE DAY OF HER DECEASE.

IT is with wonderful satisfaction that I enter upon this Stage, in regard all the *happiness of my life*, that deserves the name, both began and concluded with it:

'Mongst all the miseries, and toils, and strife,
There are some golden specks upon the wheels of life;
But these, alas! are few, and make no stay,
Nor keep alternate rounds, but slide away.
Grief and unhappiness familiar grow,
And make us well acquainted with our woe.
We dream awake, no happiness in hand,
But smiling visions, in a fairy-land,
We wander, like the ghosts that miss their way,
To Heaven, and rest, and shining worlds of day.

August 3, 1682, was the day we fixed upon for the marriage; and all things being ready, we were well attended to the Church, where we found that Dr. Lewis, being indisposed, had sent his Curate to officiate in his room. Dr. Annesley was present, and gave me his daughter in marriage, which I took as a peculiar favour from himself, it being more than some of his sons-in-law could obtain.

The posy of the Wedding-ring was this,

God saw thee
Most fit for me.

with two hearts united.

This Certificate we received at the request of Dr. Annesley: "These are to certify all whom it may concern, that John Dunton and Elizabeth Annesley were married, at the Parish Church of Allhallows the Wall, London, August 3, 1682, as it does appear in the Register-book, witness my hand, W. LEWIS, D. D."

When the public ceremony was over, we returned to my Reverend Father-in-law's, where the entertainment was plentiful enough, and yet gravely suited to the occasion and circumstance; and there we were honoured with the company of the Rev. Mr. Silvester, a man whose learning, worth, and piety, are but too little known in this age.

As soon as dinner was ended, an ingenious Gentleman (at that time a Student in the Rev. Mr. Veal's house), calling myself and my Bride out from the company, presented us with the following Epithalamium :

All that 's sweet and soft attend ;
 All that 's calm, serene, and bright,
 That can please, or pleasure mend,
 Or secure, or cause delight.
 Little Cupids, come and move
 Round the Bridegroom's greedy eyes ;
 Whilst the stately Queen of Love
 Round the Bride her cestus ties.
 Golden Hymen, bring thy robe ;
 Bring thy torch, that still inspires,
 Round the stately amorous globe,
 Vigorous flames and gay desires.
 Sister Graces, all appear ;
 Sister Graces, come away ;
 Let the Heavens be bright and clear,
 Let the Earth keep holy-day.
 Jecund Nature does prepare,
 To salute the charming Bride ;
 And with odours fill the air,
 Spatch'd from all the world beside.
 Virtue, Wit, and Beauty may
 For a time refuse to yield ;
 But at length they must obey,
 And with honour quit the field.
 Their efforts all in vain will prove,
 To defend their free-born state.
 When attack'd by mighty Love,
 They must all capitulate.
 Marble-hearted Virgins, who
 Rail at Love, to shew your wits ;
 So did once Eliza too,
 Yet with pleasure now submits.

You too, envious Swains, who would
Follow Cupid, if you might;
Like the Fox that gaping stood,
Discommend the grapes for spite.

Since experience teacheth best,
Ask if mutual Love has charms,
When the Bride and Bridegroom rest,
Lock'd in one another's arms."

Some days after this were fooled away in treats, and unnecessary expence both of time and money, which, I own, has not been the least *Error* of my *Life*; and into this mistake the natural friendship and familiarity of my temper has always led me. When we had stayed a little time at my Father-in-law's, I carried dear Iris home, to the large house I had taken at the corner of Princess-street, where Mr. White had lived, who was so much noted for his courage, in arresting Justice Balch for sending him to prison from Dr. Annesley's Meeting.

We now came (as they say) to stand upon our own legs, and to barter for subsistence among the rest of mankind; and dear Iris gave an early specimen of her prudence and diligence that way; and thereupon commenced Bookseller, Cash-keeper, managed all my affairs for me, and left me entirely to my own *rambling* and *scribbling* humours. However, I always kept an eye over the main chance. But these were golden days. Prosperity and success were the common course of Providence with me then, and I have often thought I was blessed upon the account of Iris.

We took several journeys together into the Country, and made visits to both our Relations; but, look which way we would, the World was always smiling on us. The piety and good-humours of Iris made our lives as it were one continued Courtship; but the Reader shall have an impartial account of her Christianity towards the conclusion of this Stage.

When I was thus seated to the best advantage at the Black Raven in Princess-street, and as happy in my Marriage as I could wish, there came an universal damp upon Trade, occasioned by the defeat of Monmouth in the West; and, at this time, having 500*l.* owing me in

New-England, I began to think it worth my while to make a voyage of it thither.

I first made a trial, how dear Iris would digest the thoughts of parting with me; and I found that, though she had a very tender sense of all the dangers I should be exposed to, yet she was always perfectly resigned to the pleasure of her Husband. I had no more than just an opportunity to hint the matter to my honoured Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley, who was then going for Tunbridge; but immediately after I wrote him the following Letter:

"MUCH HONOURED SIR, *London, Aug. 7, 1685.*

"This comes to desire your free thoughts of my voyage to New-England. I have consulted several Friends upon it, who think it the best method I can take. I have a great number of Books that lie upon my hands, as the "Continuation of the Morning Exercises," and others, very proper for that place; besides the 500*l.* which I have there in Debts. However, I will not move without your advice and consent. My dear Wife sends her duty to you; and we hope the Waters agree well with you. I am

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son, J. DUNTON."

To this Letter I had the following answer:

"DEAR SON, *Tunbridge, Aug. 10, 1685.*

"I received yours, but cannot give so particular and direct an answer as you may expect. You know I came hither presently after you mentioned this voyage, neither had I an opportunity to consider all the circumstances of it. I perceive those you have consulted, are for it; and they are better able to foresee what may probably be the issue of such an undertaking, than I am, or can be. The infinitely wise God direct you, and give wisdom to those that advise you. I do as heartily desire your universal welfare, as any Friend you have in the World, and therefore dare not say a word against it. My present opinion is, that you do not (if you resolve upon the voyage) carry too great a Cargo; for I think it will be the less trouble to you to wish there that you had brought more, than to fret at the want of a market for so many. If you observe the course of the World, the most of all worldly trouble is through frustration of our

expectation: where we look not for much, we easily bear a disappointment. Moderation in all things but in love to God and serious godliness, is highly commendable. Covet earnestly the best Gifts, and the best Graces, and the best Enjoyments; for which you shall never, while I live, want the earnest Prayers of

Your most affectionate Father, S. ANNESLEY."

I was very glad of any excuse that would make my friends more indulgent to my *rambling* humour. To make short of it, I got ready for my voyage with all possible expedition, sent a great number of Books down the River to Gravesend, and followed them soon after, having bid a very sorrowful farewell to dear Iris and my other Relations. But, before I enter upon the voyage, I will give the Reader an account of one *incident* of my *Life*, which may do him good service in the management of himself.

My nature has always been too flexible, and made up, as it were, of Credulity and Compassion. The composition, you will say, seems innocent enough. It is true, the ingredients are very well, but they have proved the very seeds of Error and Unhappiness. I reckon it much below me to mention the favours I have done; but it is labour in vain, you know, to oblige, where every kindness is misrepresented and unmade again; and a man must shake off his nature, and grow insensible, if he finds no resentment in him upon such occasions.

I was over-persuaded, upon some *extremities*, to become surety for a Brother and Sister-in-law, at several times, for about 1200*l.*: and in regard the notorious Daniel has challenged me to prove that I have once obliged her (in a sham Letter, dated from St. Alban's, Jan. 9th, 1699); and, farther, because her relations have on purpose forgot the whole of it; I shall only refresh their memories with the original Letters, which I have yet upon the file; and the first that came to my hands was this:

"DEAREST BROTHER,

"If you will do me the kindness to borrow me 12*l.* (if you have it not by you in the house) you will infinitely oblige me. I would have come to you myself, but could not have confidence enough, having troubled you so

very often upon all occasions: this will really do me a far greater kindness than if you gave me 20*l.* to-morrow morning. I am Your most affectionate,
and ever obliged Sister, B.W."

Within the compass of a month after, she sends me this second Letter:

"MY ONLY FRIEND,

"I cannot express how unwilling I am to welcome you home with entreating kindnesses of you as soon as ever you come from Tunbridge. Being in great straits, I must get you to be bound with me for 50*l.* this afternoon; for your repeated generous services to me have made me appoint that time, though I have not seen you since you came home. I am your obliged Sister, B.W."

I became bound, with all the freedom in the world, for this 50*l.* to one Nevet, a Surgeon; and though I was never dunned twice for money upon my own account, yet I was arrested for this 50*l.* upon my embarking for New-England. However, my honesty and reputation stood so fair, that Mr. R——f and Mr. Astwood offered themselves to be bail for me, in that very circumstance of leaving my country. But, in this instance, my Sister was guilty of no neglect, as is evident from the following Notes:

"DEAR BROTHER,

"I can truly say, that all the afflictions I have ever had have not been so great a trouble to me as this misfortune that has befallen you, of being arrested on my account. Be pleased to ask the Serjeants if they will release you, provided I surrender myself. If they will, I will come to you immediately, and set you free, though I should lie in prison as long as I live. I hope the bail I have now sent will be accepted; if not, let me know, and you shall presently see your obliged Sister, B.W."

After all, my Wife paid this 50*l.* in my absence, that my bail might receive no damage; and my suretyship, upon such terms as these, was so well approved by my Sister, that, upon my return from New-England, she sent me the following Letter:

"MY DEAR BROTHER AND TRUE FRIEND!

"Notwithstanding my two months illness with a violent pain in my head, that I can scarce see what I write,

yet I should appear very ungrateful in omitting any opportunity of acknowledging the manifold obligations I have received from you. I have hitherto been so unhappy as to be able to do no more than retaliate your kindness with words. But, if ever (though it should be twenty years hence) I should be out of Law, and in a capacity, you shall find that I am more than verbally your affectionate Sister, and obliged humble servant,

B. W."

My circumstances smiled upon me till the death of dear Iris; and when that affliction was fresh upon my spirits, my Sister (who was then re-married) wrote me this kind Letter to Tunbridge, where I was gone to divert my melancholy.

"DEAR BROTHER,

I am heartily sorry for the death of my Sister; but do not doubt but God will eminently appear for you in a second match, you having been so exceeding kind to my dear Sister, and, both before and since her death, to all her Relations. I wish you may find much benefit by Tunbridge Waters, and should be glad if your occasions would call you to Harwich. No company would be more acceptable, than yours, to your obliged Sister and humble servant,

B. B."

You see, Reader, the gratitude works a little; and I have charity enough to believe it would have proved as lasting as it was real, had she not been over-ruled. And I must do that justice to the memory of Dr. Annesley, that, though I was often bound for his daughter W——, yet neither he, nor dear Iris, did ever desire it. However, my inclinations were then so warm, that I could not refuse the kindest office in my power to any branch of that Family:—as that grateful and most ingenuous youth Ben Annesley has often acknowledged, and is further owned by my Sister B—— in the following Letter (which she sent me after her Father's death):

"This is to entreat you, dear Brother, to send me all the printed Elegies, or any other Papers, that are come out about my Father. I may well be ashamed to give you this trouble, having received so many obligations, and hitherto not been able to make any more than verbal returns; but I know you are naturally generous, and can

forgive a fault that is inevitable. I have no reason to question the kindness of yourself and Wife to Brother Ben and Sisters, now we have lost my dear Father. The truth is, I must say, that all my expectation of any thing of that nature terminates in you. I should be glad, if either you or my Sister would come to Harwich, and give me the satisfaction of your company; but I fear it is more pleasure than I must ever expect. I return you my hearty thanks for the Books you were pleased to send me, and am really ashamed to be so much obliged, where it is not in my power to retaliate: but if any thing that this country affords, will be acceptable, I should rejoice to serve you in it. I can add no more but fresh assurances, that I am, dear Brother,

Your obliged Sister, and humble servant, B. B."

But to bring the matter to a period. Upon publishing these words in my Case, "You know I was bound for a thousand pounds; for my first Wife's Sister's Husband, and forced to pay a great part of it (for I can prove there is 200*l.* now due to me with principal and interest), and yet never loved my Wife the worse, nor once upbraided her with it, as she declared on her death-bed;" raging Circe, who could not well digest the thoughts of it, that I had so much obliged their Family, persuades my Sister B—— to write me the following Letter:

"BROTHER DUNTON!

"The occasion of my writing to you at present is, to desire you to explain what you published in your Case, that you have paid almost a thousand pounds for my Husband. Pray let me know the particular sums, and the persons that you paid them to. I do not want information (for my Father's Papers satisfy us as to the whole of that affair); but I would willingly know what you say to it; that you may not *in print* complain of any injustice done you by B. B."

Well! a body cannot help it. This is the way of the World! Here is bare "Brother Dunton" for his 200*l.* I find that "Dear, dearest Brother, only Friend, infinitely obliged, and affectionate Sister," to which may be added, her "*Twenty years hence*," are all but waste paper. But the time of this ingratitude was the unhap-

piest circumstance, for it was levelled at my *Printed Case*, where my Reputation and my All lay at stake.

This Vindication is no more than necessary: for, though I can easily entertain a very good opinion of my Sister B——, yet at the same time I am a sufferer, and am sensible of it. I cannot see how the misfortunes of a Friend can cancel every kindness he has done me:—because he is unhappy, therefore I will be ungrateful! But the business lies here, When a man begins to sink, every body runs at a distance, that they may not be taken within the compass of the ruins. However, this is no new thing in the World.

“Tempora cum forent nubila, solus eris.”

And this comes of *Suretyship*; though one would think, if any thing would beget us Friends, it would be the freely venturing all one has, to serve another in their extremity. But now I will believe Cowley,

“There are fewer Friends on Earth than Kings.”

Friends! what hard word was that? Did you ever see any of those creatures? Are they Men and Women? If they are, they come from Bantam, or Japan; for my part, I never saw any such born in England.—It is true, have seen something like them, called by the delicate name of *Well-wishers*, persons that have it often in their mouths—“Well, Mr. Dunton, I am glad to see you well, and should mightily rejoice if your Mother would lend you 500*l.* or your Sister B—— could pay you, that you might discharge your debts, and live with your Wife!”—when these *Shadows of Friends* would not step over the threshold to do me a kindness. The other day I received a Letter from one of these, wherein he highly condemns my frequent *Suretyship* (shews me my misery), and then leaves me. Like the Priest in the parable, they go by, take no notice of my wounds; and God only knows when the good Samaritan will come.

So that, except I would put myself in the Gazette, or stand at the Exchange, like an Irishman, with my *Breeches full of Petitions*, delivering them like Doctors' Bills to all I see, I shall get nothing: nor scarce so neither; for, now my purse is empty, nobody knows me.

There is the Rector of Epworth that got his Bread by the "Maggot *" I published, has quite forgot me.

There is stuttering D'Urfey will scarce own who bid him write "The Triennial Mayor."

And not a line have I received from my Sister T——d ever since my misfortunes; not so much as the poor offer of a week's diet, though (when Iris died) I put her and her Sisters into close Mourning, and offered them Seven Years Diet for nothing.

So that all I got by *Suretyship* was an opportunity to know who my Friends are, which (while the World smiled) I could never discern.

I had almost forgotten my voyage to America, but am now at leisure to return with the Reader.

At Gravesend, I found the Fleet riding that were bound for New-England, and procured stowage for my *Venture* in two ships, that Neptune might have two throws at me, to make my ruin complete. While we stayed at Gravesend, I met with my old Neighbour, Mr. Thomas Malthus, who lived at the Sun in the Poultry; but, his circumstances being something perplexed, he was making his way for Holland. We were both of us so pleased and surprized at the accident, that we scarce knew how to get ourselves parted. He attended me to the ship, called the *Susannah* and Thomas, bound to Botton in New-England, burthen 150 tons, the Master's name Thomas Jenner. We had 16 Sailors, and 30 Passengers that were flying for safety upon the rout at Sedge-moor. The wind proved contrary, and forced us to lie a considerable time in the Downs; but nothing happened of any moment, till the 23d of October 1685 (when the innocent Cornish † and the compassionate Mrs. Gaunt fell sacrifices to Popish cruelty). On this day the heavens grew black and louring, and there were all the real in-

* "Maggots; or, Poems on several Subjects never before handled, 1685," 8vo; with the Portrait of the Author (Samuel Wesley), a maggot on his forehead. See more particulars relating to this Publication, which is anonymous, in Granger, vol. IV, 8vo. p. 329. EDIT.

† Henry Cornish, Esq. Alderman of London, who, when Sheriff, had been very active against the Popish Conspirators, was accused of High Treason, having been tried and convicted at the Old-Bailey, was condemned and executed in Cheapside, much lamented by his Fellow Citizens, as a man unjustly sacrificed. EDIT.

gradients of a storm that a Poet could fancy for his purpose—

The winds blew hard, the waves swell'd mountain-high,
And sheets of lightning cover'd all the Sky.
Now every surge brings death within its womb,
Then kindly gapes, to give its prey a tomb.

To be serious. I could have wished myself safe at home with dear Iris; for every minute one would have thought the very Alps had driven over our heads. In this storm Captain Moulton was cast away, and with him I lost a *Venture* of 500*l.*; but here I cannot enough admire the good Providence that saved me, in regard at Gravesend I was in great suspense whether to trust myself in Moulton's Ship.

November 2, we weighed out of the Downs, and made the best of our way for the Beachy; but about one o'clock next morning the wind took us a-stays, with a gust, rain, thunder and lightning, and we were in extreme danger of being thrown upon rocks and shelves; but with much difficulty we came to an anchor at West-Cowes in the Isle of Wight. Next morning, myself, Palmer (my servant), and three or four of the Passengers went a-shore, and rambled through West-Cowes. This place abounds with a generation of the most impudent women I ever met with; and we might easily have mistaken the place for Rome, Venice, or Mycone, mentioned by Wheler, in his *Travels*. The entertainment that West-Cowes could furnish was so coarse and mean, that we removed to Newport, the chief town in the whole Island. There I made a visit to Mrs. Martha Lambert, an old Correspondent of mine. Her person was indifferent enough; but she discoursed like an Angel, and her notions were great and uncommon. Here I was informed of a certain Gentleman in the neighbourhood, very famous for his skill in Judicial Astrology. My curiosity led me to visit him, and I found him very big with Prediction and Prophecy. He told me, with abundance of assurance, that all human events were very legibly written in the Aspects and Postures of the Heavenly Bodies; and upon that bottom would have made an agreement with me, to discover whether our voyage

would be fortunate or no. I told him, "if the issue of it was Fate, and could not be reversed, the foreknowledge of it would but make me unhappy before the time; and if the issue of it might be reversed, there was no certainty in his Science;" and thereupon I asked his excuse. Here our Astrologer seemed something surprized, and begged a little time to make his answer in form; but I told him, "my occasions would not suffer me to stay;" and so I left him disappointed.

When we returned to the Ship, we found them ready to sail. And now, Reader, I am just entering upon the Atlantic Ocean, which is large and wide, and which kept America concealed some thousand years from the rest of the known World.

Our Captain, Thomas Jenner, was a rough covetous Tarpaulin; but he understood his business well enough, and had some smatterings of Divinity in his head. He went to Prayers very constantly, and took upon him to expound the Scriptures, which gave offence to several of the Passengers. The Mate and the Boatswain were good Sailors, and made it their only study to dispute with tempests.

Myself and four more of the Passengers belonged to the Captain's mess; but very often, when we were soberly sat down to dinner, one blast of wind would lay all our provisions in common. When we came about 50 leagues off the Lizard, and in 86 fathom of water, and beginning to sail by the Log, we were all on a sudden surprized with the cry of "A sail! a sail!" which they mistook for a *Sallee-man*: orders were given immediately to make ready to engage; and I was resolved, among the rest, to lose the last drop of life. But soon after we lost sight of the *Sallee-man*, under the covert of a mist; though, about two o'clock next morning, we were roused with the shout, "Arise! arise! the *Sallee-man*'s upon us." Upon this second alarm, every man was set to his gun in an instant; but as for myself, I kept out of sight as well as I could, till I heard them asking "Where is Mr. Dunton, that was so valiant over night?" This, I confess, put me into a cold sweat, and I cried, "Coming! coming! I am only seeking my ruffles;" a bad excuse, you know, is better than none. I made my

appearance at last, but looked nine ways at once; for I was afraid Death might come in amongst the boards, or nobody knew where. This is the only instance I can give, when my courage failed me. The danger was immediately blown over; for our pirate proved no more than a Virginia Merchant, that was equally afraid of our Ship. Upon this news, my courage returned; and I seemed very much dissatisfied, that I should lose the satisfaction of being engaged at sea.

After we had been a fortnight at sea, we missed one of our Sailors. It was supposed by the Crew that he was taken overboard by a wave. This unexpected accident made me very melancholy. Had he made his exit in his cabin, we had tied a leaden bullet to his neck and another to his legs, turned him out at a port-hole, and fired a great gun after him, which is all the ceremony at sea upon such occasions.

We had a long debate one day, in the Captain's Cabin, about a flame which fixed upon our main-mast, near the bigness of a candle, and the Seamen called it "St. Helen's fire;" one of them (they told me) is looked upon as an ill omen, but if two appear, they betoken safety and fair winds. These are usually known by the names of "Castor and Pollux;" among the Italians, by "St. Nicholas and St. Hermes," and the Spaniards call them "Corpus Santo's."

We were above four months at sea, and at last reduced to that extremity that each of us had no more than the allowance of one bottle of water for four days. One time my bottle was empty before my second day was over, which put me to my wit's end; but good Mr. Herrick gave me his own bottle, and supported himself with a little brandy that he had taken along with him.

It would be too tedious to give the Reader the particulars of the Voyage, which would swell to a Folio of Sea Affairs. I shall therefore reserve them for "The History of my Travels," which, if my life should last, I design to make public in a little time.—When we came within ken of Boston, we were all overjoyed, being just upon the point of starving; we put off to land in the long-boat, and came ashore near the Castle, which stands about a mile from Boston. The country appeared at

first like a barren waste; but we found humanity enough when we came amongst the inhabitants. We lodged the first night at the Castle; and next morning we found the way to Boston lay over the ice, which was but cold comfort, after we had been stowed up so many months in a cabin.

The air of New-England was sharper than at London, which, with the temptation of fresh provisions, made me eat like a second *Mariot* * of Gray's-Inn.

After I got safe upon Terra-firma, I could scarce keep my feet under me for several days; the Universe appeared to be one common whirlpool, and one would think that Cartes had contrived his vortices immediately after some tedious voyage. The first person that welcomed me to Boston was Mr. Burroughs, formerly a hearer of my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley. He heaped more civilities upon me than I can reckon up, offered to lend me moneys, and made me his bedfellow till I had provided lodgings.—After I had been some days in Boston, there was a ship ready to sail for England, with which I sent the following Letter to my Reverend Father-in-law, Dr. Annesley.

“REVEREND AND DEAR SIR, *Boston, March 25, 1686.*

“I am at last, through merciful Providence, arrived safe at Boston in New-England. We were above four months at sea, and very often in extreme danger by storms; and, which added to our misfortunes, our provisions were almost spent before we landed. For some time we had no more than the allowance of one bottle of water a man for four days. Since my arrival, I have met with many kindnesses from Mr. Burroughs, and others of your acquaintance in Boston. I am now, Sir, in great suspense, whether to part with my *Venture of Books* by wholesale to some of the Trade in Town here, or to sell them by retail. If this Letter comes shortly after the date of it to your hands, pray let me have your advice in this matter. I am

Your most affectionate and dutiful Son, J. DUNTON.”

* Of this celebrated *Eater* no other record, it is probable, now remains. EDIT.

Some time after, I received the following answer :

"DEAR SON, *London, May 10, 1686.*

"I was very glad to hear of your safe arrival, after your tedious and hazardous passage. Those mercies are most observed, and through Grace the best improved, that are bestowed with some grievous circumstances. I hope the impression of your voyage will abide, though the danger be over. I know not what to say to you about your Trading. Present Providences upon present circumstances must be observed ; and therefore I shall often (in prayer) recommend your case to God ; who alone can, and I hope will, do both in you, and for you, exceeding abundantly beyond what can be asked, or thought, by

Your most affectionate Father, S. ANNESLEY."

With the same Ship that brought over my Letter to Dr. Annesley, I sent a whole Packet to dear Iris ; but, the greater part of them being upon business, I shall only transcribe that which follows :

"MY DEAR! *Boston, March 25, 1686.*

"I am at last got safe ashore, after an uncomfortable voyage, that had nothing in it but misfortune and hardship. Half of my *Venture* hither was cast away in the Downs ; however, do not suffer that to make you melancholy, in regard the other half is now safe with me at Boston. I was very often upon the edge of death in my passage over hither, besides all the hazards of our Ship, &c. Palmer, indeed, was very diligent to serve me ; he took me out and put me into my cabin for almost four months. It would be endless to tell over the extremities I was in, which lay all double upon my hands, because you, my dear, were not there to tend me, and to give a resurrection to my spirits with one kind look, and with some soft word or other, which, you know, would signify so much to me.

"Dear Iris! I am now and then tormented with a thousand fears. The Ocean that lies betwixt us seems louring and unkind. Had I wings, I would rather steer myself a passage through the air, than commit myself a second time to the dangers of the sea. My thoughts, now I am at Boston, are, however, all running upon Iris ; and be assured that, with all imaginable dispatch,

I will resign myself to God and Providence, and the conduct of my Guardian Angel, to bring me home again in safety. Our pleasures and satisfactions will be fresh and new when I am restored to you, as it were, from another world; and methinks, upon the prospect of that very advantage, I could undertake another New-England voyage. After all, my dear, our complete and our final happiness is not the growth of this world; it is more exalted, and far above the nature of our best enjoyments. I would not have you in the least solicitous about me. I have met with many kindnesses from the inhabitants of Boston. You will take care to read over the Letters that relate to business. I am as much yours as affection can make me,

PHILARET."

To this Letter Iris returned me the following answer:

"MOST ENDEARED HEART! *London, May 14, 1686.*

"I received your most welcome Letter, of March 25, which acquainted me with your tedious and sick voyage; I was very much overjoyed for your safe arrival at Boston, though much troubled for your illness in the way to it. Those mercies are the sweetest, that we enjoy after waiting and praying for them. I pray God help us both to improve them for his glory. I think I have sympathized with you very much; for I do not remember I have ever had so much illness in my whole life as I have had this Winter.

"When I first received your Letters, my dear, I was resolved upon coming over to you, if my Friends approved of it; but, upon discourse with them, they concluded I could not bear the voyage; and I, having had so large an experience of your growing and lasting affections, could not believe but that you had rather have a living Wife in England, than a dead one in the Sea. Besides, I cannot leave London till I have paid down the money you were bound for, to Nevet, upon my Sister's account. I have received more kindnesses from your Cousin R—— (who was your bail at leaving England) than from all your other friends and acquaintance. I am not able to express how great a trouble it has been to me this Winter, that you should be brought into so many troubles and bondships by marrying of me. If there is any encouragement for settling in New-England, I will

joyfully come over to you ; but am rather for your going to Holland, to trade there. Pray God direct you what to do, and in the mean time take great care of your health, and want for nothing. I do assure you, my dear, yourself alone is all the Riches I desire ; and if ever I am so happy as to enjoy your company again, I will travel to the farthest part of the World, rather than to part with you any more ; nothing but cruel Death shall ever make the separation. I had rather have your company with bread and water, than enjoy without you the Riches of both Indies. I have read your private Letter, and shall do that which will be both for your comfort and your honour. I take it as the highest demonstration of your Love, that you intrust me with your secret affairs. Assure yourself I do as earnestly desire the welfare of your soul and body as I do my own ; therefore let nothing trouble you, for, were you in London, you could not take more care of your business than I shall do. I cannot express how much I long to see you. Oh, this cruel Ocean that lies between us ! But, I bless God, I am as well at present as I can be when separated from you. I must conclude, begging of God to keep you from the sins and temptations which every place and every condition do expose us to. So, wishing you a speedy and a safe voyage back again to England, I remain yours beyond expression,
IRIS."

Having finished my necessary dispatches for England, my next care was to provide myself Lodgings, and a convenient Warehouse, that I might sell off my *Venture* of Books, and make my absence from dear Iris and my Native Country as short as possible.

As I was rambling through Boston, I met both with Lodgings and a Warehouse, at Mr. Wilkins's, whose Family deserves as well of me as any in New-England.

Being thus fixed, I delivered the Letters of Recommendation I had brought with me from England. I had one from the Reverend Mr. Richard Stretton, to Mr. Staughton, the Deputy Governor : and Mr. Morton of Newington-Green, sent another to Major Dudley, afterwards President ; which, with other Letters to the Magistrates, had the good effect, that I was made Freeman of Boston, though very much obliged for it to the friend-

ship of Mr. Burroughs. Immediately upon this, Captain Hutchinson gave me an invitation to dine with the Governor and the Magistrates in the Town-hall. The entertainment was very rich and noble; and the Governor, Deputy Governor, Major Dudley, and the other Magistrates, gave me a very friendly welcome to Boston, and kindly wished me success in my undertaking.

A particular account of the Government in New-England would be foreign to my *Life and Errors*. Let it be enough to say, the Laws in force here against Immorality and Prophaneness are very severe. Witchcraft is punished with death, as it is well known; and Theft with restoring four-fold, if the Criminal be sufficient. An English-woman, admitting some unlawful freedoms from an Indian, was forced twelve months to wear upon her right-arm an Indian cut in red cloth.

He that trades with the inhabitants of Boston should be well furnished with a Grecian Faith; he may get promises enough, but their payments come late. However, under all the disadvantages of that kind, I was now resolved to run the risk of it; and, in order to promote the *Sale*, I made a visit to the Reverend Mr. *Increase Mather*, the Metropolitan Clergyman of that Country, and Rector of Harvard-College. He is master of a great stock of Learning, and a very eminent Divine. His Son, the Rev. Mr. *Cotton Mather*, was then upon finishing his "*Magnalia Christi Americana*," which has lately been published here in England. There is abundance of freedom and familiarity in the humour of this Gentleman. His Conversation and his Writings are living evidences that he has read much, but there are many that will not allow him the prudence to make a seasonable use of it. His Library is very large and numerous; but, had his Books been fewer when he wrote his "*History*," it would have pleased us better.

I was next to wait upon the Rev. Mr. *Willard*, Minister of the South Meeting in Boston. He is well furnished with Learning and solid notions; has a natural fluency of speech, and can say what he pleases.

Afterwards I went to visit the Rev. Mr. *Allen*. He is very humble and very rich, and can be generous enough when the humour is upon him. His Son was an eminent

Minister here in England, and deceased at Northampton. Mr. *Moody* was Assistant to Mr. Allen, and well known by his Practical Writings.

Leaving Mr. Allen's house, I went next to visit Mr. *John* and Mr. *Thomas Baily*. These two are popular Preachers, and very generous to strangers. I heard Mr. John upon these words, "Looking unto Jesus;" and I thought he spake like an Angel. They express a more than ordinary kindness to Mr. Wilkins, my Landlord, and (being persecuted in Limerick for their Nonconformity) came over with him from Ireland. Reader, I might be large in their character; but when I tell you they are true pictures of Dr. Annesley (whom they count a second St. Paul) it is as high as I need go.

The Sun being now gone to bed (for, though I was up before him, he got to his lodging first) I bid good night to these two Brothers, who gave me a hearty welcome to Boston, and assured me of all the service that lay in their power.

Having first paid my visits to the *Clergy* of Boston, and given a character of them; pray give me leave to ask my Brethren the *Booksellers* how they do, and that shall be all; for, though I know they love to be respected, yet at the same time I am satisfied that I am as welcome to them as *sour ale in summer*; for they look upon my gain to be their loss, and do make good the truth of that old proverb, that "Interest will not lie."

But I must begin my addresses to them.

"Mr. *Usher*, your humble Servant."—This Trader makes the best figure in Boston. He is very rich; adventures much to sea; but has got his estate by *Book-selling*. He proposed to me the buying my whole *Venture*, but would not agree to my terms; and so we parted with a great deal of seeming *respect*.

"Mr. *Philips*, my old Correspondent! It is reason I should make you the next visit."—He treated me with a noble dinner, and (if I may trust my eyes) is blest with a pretty obliging Wife. I will say that for Sam (after dealing with him for some hundred pounds) he is very just, and (as an effect of that) very thriving. I shall add to his character, that he is young and witty, and the most beautiful man in the town of Boston.

But, leaving Philips, I rambled next to visit *Minheer Brunning*.—He is a Dutch Bookseller from Holland, scrupulously just, plain in his cloaths, and if we will believe the Printers in Boston (who are notable Criticks in such cases) a most excellent Paymaster. Brunning is versed in the knowledge of all sorts of Books, and may well be styled a complete Bookseller. He never decries a Book because it is not of his own printing. There are some men that will run down the most elaborate pieces, only because they had none of their Midwifery to bring them into public view; and yet shall give the greatest encomiums to the most nauseous trash, when they had the hap to be concerned in it. But Brunning was none of these; for he would promote a good Book whoever printed it; and I found him a man of that great interest, that I made him my Partner in printing "Mr. Mather's Sermon, preached at the Execution of Morgan;" who was the only person executed in that country for near seven years.

From the Dutch, I went to the Scotch Bookseller, one *Duncan Campbell*.—He is very industrious, dresses à-la-mode, and I am told a young Lady of a great fortune is fallen in love with him.

Having visited all the Booksellers, I will next give an account of what *Acquaintance* I had in Boston.

I will begin with Mr. *Willy*, who fled thither on the account of conscience (and is Brother-in-law to the Reverend Mr. Baily).—He is a man of a large heart; one who, in relieving other's wants, considers not so much his own ability, as their necessity. This, *Monmouth's forlorn Fugitives* experienced often, to whom he was the common refuge.

The next I shall mention is Mr. *White*, a Merchant, who, by trading, has clasped Islands to the Continent, and tacked one country to another. His knowledge, both of men and things, is universal.

The next was Mr. *Green*, a Printer.—I contracted a great friendship with this man. To name his Trade, will convince the world he was a man of good sense and understanding. He was so facetious and obliging in his conversation, that I took a great delight in his company,

and made use of his house, to while away my melancholy hours.

Another of my acquaintance was Captain *Gery*, a man as eminent for his Love to his Country, as Junius Brutus and the famous Scævola among the Romans.

Another of them was *George Monk*, a person so remarkable, that, had I not been acquainted with him, it would be a hard matter to make any New-England man believe that I had been in Boston. There was no house in Boston more voted than George Monk's, or where a man might meet with better entertainment: He was so much the life and spirit of the Guests that came to his house, that it was almost impossible not to be cheerful in his company.

Another was Captain *Townsend*, a gentleman very courteous and affable in his conversation.

I might here ramble to Mr. *Jollyff*, Justice *Lines*; *Macarty*, and some others; but, lest I tire you quite, I will come next to a distinct head, which shall be those of my *Countrymen* that have rambled into this country as well as myself, such of them, I mean, as I came acquainted with in the course of my business.

And these were, first, Mr. *Mortimer*, who came from Ireland. He was an accomplished Merchant, a person of great modesty, and could answer the most abstruse points in Algebra, Navigation, Dialling, &c.

The next to these was Mr. *King*. Love was the cause of this Gentleman's long ramble hither. Sure his Mistress was made of stone, for King had a voice would have charmed the Spheres. He sang "All hail to the Myrtle Shade," with a matchless grace; and might be called an accomplished person.

Another acquaintance was Mr. *York*. He had his soft minutes as well as other men; and when he unbent the bow (for he was very industrious) he treated the Fair Sex with so much courtship and address, as if Loving had been all his Trade.

The next I will mention shall be *Andrew Thorncomb*, Bookseller from London. His company was coveted by the best Gentlemen in Boston: nor is he less acceptable to the Fair Sex; for he has something in him so ex-

tremely charming, as makes them very fond of his company. However, he is a virtuous person, and deserves all the respect they shewed him. He visited me often in Boston, and I here declare I have a particular kindness for him.

Another acquaintance was Mr. *Heath*. Were I to write the character of a pious Merchant, I would as soon take Heath for the exemplar as any man I know. There are two things remarkable in him: one is, that he never warrants any ware for good, but what is so indeed; and the other, that he makes no advantage of his Chapman's ignorance, where the conscience of the Seller is all the skill of the Buyer. He doth not then so much ask, as order what he must pay; and in such cases he ought to be very scrupulous. Bishop Latimer being told he was cozened in buying a knife; "No," replied Latimer, "he cozened not me, but his own conscience." This person was my daily visitor; and brought me acquainted with one *Gore*, of New-York, with whom I traded considerably.

Mr. *Watson* shall be the next; formerly a Merchant in London; but, not thriving there, he left the Exchange for Westminster-hall; and in Boston is become as dextrous at splitting of Causes, as if he had been bred to it. He is full of fancy, and knows the quirks of the Law; but, to do him justice, he proves as *honest* as the best Lawyer of them all.

The next is Mr. *C——k*, a young Beau, that boasts of more villainy than ever he committed. However, as he bought a great many Books, I cannot disown my acquaintance with him. And I here publish his matchless impudence, in hopes to shame him into better morals.

Another acquaintance is Mr. *Mason*; he was a blunt, honest Christian. He will speak his mind, take it how you please. I remember once that, going to visit a Lady in Boston, she told him, "she was glad to see him, but sorry that he came at such a time, when her house was dirty." To which Mason only replied, "Why, pr'ythee, when was it otherwise?" This blunt expression (which perhaps carried too much truth in it) the Lady took as a great affront; but it was all one to Mason, who still

spake as he thought, let his friends take it how they pleased.

The next I will mention shall be Mr. *Malinson*. He is a stiff Independent (which is rare in a *Fencer*); and so great a Critick, that he would even find a *knot* in a Bull-rush. *Malinson* was one of those unfortunate Gentlemen that engaged with Monmouth; and I am told this day at the Royal Exchange, he now teaches young Gentlemen to fence in Boston, &c.

But it is time now to descend to my *particular Friends*, (who, though the last named, yet, being such, will the more readily pardon it); for, though I had Acquaintance with most of the considerable Traders in Boston, yet *particular Friendships* are necessary, for several reasons; and, if we will believe the Wisest of Men, ought to be preferred, not only before *Acquaintance*, but *Relations*; and that for a good reason too, even because they are nearer; “for,” says he, “there is a Friend that is nearer than a Brother.” And the truth is, though it is good to have the respect of all, and to live generally beloved, yet every man has his *particular* wants, which he finds it necessary to communicate to some *particular Friend*; for a secret is safely lodged in the bosom of one person, which is many times improper to be communicated to one more—at least not to several: so that a solid and true Friendship, founded upon Virtue and sincere Religion (which are the only ligaments that will make it hold) is the greatest happiness of human life. How pleasant is it to communicate our misfortunes to a Friend, who will both alleviate our griefs, and sympathize with us in our sorrows! And even our joys themselves, unless imparted to a Friend, swell to that height that they prove dangerous, and often fatal. But, I confess, such *particular Friends* are hard to be found, though such there are; for former ages afford us a David and a Jonathan, a Pylades and Orestes, who were willing to die for each other. And our present times may boast of a Reynholds and a Whitlock, of a Larkin and a Dunton.

But, notwithstanding these instances of remarkable Friendships, yet a pair of true Friends are seldomer to be found than a club of knaves, or a herd of brutes agree-

ing together; yet, though I now find no such creatures in England*, I was so happy as to find *particular Friends* in Boston, whose characters I shall next give you, and I will begin with

Dr. *Oakes*. He is an eminent Physician, and a religious man. At his first coming to a Patient, he persuades him to put his trust in God, the Fountain of Health. The want of this hath caused the bad success of most Physicians, for they that will not acknowledge God in all their applications, God will not acknowledge them in that success which they might otherwise expect. He was a great Dissenter whilst he lived in London, and even in New-England retains the piety of the first Planters. I was recommended to him by Mr. Gillon (as also by a Relation of his in Ratcliff); and I must own the Doctor gave me a generous welcome to Boston.

From Dr. *Oakes* I pass to my good Friend, Dr. *Bullivant*, formerly my fellow citizen in London; I must consider him both as a Gentleman and a Physician. As a Gentleman, he came of a noble Family; but his good qualities exceeded his birth. He is a great master of the English Tongue, and the Northampton people find him a universal Scholar. His knowledge of the Laws fitted him for the office of Attorney-General, which was conferred upon him on the Revolution in Boston. It is true he sought it not; but New-England knew his worth, and even forced him to accept of it.

While he held this place of Attorney-General, he was so far from pushing things to that extremity as some hot spirits would have had him, that he was for accommodating things, and making peace. His eloquence is admirable; he never speaks but it is a sentence; and no man ever cloathed his thoughts in better words. I shall next consider him as a Physician. His skill in Pharmacy was such as had no equal in Boston (nor perhaps Northampton). He is as intimate with Galen and Hippocrates (at least with their Works) as ever I was with *Iris*. He is so conversant with the great variety of Nature, that not a Drug or Simple escapes his knowledge; so that he never practises new experiments upon his Patients, ex-

* As I hinted in page 85.

cept it be in desperate cases, where death must be expelled by death. This also is praise-worthy in him, that to the *poor* he always prescribes cheap but wholesome medicines; not curing them of a consumption in their bodies, and sending it into their purses, nor yet directing them to the East-Indies to look for Drugs, when they may have far better out of their Gardens. I would enlarge, but Dr. Bullivant is my *particular Friend*, and I am loth to offend his modesty; so I proceed, in the next place, to

Mr. *Gouge*, a Linen-draper from London (Son to the charitable Divine of that name). He is owner of a deal of wit; his brain is a quiver of smart jests. He pretends to live a Bachelor, but is no enemy to a pretty woman: He is High-Church; yet so great a lover of his Father's "Christian Directions," that he bought two hundred of me to give away, that so he might (as he used to say) "make the Bostonians godly." And this was a noted quality in him, that he would always tell the truth; which is a practice so uncommon in New-England, that I could not but value his friendship.

But I must not forget Mr. *Tryon*. He is a man of a sweet temper, an excellent Husband, and very sincere in his dealings.

The next I shall mention is Mr. *Barnes*. He was Clerk to the Government, a matchless Accomptant, a great Musician, bookish to a Proverb, very generous to strangers, and at our first interview, declared a particular friendship to me.

But perhaps, Reader, you will ask whether I had not my *soft hours* in Boston as well as other men; or, in plain terms, "whether I only was for a friendship with my own sex?" I answer, "No, for I ever thought Women as fit for friendship as Men. And I loved Iris too well, ever to run astray:

"My honesty guards me from amorous treason;
And, if Iris be jealous, I am sure she has no reason."

The principal and most distinct scenes in which a Woman can act a part are, either as a Virgin, a Wife, or a Widow; and in these three capacities you will find my Female Friends in Boston: for the *Damsel* (one eminently

known by that name) was a Virgin; Mrs. Green, a *Wife*; and Madam Brick, a *Widow*; and Mrs. Toy, *Party per pale*, as the Heralds say, half Wife, half Widow; her Husband, a Captain, being now at sea.

I shall first speak of the *Damsel*, for Virginity is first in order of time; and, if we will take St. Paul's judgment, in respect of excellency also, 1 Cor. vii. In the primitive times, Virginity had a particular Coronet of Glory belonging to it; and the Roman Vestals had extraordinary privileges allowed them by the State. In the Papal Church there is a Religious Order of Virgins they call *Nuns*; but, though there be not among us such societies, yet there may be *Nuns* which are not professed; and such I esteem my friend the *Damsel*, for she "devoted her heart to God;" and perhaps this was more acceptable to Him, than if her presumption had made her more positive, and engaged her in a Vow that she was not sure to perform. It is true, an *old* (or superannuated) Maid in Boston is thought such a curse, as nothing can exceed it (and looked on as a *dismal spectacle*); yet she, by her good-nature, gravity, and strict virtue, convinces all (so much as the fleering Beaus) that it is not her necessity, but her choice, that keeps her a Virgin. She is now about thirty years (the age which they call a *Thornback*), yet she never disguises herself, and talks as little as she thinks of Love. She never reads any Plays or Romances, goes to no Balls, or Dancing-match, as they do who go (to such Fairs) in order to meet with Chapmen. Her looks, her speech, her whole behaviour, are so very chaste, that but once (at Governor's Island, where we went to be merry at roasting a hog) going to kiss her, I thought she would have blushed to death. Indeed, the very name of *Virgin* imports a most critical niceness in that point. Every indecent curiosity, or impure fancy, is a deflowering of the mind, and gives some degree of defilement to the body too. She that listens to lewd talk has defiled her ears; she that speaks any, her tongue; and every wanton glance leaves a stain behind; so that nothing is more nice and delicate than a maiden virtue. Our *Damsel* knowing this, her conversation is generally amongst the Women (as there is least danger from that sex), so that I found it no easy matter to enjoy her com-

pany; for most of her time (save what was taken up in needle-work, and learning French, &c.) was spent in Religious Worship. She knew Time was a dressing-room for Eternity; and therefore reserves most of her hours for better uses than those of the Comb, the Toilet, and the Glass.

Having spoken of the *Damsel's modesty*, &c. I shall say something of her *matchless obedience*. And here I shall tell you she thinks it as much her interest as her duty to observe her Parents' commands. Her obedience extends itself to all things that are either good or indifferent, and has no clause of exception but only where the command is unlawful. I have known her scruple to go to Roxbury (not a mile from Boston) without her Father's consent. But now-a-days she that goes with her Parent (unless it be a Parent as wild as herself) thinks she does but walk abroad with her Gaoler. But the right of the Parent is so undoubted, that we find God himself gives way to it; and will not suffer the most holy pretence, no, not that of a Vow, to invade it, as we see in Numbers xxx. How will He then resent it, to have this Law violated upon the impulse of a gay passion, and an amorous fancy? Neither did I ever know a Child in my life that married against his Parents' consent (and I have known several) but the curse of God has followed either them or their offspring. Let all Virgins, therefore, bestow themselves with their Parents' leave, that they may not only have their benediction, but *God's*. And I am sure this is most agreeable to the *Virgin modesty*, which should make Marriage an act rather of their obedience than their choice. And they that think their Friends too *slow-paced* in the matter give certain proof that lust is the sole motive. But, as the *Damsel* I have been describing would neither anticipate nor contradict the will of her Parents, so, I do assure you, she is against *forcing* her own, by marrying where she cannot love; and that is the reason she is still a *Virgin*.

Thus, Reader, having characterized my *Virgin Friend*, I shall shift the scene, and give you the picture of the best of *Wives* (Iris still excepted). This is another of my Friends, with whom I used to spend some of my leisure hours; and when you hear her character, you

would wonder indeed if her Husband was jealous.—The person whose character I am going to give is Mrs. Green; a Printer's Wife in Boston.

A Wife is the next change that a Virgin can lawfully make, and draws many other relations after it, which Mrs. Green was sensible of; for I have heard her say, "that, when she married Mr. Green, she espoused his obligations also; and wherever her Husband, either by ties of Nature, or squeezing of Wax, owed either Money or Love, she esteemed herself to be no less a Debtor." She knew her Marriage was an adoption into his Family, and therefore paid to every branch of it what their respective stations required. She is sensible that the duty of her place has several aspects. First, as it relates to her Husband's person, and next to his Relations, and thirdly to his fortune. As to his person, she well enough knew, that the great duty of a Wife is *Love*. Love was the reason that she married him; for she knew, where Love is wanting, it is but the carcase of a Marriage. It was her study, therefore, to preserve this flame of Love, that, like the Vestal Fire, it never might go out; and therefore she took care to guard it from all those things that might extinguish it. Mrs. Green knew very well how fatal Jealousy had been to many; and therefore, as she took care never to harbour it in her own breast, so she was nicely careful never to give her Husband the least umbrage for it. She knew, should she give way to jealousy, she should not only lose her ease, but run the hazard of parting also with somewhat of her innocence; for jealousy is very apt to muster up the forces of our irascible part to abet its quarrel. Another debt that Mrs. Green was sensible she owed, and was careful to pay to her Husband, was *Fidelity*. She knew that, as she had espoused his interests, so she ought to be true to them, keep all his secrets, inform him of his dangers, and in a mild and gentle manner admonish him of his faults. And this she knew (how ill soever many take it) is one of the most genuine acts of Faithfulness; and to be wanting in it would be a failure in her duty. And she was sensible that, if she did not do it, she should be unfaithful to herself; as well knowing nothing does so much secure the happiness of a Wife, as the virtue and

piety of her Husband. But Matrimonial Fidelity has a special relation to the Marriage-bed; and in this Mrs. Green was so severely scrupulous, that she would never suffer any light expressions or wanton discourse in her company; and this was so remarkable in her, that, there being an invitation of several persons to a Gentleman's house in Boston, and some that were invited resolving to be very merry; one of the company made this an objection, "that Mrs. Green would be there, which would spoil their mirth." To which another wild spark in the company replied, "It is but speaking two or three indecent words, and she will be gone presently." Another thing that was very remarkable in Mrs. Green was her obedience to her Husband, to whose will she was so exactly observant, that he could not be more ready to command, than she was to obey; and when some of his commands seemed not to be so kind as she might have expected, she would not only obey them, but wisely dissemble the unkindness of them, as knowing, where men have not wholly put off humanity, there is a native compassion to a meek sufferer. She was also extremely tender of her Husband's reputation, setting his worth in the clearest light, putting his infirmities (for where is the man that lives without them?) in the shade. And as she was this way tender of his reputation, so she was also in another respect more particularly relating to herself; for, knowing that the misbehaviour of the Wife reflects upon the Husband, she took care to abstain even from all appearance of evil, and resolved to be (what Cæsar desired of his Wife) not only free from fault, but from all suspicion of it. But Mrs. Green was not only a loving, a faithful, and an obedient Wife, but an industrious Wife too; managing that part of his business which he had deputed to her, with so much application and dexterity as if she had never come into the House; and yet so managed her House as if she had never gone into the Warehouse. The Emperor Augustus himself scarce wore any thing but what was the manufacture of his Wife, his Sister, his Daughter, or his Nieces. Should our gay English ladies, those "lilies of our fields, which neither sow nor spin, nor gather into barns," be exempted from furnishing others, and only left to cloath them-

selves, it is to be doubted they would reverse our Saviour's parallel of Solomon's glories, and "no Beggar in all his rags would be arrayed like one of these."

But Mrs. Green followed the example of Solomon's virtuous Wife, who "riseth while it is yet night, giving meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens:" and as she is a good Wife to her Husband, so is she also a good Mother to her Children, whom she brings up with that sweetness and facility as is admirable, not keeping them at too great a distance, as some do, thereby discouraging their good parts; nor by an *over-fondness* (a fault most Mothers are guilty of) betraying them into a thousand inconveniences, which oftentimes proves fatal to them.

In brief, she takes care of their education, and whatever else belongs to them; so that Mr. Green enjoys the comfort of his Children, without knowing any thing of the trouble of them.—Nor is she less a good Mistress than a good Mother; treating her Servants with that love and gentleness as if she were their Mother; taking care both of their Souls and Bodies, and not letting them want any thing necessary for either. I one day told her, that "I believed she was an extraordinary Wife; but Mr. Green was so good a Man, she could not well be otherwise." To which she answered, "that she had so good a Husband, was her mercy; but, had her Husband been as bad a man as any in the world, her duty would have been the same, and so she hoped her practice should have been too." Which, as it is a great truth, it wants to be more known and practised.

And thus, Reader, I have given you the character of another of my Female Friends in Boston, and in her the character of a good Wife. I have only to add, that these virtues are all found in my dear Iris, as it were in a *New Edition*, more correct and enlarged; or, rather, Iris is that bright original which all good Wives should imitate. Then no wonder I name her so often; when to think of her is my business, my life, my every thing.

But, having given a farewell to Mrs. Green, I shall next present you with the character of the Widow *Brick*, the very flower of Boston. That of a Widow is the next state or change that can succeed to that of Mar-

riage; and I have chosen my friend the Widow Brick, as an exemplar, to shew you what a Widow is. The Widow Brick is a Gentlewoman whose *Head* (i. e. her Husband) has been cut off, and yet she lives and walks. But do not be frightened; for she is flesh and blood still, and perhaps some of the *finest* that you ever saw. She has sufficiently evidenced that her Love to her late Husband is as strong as Death, because Death has not been able to extinguish it. Her grief for his death was such as became her, great but moderate; not like a hasty shower, but a still rain: she knew nothing of those tragical furies wherewith some women seem transported towards their dead Husbands: those frantic embraces and caresses of a carcass betray a little too much the sensuality of their love; such violent passions quickly spend themselves, and seem rather to vanish than consume. But Madam Brick grieved more moderately, and more lastingly. I always observed that, whenever she spoke of her Husband, it was in the most endearing manner. Nor could she ever mention him, without paying the tribute of a tear to his memory. She set such a value on her relation to her Husband, as to do nothing that might seem unworthy of it. Historians inform us, that it was the dying charge of Augustus to the Empress Livia, "Behave thyself well, and remember our marriage." Madam Brick had yet another way of expressing the value she had for Mr. Brick; and that is, by the kindness she shewed to the Children which he left behind him, which were only two. As to their education, she took care that they might have that learning that was proper for them; and above all, that they might be furnished with ingenious and virtuous principles, founded on the fear of God. Neither did she suffer her pious behaviour to be cast off with her *Widow's veil*, but made it the constant dress both of her *widowhood* and *life*; and, as a consequence hereof, she became a member of Mr. Allen's congregation; and lived a life of sincere piety; and yet was so far from *sourness* either in her countenance or conversation, that nothing was ever more sweet or agreeable; making it evident that piety did not consist in moroseness, nor sincere devotion in a supercilious carriage. It was the *vitals* of Religion that she minded, and not

forms and modes; and if she found the power of it in her heart, she did not think herself obliged to such a *starchedness* of carriage as is usual amongst the Bostonians. Nor was her piety and devotion barren, but fruitful, and abounding in the works of Charity; and whenever I went to visit her, she would be always discoursing of the things of Heaven. — To conclude her character: The *beauty* of her person, the *sweetness* and affability of her temper, the *gravity* of her carriage, and her exalted *piety*, gave me so just a value for her, that Mrs. Green would often say, "Should Iris die (which Heaven forbid!) there is none was fit to succeed her, but Madam Brick." But Mrs. Green was partial, for my poor pretences to virtue would never have answered to her towering heights. It is true, Madam Brick did me the honour to treat me very kindly at her house, and to admit me often into her conversation; but I am sure our friendship was all Platonic—(so Angels loved), and full as innocent as that of the Philosopher who gave it the name; but, if Plato was not very much wronged, he never loved virtue so refinedly as to like to court her so passionately in a foul or homely habitation, as he did in those that were more beautiful and lovely; and this sufficiently justifies my friendship to Madam Brick, and her spotless innocence in accepting of it.

Thus, Reader, I have given you the character of another of my friends of the fair sex in Boston; and leave you to judge whether or no she deserve the title of "The Flower of Boston," which at first I gave her.

But can I forget Mrs. *Toy*? She is another of my friends, and one that I am proud of having so; for she is an epitome of the other three. She has the bashfulness and modesty of the *Damsel*; the love and fidelity of Mrs. Green the *Wife*; and the piety and sweetness of the *Widow* Brick. But perhaps you will ask me (if she is neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow,) what I call her?

"Is she a Maid?"—"What man can answer that?"

"Or Widow?"—"No."—"What then?"—"I know not what.

Saint-like she looks; a Syren, if she sing;

Her Eyes are Stars; her Mind is every thing."

And now, Sir Daniel, I suppose you will give some grains of allowance to Sir John; for I believe such fe-

males as these would set even a gentleman of *more reformation* a-longing for further acquaintance with them, without making it a crime.—But perhaps you will say, “Are all your *Female Friends* persons of such exalted worth, and had you none of a coarser alloy?”—I answer, “My Friends are such as I have here recited; but I had Acquaintance with several persons of a *far different character*; for all sorts of persons came to my warehouse to buy books, according to their several inclinations; and I will give you the characters of some of them.

I will begin with Mrs. *Ab——l* (a person of quality); a well-wisher to the Mathematics; a young Proficient, but willing to learn, and therefore came to inquire for “The School of Venus.” She was one of the first that posed me, in asking for a Book I could not help her to. I told her, however, I had “The School of Virtue,” but that was a Book she had no occasion for. Her love is a blank, wherein she writes the next man that tenders his affection. And yet she has a strange affected kind of Coyness; which yet differs from Modesty as much as Hemlock from Parsley. She will deny common favours, because they are too small to be granted. She will part with all or none; and it is easier to obtain from her the last favour in private, than a kiss in public. Yet, bad as she is, for her Father’s sake I hope she will live to repent.

Another of my *female acquaintance* (for so they would be, whether I would or no) was Mrs. *F——y*, who had the Case of a Gentlewoman, but little else to shew she was a Rational Creature, besides Speech and Laughter. When I first saw her, I was not long to guess what she was, for Nature had hung out the sign of Simplicity in her face. When she came into my Warehouse, I wondered what Book she intended to buy. At last I perceived she intended to buy none, because she knew not what to ask for; yet she took up several, looked in them, and laid them down again. Perceiving her simplicity, I asked her in joke, whether she would not buy the History of Tom Thumb? She told me “Yes.” Upon which I asked her whether she would have it in folio, with marginal notes? To which she only said, “The best, the best.”

The next I shall mention is Mrs. *D——*, who has a bad

face, and a worse tongue; and has the report of a Witch: Whether she be one or no, I know not, but she has ignorance and malice enough to make her one. And indeed she has done very odd things, but hitherto such as are rather strange than hurtful; yea, some of them are pretty and pleasing; but such as I think cannot be done without the help of the Devil—as for instance, she will take nine sticks, and lay them across, and, by mumbling a few words, make them all stand up on end like a pair of nine-pins. But she had best have a care, for they that use the Devil's help to make sport, may quickly come to do mischief. I have been told by some, that she has actually indentured with the Devil; and that he is to do what she would have him for a time, and afterwards he is to have her soul in exchange! What pains poor wretches take to make sure of Hell!

The next is *Doll S——r*, who used to come often to my Warehouse, and would plague my man Palmer more than all my customers besides. Her life is a perpetual contradiction; and she is made up of “I will,” and “I will not.” “Palmer, reach me that book, yet let it alone too; but let me see it, however, and yet it is no great matter neither;” was her constant dialect in my Warehouse. She is very fantastical; but cannot be called irresolute; for an irresolute person is always beginning, and she never makes an end; she writes, and blots out again, whilst the other deliberates what to write. I know two negatives make an affirmative; but what her *aye* and *no* together makes, I know not; nor what to make of it, but that she knows not what to make of it herself. Her Head is just like a Squirrel's cage, and her Mind the Squirrel that whirls it round. She never looks towards the end, but only the beginning of things; for she will call in all haste for one, and have nothing to say to him when he is come; and long, nay *die*, for some toy or trifle; and when she has got it, grows weary of it presently. None knows where to have her a moment; and whosoever would hit her thoughts, must shoot flying.

The next is Mrs. *H——*, who takes as much state upon her as would have served six of Queen Elizabeth's Countesses; and yet she is no Lady neither, unless it be of pleasure; yet she looks high, and speaks in a ma-

jestic tone, like one acting the Queen's part in a Play. She seldom appears twice in a shape ; but every time she goes abroad, puts on a different garb. Had she been with the Israelites in the Wilderness, when for forty years their cloaths waxed not old, it had been punishment enough for her to have gone so long in *one fashion*. But, should this rustling Madam be stripped of her silken plumes, she would make but a very ordinary figure ; for, to hide her age, she paints ; and, to hide her painting, dares hardly laugh ; whence she has two counterfeit vizards to put off every night, her *painting* and her *modesty*. She was a good Customer to me, and whilst I took her money, I humoured her pride, and paid her (I blush to say it) a mighty observance. The chief books she bought were Plays and Romances ; which to set off the better, she would ask for books of *Gallantry*.

The next is Mrs. T——, whose tongue runs round like a wheel, one spoke after another, for there is no end of it. She makes more noise and jangling than the bells do on a Coronation-day. It is somebody's happiness that she is yet unmarried, for she would make a Husband wish either that she were *dumb*, or he were *deaf*. She used to come to my Warehouse, not to buy books (for she talked so much, she had no time to read), but that others might hear her talk ; so that (I am apt to think) had she but the faculty of talking in her sleep, one might make *the Perpetual Motion* with her tongue.

And thus, Reader, I have given you the humours of a far different sort of Ladies from the former ; and if I have given you *six* of these for *four* of the other, you must remember there are *two Vices for one Virtue*. I have not set their names down at length, because there is a possibility of their being *reformed*, and so I would not expose them ; though they are as well known in Boston as if they had been named particularly.

About this time arrived the Rose frigate from England, with a new Charter, procured by one Randal, which gave Major Dudley the title of *President*, and the Magistrates were now changed into *Counsellors*.

Parson *Ratcliffe* came over with the Charter ; and on Lord's-days read the Common Prayer in his surplice, and preached in the Town-house.

Mr. Ratcliffe was an eminent Preacher, and his Sermons were useful and well-dressed. I was once or twice to hear him; and it was noised about, that Dr. Annesley's Son-in-law was turned Apostate. But I could easily forgive them, in regard the Common Prayer and the Surplice were Religious Novelties in New England.

To return to my own affairs: The Booksellers in Boston perceived I was very diligent to bring custom to my Warehouse, and thereupon began to make terms with me for my whole *Venture*; but that would not do for me, because there is the loss of thirty *per cent.* in the return of their money. The Books I had with me were most of them Practical, and well suited to the genius of New England, so that, my Warehouse being opened, they began to move apace. Palmer, my Apprentice, was very honest and diligent; took the whole charge of my business off my hands, and left me to *ramble* and divert myself as my fancy would suggest. And a man unemployed is commonly in mischief, you know; and so it happened with me. The Reader will scarce give credit to it, that I turned *Fortune-teller*, when I had nothing to do; but the matter was really so. Mr. Wilkins's daughter led me into this intrigue. At that time Madam *Whitemore*, a young lady of her acquaintance, was almost run distracted with love, and I was let into the whole affair *before-hand*; and it now came into my head, that it was usual with the Oracle of Apollo at Delphos to reveal the secrets of Fate in verse, and thereupon I resolved to take the same method, and accordingly prepared myself with all imaginable dispatch. Immediately after came the young Lady, very big with expectation; and the company retiring, she began her discourse — "Sir, I am informed that you are a learned person, and, by your skill in Books, can tell things to come; and there is something now depending, wherein the happiness of my life is very much concerned—The case is this.—"

"Madam," said I, "I know what it is" (for I was afraid she would have gone too far, and have spoiled my *fortune-telling*); and then, in a magisterial tone, I delivered myself thus:

“MADAM,

Neither of Fortune nor of Love complain,
For Love and Fortune both your Friends will prove :
Though his indifference causes now your pain,
You shall at last enjoy the Man you love.

'Tis true, he does a wand'ring Star adore,
Which makes a pretty twinkling in the skies ;
Yet your own charms shall his lost love restore,
For Stars must vanish when the Sun does rise. .

You in his heart have the ascendant now :
He only means to try your constancy ;
And, when he finds you faithful to your vow,
For pardon at your feet he'll prostrate lie.

But see you be n't too haughty and severe,
When like the prodigal he does return ;
Love feeds on smiles, but frowns would give despair,
And quench those fires which else would flame and burn.
But, if your conquest o'er him you'd improve,
What you shall gain by Beauty, keep by Love.”

When I had finished, I made the Lady a *Ghostly bow*, which she very obligingly returned ; with many thanks for the trouble she had given me. “She was very much surprized,” she told me, “to hear her case so exactly represented ;” and assured me, “the Gentleman had left her no power to give him any ill usage ; whenever he thought fit to become her humble servant again.” She would have presented me a *pair of gloves* ; which I refused to accept, only desiring “she would keep the matter secret ; in regard I was very much averse to lay out my *talent* that way, unless there was a prospect of doing good.” She said, “She could not be so ungrateful as to disoblige me in any kind.” However, the satisfaction she received was too hot to be kept in her own breast : she discovered it to several of her own companions, who were very solicitous to foreknow their own fortunes in the world. But I refused to meddle any more, for the reputation of a *Conjurer* is not so desirable. I acknowledge this frolick to be one of the *Errors* of my Life. The young Lady, I suppose, might be kept awhile from despair by it ; but that does not justify the folly of it.

But from Love I must make a transition to Arms. And could you think that Philaret (after the story of the

Ruffles *) would ever make a *Soldier*? Yet so it fell out; for it is their custom here for all that can bear arms, to go out on a Training-day; but I thought a Pike was best for a young Soldier, and so I carried a Pike. And between you and I, Reader, there was another reason for it too, and that was, I knew not how to shoot off a musket. But it was the first time I ever was in arms; which, though I tell the Reader, I had no need to tell to my *fellow soldiers*, for they knew it well enough, by my awkward handling of them—for I was as unacquainted with the terms of military discipline, as a wild Irishman, whom I have heard they used to discipline at first by putting Bread in one pocket and Cheese in another, and then bidding them turn to their Bread, and turn to their Cheese—instead of bidding them turn to the Right and Left, as is usual, which they did not understand.—Being come into the Field, the Captain called us all into our *close order*, in order to go to Prayer, and then prayed himself. And when our Exercise was done, the Captain likewise concluded with Prayer. I have read that Gustavus Adolphus, the warlike King of Sweden, would, before the beginning of a battle, kneel down devoutly at the head of his army, and pray to God (the Giver of Victory) to give them success against their Enemies, which commonly was the event; and that he was as careful also to return thanks to God for the Victory. But solemn Prayer in the field, upon a day of Training, I never knew but in New England, where, it seems, it is a common custom. About three o'clock, both our Exercise and Prayers being over, we had a very noble dinner, to which all the Clergy were invited.

Some time after I took a trip to *New-Town*, called *Cambridge*, in regard it is the seat of Harvard-College. This University took its rise from very small beginnings. There were four hundred pounds raised for that purpose, in a Court held at Boston, September 8, 1630. But that which put new life into this design, about eight years after, was the gift of seven hundred and seventy-nine pounds, seventeen shillings, and two pence, in the last will of the Rev. Mr. John Harvard, after whom it has the name of *Harvard-College*.

* See before, page 88.

The Library of this College is very considerable, being well furnished both with Books and Mathematical Instruments. Sir Kenelm Digby, Sir John Maynard, Mr. Baxter, and Mr. Joseph Hill, were Benefactors to it; and the Rev. Mr. Theophilus Gale left his whole Library for that use. Mr. Cotton, one of the Fellows of the College, gave me the invitation to Cambridge, by whose means I sold several Books to the Students there.

My next *ramble* was to Roxbury, in order to visit the Rev. Mr. Elliot, the great Apostle of the Indians. He was pleased to receive me with abundance of respect; and inquired very kindly after Dr. Annesley, my Father-in-law, and then broke out with a world of seeming satisfaction, "Is my brother Annesley yet alive? Is he yet converting souls to God? Blessed be God for this information before I die." He presented me with twelve Indian Bibles, and desired me to bring one of them over to Dr. Annesley; as also with twelve "Speeches of converted Indians," which himself had published.

Summer was now well advanced. However, my time did not lie much upon my hands; for, upon my return from Roxbury, I found several of my Friends making ready for a journey to Natick. Every summer there is an Indian Lecture preached there, which has been kept on foot ever since the Rev. Mr. Elliot gathered a Church there of the converted Natives. I was glad of the opportunity to acquaint myself with the manners, religion, and government, of the Indians. When we were setting forward, I was forced, out of civility and gratitude, to take Madam Brick behind me on horseback. It is true she was the Flower of Boston; but, in this case, proved no more than a *beautiful sort of luggage* to me.

We had about twenty miles to Natick, where the best accommodations we could meet with were very coarse. We tied up our horses in two old barns, that were almost laid in ruins; however, we could discern where they had stood formerly. But there was no place where we could bestow ourselves, unless upon the greensward, till the Lecture began. The wigwams, or Indian houses, are no more than so many tents, and their way of building them is this: They first take long poles, and make them fast in the ground, and then cover them with mats on the out-

side, which they tie to the poles. Their fire-place is made in the middle; and they leave a little hole upon the top uncovered with the mats, which serves for a chimney. Their doors are usually two, and made opposite to each other, which they open or shut according as the wind sits; and these are either made of mats, or of the barks of trees. While we were making such discoveries as these, we were informed that the Sachim, or the Indian King, and his Queen, were there. The place, it is true, did not look like the Royal residence; however, we could easily believe the report, and went immediately to visit their King and Queen. And here my courage did not fail as when I wanted my *Ruffles**; for I stepped up and kissed the Indian Queen, making her two very low bows, which she returned very civilly. The Sachim was very tall, and well-limbed; but had no beard, and a sort of a horse-face. The Queen was well-shaped, and her features might pass pretty well; she had eyes as black as jet, and teeth as white as ivory; her hair was very black and long, and she was considerably up in years; her dress peculiar, she had sleeves of moose-skin, very finely dressed, and drawn with lines of various colours, in Asiatic work, and her buskins were of the same sort; her mantle was of fine blue cloth, but very short, and tied about her shoulders, and at the middle with a zone curiously wrought with white and blue beads into pretty figures. Her bracelets and her necklace were of the same sort of beads; and she had a little tablet upon her breast, very finely decked with jewels and precious stones. Her hair was combed back, and tied up with a border, which was neatly worked both with gold and silver.

The Indian Government is Monarchical; but, when the Dominions stretch farther than the Royal Sceptre can well reach, they are governed by a Viceroy, who is almost as absolute as the Prince himself. In matters of difficulty, the Sachim sits in Council with his Nobles, where their affairs are sedately weighed, and the Prince has a *negative voice*. Their Crown descends always upon the eldest son; and the females do not govern, unless

* See page 88.

the male-line be extinct. The Sachim has under him some subordinate Governors, or Protectors, which supply the places of magistrates and judges; and the common subjects fly to these, when there is any injustice done them.

Their Nobles are such as are descended from the Blood-royal; or those to whom the Sachim has given Titles, with some part of his own Dominions; otherwise they are such as have been esteemed so down a long tract of time.

Their Yeomen are those that have not the least signature of Nobility upon them, and yet are esteemed to have a natural right to protection, so long as they keep themselves loyal to their Prince, and live within his dominions. They are distinguished by two names; one signifies *Subjection*, and the other a *Tiller* of the land.

They have another class of subjects, which are reckoned something inferior to the *Yeomen*; and they are either *Strangers*, or the sons of *Foreigners* whose progenitors came among them some time ago; for, though they keep no records, yet the tradition that goes current among them is esteemed to be authentic enough. These *Foreigners* are abridged of some rights and privileges that belong to common subjects; and are not suffered so much as to attend the Prince in Hunting, &c. unless they are invited.

The Indian Sachims have no other Revenue than Presents, which are offered at the pleasure of the Subject; and these presents are not looked upon as a matter of mere kindness, but as they proceed from a principle of loyalty, and obligation, upon the account of protection, &c.

Sea-wrecks, and the skins of all beasts that are slain in water, are Royalties that belong to the Crown. And the Sachim has no necessity for more; in regard if he makes War, both his Subjects and their estates lie entirely at his own disposal. However, this piece of tyranny is carried on by consent; for the Sachim does not engage himself in War without the consent of his Subjects; and they are usually much averse to it, unless it be upon the last extremity.

There is a sort of grandeur, though it does not swell

to excess; in all the Indian Courts. The Royal Families, and their attendants, are well cloathed with the skins of Moose, Deer, Beaver, Bear, &c. and their tables are richly furnished with Flesh, Fish, Roots, Fruits, Beans, and Berries, which their Subjects almost load them with, according as they come in season.

It is usual, in their punishments, for the Sachim to whip, or put to death, with his own hand; unless a mutiny be suspected, and then the Sachim sends one of his chiefest Warriors, as a private executioner, to do the business in secret; but the Subjects are wonderfully resigned to the pleasure of their Prince in such cases.

But to return to the thread of history. When we had made our visit to the Indian King and Queen, we went to the Meeting-place, where the Lecture was preached by Mr. *Gookins*, upon that subject, "It is appointed unto men once to die; and after that, the judgement." The doctrine, I remember, was this, 'that Death is the unavoidable lot of all men.' Under this proposition he shewed them the necessity of dying, and the vast consequences that must follow upon it. The application was full of persuasions to them to make a speedy preparation for Death, which were supported with the very different motives of happiness or misery in the life to come.

The poor Indians were very much affected, and seemed to hang upon his lips.

The Reader may expect I should here give him some account of the Religion of the unconverted Indians; and I shall make it as short as I can.

The native Indians, that are not yet made proselytes to the Christian Faith, are possessed with very odd notions about the Gods; for they believe a plurality of them, that made the world, and maintain their propriety over the several Nations of it to this day. But among the rest of the Gods there is one (they say) towards the South-west regions of the Heavens, that makes the most considerable figure, and commands in chief.—The Devil appeared frequently to them at their seasons of worship, and gave them advice about their circumstances and affairs.—When they meet with any considerable success, either in hunting or fishing, they acknowledge God to be the author of it. Upon any disaster, they immediately

cry out, "God was angry, and did it." They make the South-west God to be the great Arbiter of Souls, from whom, they say, their corn and their beans come. They have also their Eastern, Western, and their Southern Gods, to whom they pay homage and religious worship. And besides these, they have Gods both for their Women and their Children.

I was once with an Indian youth that lay a-dying; and he called, with abundance of affection and concern, upon Muckquachuckquard; and those about him supposed this God had appeared to him, and promised him assistance.

They pay divine homage also to several of the creatures, in which they believe some Deity to be lodged. When they meet with any excellency in men or women, or any brute beasts, they immediately cry, "*Manitoo*, it is a God!" And when they talk familiarly among themselves, concerning the English Buildings, Ships, &c. they commonly conclude with "*Manitoowock*, they are Gods."

I was once with an English Minister, who understood their language, and there were a great number of Natives gathered to hear him. The Minister put this question to them, "Who made the World?" To this some of them replied, "*Tatta*, I cannot tell;" others said, "*Manitoowock*, the Gods." This gave him occasion to argue with them about the existence of one God; and afterwards he ran over the History of Creation, and the *Six days work*, and gave them the same account of it which Moses has done. They appeared well satisfied with the Gentleman's discourse; and, when he had finished, there was an Indian that addressed himself to the Sachim who was present, and told him, "that Souls went up to Heaven or down to Hell, though our Fathers have informed us that they go to the South-west." The Sachim asked him, "Whether he had seen some Souls go either to Heaven or Hell?" The Indian answered, "The Minister hath not seen them, and yet he affirms it." "Perhaps so," replied the Sachim; "but he has books and writings, and one which God himself made, which treats concerning Men's Souls; and we have none, you know, but must take all upon trust." We left them discoursing matters over thus among themselves.

These Indians have certain Priests among them, whom they call *Taupowauog* : and these make Speeches to them concerning Religion, and Peace, and War ; and indeed concerning all the occurrences of common life.

The salary of their Priests depends upon Feasts and Dances, which are very frequent ; and upon every such occasion, you may see forty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred of their *Taupowauogs* met together, in expectation of gifts ; and as they receive them, they go forth, and *hollow thrice* for the health and prosperity of the Benefactor.

These Priests live very peacefully, and do not approve of persecution for the cause of Religion ; which has made very much for the settlement and the happiness both of English and Dutch. Their notions about future happiness are very gross ; and their Heaven is much of the same nature with that which Mahomet has fancied for his Followers. They believe and teach the Immortality of the Soul ; and say, that, upon the death of a good man, his mind goes to the House of *Cautanwit*, where the whole collection of holy souls shall “ revel out an eternity in the pleasures of sense ;” but, on the contrary, the minds of bad men shall wander for ever in a restless condition.

As to the creation of mankind, they hold that *Kautan-towit* first shaped a Man and a Woman out of Stone ; but his performance did not please him, and thereupon he dashed them to pieces : but, making a second experiment upon a Tree, he succeeded so well in forming his new couple, that he let them alone, and they became the fountains of mankind. But how Life was procured for them, and how the Metamorphosis was performed, they have nothing to say.

When these Priests make a visit to a sick person, they threaten and conjure out the sickness ; for they conceive, there are many *little Deities* in the body of a man, as in his *heart*, his *lungs*, and his *pulse* ; and when any of these *divine energies* does but please to rouse itself, it can easily expel the distemper from the part over which it presides. But, when the *part affected* is so much out of order and indisposed that it becomes unfit for the habitation of the Deity, it is thereupon forsaken, the distemper prevails, and Death follows of necessity.—The Reli-

gion of these unconverted Indians is scarce more heathenish than their way of living.

The men make the poor *Squaws* their Wives do all the drudgery for them—as, labour in the field, plant, dress corn, and build up their *Wigwams*—whilst they live at ease themselves, and undertake no business, unless it be that of Hunting, and then they go forth in great numbers and drive all before them. They usually stay upon one place till they have destroyed all the Wood that is near them, and then they remove their *Wigwams*. They reckon *fuel* to be one considerable part of their subsistence, and think that other Nations are in the same condition with themselves; for they say the English came over to them because they wanted fuel.

Their division of *Time* is by *Sleeps, Moons, and Winters*; and, by lying abroad in the open air, they have made some observations upon the motions of the stars.

These native Indians were lying in this condition when the Rev. Mr. Eliot began to endeavour their conversion; and, in a little time after he had learned their language, and translated the Bible into their tongue, there were great numbers of them, especially about Natick, that were distinguished by the name of *Praying Indians*; and I have been an eye-witness of the wonderful success which the Gospel of Peace has had amongst them. Their manners became less barbarous; they formed themselves into more regular societies, and began to live after the English fashion.

Mr. Eliot reduced them to the Jewish Plan of Government, and for that purpose expounded to them Exodus xviii. And thereupon the converted Natives entered into the following covenant: “We are the sons of Adam. We and our forefathers have a long time been lost in our sins; but now the mercy of the Lord beginneth to find us out again; therefore, the grace of Christ helping us, we do give ourselves and our children unto God, to be his people. He shall rule us in all our affairs. The Lord is our Judge; the Lord is our Law-giver; the Lord is our King. He will save us; and the wisdom which God has taught us in his Book shall guide us. O Jehovah! teach us wisdom, send thy Spirit into our hearts, take us to be thy people, and let us take Thee to be our God.”

They made severe laws against all Prophaneness and Immorality ; and took great care to abandon polygamy, with which they were formerly over-run.

And now that I have given the most impartial account of the native Indians, I cannot but own their *conversion* to be one of the greatest wonders of Free Grace, and one of the greatest conquests of the everlasting Gospel. What more agreeable sight, than one who was born a Pagan, upon his knees, and there sending up his prayers, with abundance of devotion, in the name of the Holy Jesus, to the Living God?—In New-England there are six formed Churches of Indians that are baptized, and eighteen Assemblies of Catechumens that profess the Name of the blessed Jesus.

To return. The Natick Lecture was done about four in the afternoon, and we had twenty miles to Boston ; so that we were obliged to mount immediately, and make the best of our way.

We had rode but a few miles till Mr. Cook, with Madam Middleton behind him, gave us the slip, and missed their way (as we supposed) on purpose ; which occasioned some remarks ; though I hope there was more of suspicion than of truth in them.

Shortly after, the beautiful and religious Madam Brick and myself were very warmly engaged in discourse, and so lost both our way and the sight of our company ; and one misfortune led on to another, for we found ourselves among bogs, and encompassed with desperate precipices. However, we wandered as cheerfully as the circumstances would admit, for the world can scarce furnish a companion more agreeable than Madam Brick. This Lady had more charms than ever Calypso wore, when she kept Ulysses Prisoner in the chains of Love ; and I should certainly have fooled away my liberty, had not Iris been possessed of my whole soul, that not one single thought or wish could ever wander from her. After many dangers, and more fears, we came within sight of a gate, where we saw some horses tied, and found that our fellow travellers had alighted to refresh themselves there. This was no small satisfaction to us ; and, after a little refreshment, we set forward, and came to Boston very late that evening.

Upon my coming to Boston, I heard that the Rev. Mr. Morton (so much celebrated in England for his Piety and Learning) was just arrived from England, and with him his kinsman Dr. Morton the Physician. Mr. Morton did me the honour to declare he was very glad to see me; and I am sure I was glad to see him; not only as he brought me Letters from Iris, but for his own personal worth. The news of Mr. Morton's arrival was received here with extraordinary joy by the people in general, and they had reason for it; for, besides his being a useful man in fitting young men for the Ministry, he always gave a mighty character of New-England, which occasioned many to fly to it from the Persecution which was then raging in London.—I know it would be presumption in me, to draw Mr. Morton's character; yet (being personally acquainted with him) I cannot but attempt something like it. His conversation shewed him a Gentleman. He was the very Soul of Philosophy; the several Manuscripts he wrote for the use of his Private Academy sufficiently shewed this. He was the Repository of all Arts and Sciences, and of the Graces too. His Discourses were not stale, or studied, but always new and occasional; for, whatever subject was at any time started, he had still some pleasant and pat story for it. His Sermons were high, but not soaring; practical, but not low. His Memory was as vast as his Knowledge, yet (so great was his humility) he knew it the least of any man. He was as far from pride as ignorance; and, if we may judge of a man's Religion by his Charity (and can we go by a surer rule?) he was a sincere Christian.

Mr. Morton being thus accomplished (as all will own but Sam Wesley, who has fouled his nest * in hopes of a Bishopric) he certainly must be the fittest to bring up young men to the Ministry, of any in England. It is true, he brought up chiefly the Children of Dissenters, yet was (as all good men are) a man of universal charity. In a word, Mr. Charles Morton (late of Newington Green) was that pious and learned man, by whose instructions my Reverend and worthy Uncle, Mr. *Obadiah Marriat*, was so well qualified for the work of the Ministry. To this instance I might add, that Mr. John

* See his Satire against Private Academies.

Shower and other eminent Preachers owe that fame they have in the World to his great skill in their education.—Mr. Morton, having served his generation according to the will of God, is fallen asleep in New-England, and is there buried by the side of his virtuous Wife.

In the same ship with Mr. Morton came over one Mrs. Hicks, with the valuable *Venture* of her beautiful person, which went off at an extraordinary rate; she marrying a Merchant in Salem worth thirty thousand pounds; and therefore I do not wonder that so many pretty women venture themselves to the West-Indies*, since they succeed so well, and are a commodity that makes such vast returns.—Female Reader, by this you see, that, if your Beauty is but equal to your Virtue, I could put you into a ready way of turning Merchant; but Virtue alone will not do. I confess, Virtue is the best commodity; yet Beauty in this market yields the highest price. But where they both meet (as they did in Mrs. Hicks, for she was truly virtuous and a perfect Beauty), they are the best Cargo that a Ship can carry.

By this time there were about two thirds of my *Venture of Books*; gone off; and I was fearful to sell any more at Boston till the old scores were discharged; for, besides all the money I had taken, there was about four hundred pounds owing me, in Boston and the towns adjacent, at my return from Natick.

It began to run in my head, that Mr. Sewel, one of the Magistrates in Salem, had invited me thither, and told me, if I sent part of my *Venture* there, he would do me all the service that was possible in the sale of them. Upon these thoughts, I made a journey to Salem.

I rambled to Salem all alone, save by a sympathy, or intercourse of souls (a new way of converse, which Love has found out), I had dear Iris's company. I trudged it on foot, like a mere *Coryat*†, but shall say nothing of the several places I went through (designing to insert them in "The History of my Travels." But it may not be altogether unprofitable to tell you how I employed myself as I rambled along; for, though I went by myself,

* The East Indian market was then not opened. EDIT.

† The celebrated Pedestrian Traveller. EDIT.

yet I wanted not company, but conversed with every thing I met with.

The first that saluted me was a curious Bird, whose feathers were as various as the rainbow ; from whence I inferred, "If God does so gloriously adorn the fowls of the air, which he created for the use of man, how glorious must the garments of Salvation be (those robes of Righteousness) with which the Saints shall be clothed, when they shall shine forth as the Sun in the Kingdom of their Father !" But this Bird that I met with was not only remarkable for the fineness of her feathers, but also for the sweetness of her notes ; from whence I again inferred, "What an ungrateful creature Man is, who, when all creatures, like this pretty Bird, chaunt forth their Maker's praise, remains dumb and silent, although he was created with the most proper organs of Speech to sound forth the praise of his God !"

Though the shining of the Sun in the morning promised me a fair day, yet I had not been above an hour on the road, before the Sun withdrew his beams, and hid himself behind a cloud, which made me very melancholy, and my way uncomfortable. This caused in me a double reflection ; first, "How comfortable a thing it is to have the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his wings, arise upon the Soul. At such a time, though the soul walks through the valley of the shadow of death, yet it will fear no evil." But then I also reflected, "How uncomfortable a thing it is, when God withdraws the light of his countenance from a gracious Soul : it makes the wheels of his chariot move heavily, and, though the soul may keep on his way, it is very uncomfortable."

I had not gone a mile farther, before the Sun was got again from behind the cloud, and shined forth with more resplendent brightness than before, and continued shining all the day after ; so that I could not but wonder at the glory of it, and at the same time reflect, "How bright must that Glory be which shall darken the glory of that Sun." I still went on, and considered, "This Sun, as glorious as it is, must set anon ; but, in Heaven, the Sun of Glory shines for ever."

Soon after this, I passed by a heap of stones, laid there, as I supposed, to mend the ways which are dirty in Win-

ter. These stones took up my thoughts a while, which made me think again, "That some instruction might be gathered from them; and I considered that, when the ground is paved with them, they are laid in the dirt themselves, and yet keep others out of it." This made me reflect upon "the sad condition of those who preach to others, and are instruments of saving of their souls, and yet themselves are cast-aways."

In going along the Woods, I observed that several branches of the highest Trees had been broke off by the wind, and lay underneath on the ground, whereas the Shrubs that grew below were out of danger, and standing whole. This made me reflect, "What pains men take to mount the pinnacle of honour, when they but thereby make their falls the greater; while those that are in a low condition, live more securely, and are out of danger :

‘————— Honour 's a bubble ;
And let blind Fortune, where she will, bestow her,
Set me on Earth, and I can fall no lower.'"

With these and the like reflections I entertained myself upon the road; and about two of the clock I reached Captain *Marshal's* house, which is half way between Boston and Salem. Here I stayed to refresh nature with a pint of sack and a good fowl. Captain *Marshal* is a hearty old Gentleman, formerly one of *Oliver's* Soldiers, upon which he very much values himself. He had all the history of the Civil Wars at his fingers ends; and, if we may believe him, *Oliver* did hardly any thing that was considerable without his assistance : if I would have stayed as long as he would have talked, he would have spoiled my ramble to Salem.

About six of the clock in the afternoon I came to Salem, and found the town about a mile long, with many fine houses in it, and is reported the next town to Boston for Trade. The first person I went to visit in Salem was *Mr. Herrick*. How kindly he received a poor Traveller whose life he had saved at sea, you may easier guess than I relate. From his house we went to take a glass, and talk over our Sea-voyage. What we found hard to suffer, it was easy to recite : nay, there is a certain kind of pleasure in the reflecting upon dangers that are past ;

and though *now* it was two months since I had the deliverance, it was still fresh in my remembrance.

When we were at the Tavern, among other things, I renewed my acknowledgments for his former favours; and drank a kind remembrance, in wine, to the bottle of water that had saved my life at sea; and, after that, to Captain Jenner and to the rest of our Ship's Crew.

Reader, I have already told you, that Travellers take a pleasure in recounting their past dangers; and had you heard how Herrick was affected with it, you would own him my true Friend. He spake of Iris with much honour and respect; and I believe we drank her health five times in an hour's sitting.

From hence he went with me to take a Warehouse, which I thought stood very conveniently. Having settled that affair, Mr. Herrick gave me a Fish-dinner, and fain would have had me lodged with him; which I should have accepted, but that Mr. *Sewel*, the Magistrate of Salem, sent me word "he should take it unkindly, if I did not make his house my quarters." Whereupon I desired Mr. Herrick's excuse, and lay at Mr. Sewel's that night. His entertainment was kind and generous; and, had I stayed a month there, I had been welcome *gratis*.

Reader, to give you Mr. Sewel's character in brief. He is the chief Magistrate in Salem: his care is to live so as to be an example to the people; he is the mirror of hospitality; and neither Abraham nor Lot were ever more kind to strangers.

Having slept well in my new quarters, the next day I went to pay a visit to the Ministers of Salem; for you know, Reader, they are the greatest Benefactors to Booksellers; so that, my paying them a visit was but, in other words, to go among my Customers.

The first I visited was Mr. *Higgins*, an antient Minister; he resembles my Reverend Father-in-law, both in his person and zeal for Religion. All men look on him as a common Father; and on old age, for his sake, as a reverend thing. He is eminent for Learning, Humility, Charity, and all those shining graces that adorn a Minister. His very presence and face puts Vice out of countenance. He is now in his eightieth year (yet preaches every Sunday), and his conversation is a glimpse of Hea-

ven. I dined twice at his house, where he promised me great assistance in my business, and spake of my Reverend Father-in-law with much respect.

From Mr. Higgins's I went to visit Mr. *Noyse* (his Assistant). I spent several agreeable hours in this Gentleman's company, which I thought no ordinary blessing; for he is all that is delightful in conversation, so easy company, and so far from all constraint, that it is a real pleasure to talk with him. He gave me a generous welcome to Salem; and it is no lessening to his Brother Higgins, to say he is no ways inferior to him for good preaching, or primitive living.

I must also remember the great civilities I met at Salem from Mr. *Epes*, the most eminent Schoolmaster in New-England. He hath sent many Scholars to the University in New-England. He is much of a Gentleman; yet has not humbled his meditations to the industry of compliments, nor afflicted his brain in an elaborate leg, (he cannot kiss his hand, and cry, "Madam, your humble servant;" nor talk idle enough to bear her company). But though a School, and the Hermitage of his Study, has made him uncourtly, yet (which is a finer accomplishment) he is a person of solid Learning; and does not, like some Authors, lose his time by being busy about nothing, nor make so poor a use of the World, as to hug and embrace it.

By the frequent conference I had with him, I found him to be a person of great worth; he is free from vice, if ever any man was, for he hath no occasion to use it; and, being a good man, is above those ends that make men wicked. I shall only add, I lately received a Letter from Mr. *Epes* for two hundred pounds' worth of Books; but, having given a *farewell to Trade*, I desire this *character* may serve as an answer to it.

Meeting with so good Friends in Salem, I began to think myself at home again; and, could I have put Iris out of my mind, I might, perhaps, have forgot London; but Iris had got so firm a possession of my heart, and London so great a right to my friendship, that still the name of my native Country bewitched me. And it was thus with the *first Planters* of this country, who were ever, to their eightieth year, still pleasing themselves with hopes of

their returning to England. But it was now my duty (and the discharge of my present duty, I thought, would help to the better performance of future duties) to look upon that as my native Country where I could thrive and prosper. I carried about me but six ounces of dust, which I owed to our common Mother (for the Chemists of Cardan found no more in the ashes of a calcined body); and I did not matter where my tabernacle was dissolved, or where I paid so small a debt. All places are alike distant from Heaven; and, having married a kind Wife, I thought it my duty to provide for her. I did not care whether I met the Sun at his rising or going down, provided only I could serve Iris. But now *exit Spouse*; that is, till I am settled so well in Salem as to have nothing to think of else.

Having spent four days in Salem, taken a Warehouse, encouraged in the design I had formed, and taken my leave of Sewel, Herrick, Drinkwater, and the rest of my Salem Friends; I returned to Boston, sent away my Books, and entrusted *Palmer* as Factor for me. My Books went off apace there for a while; but Palmer, my Apprentice, being at some distance from his Master, began to neglect the Warehouse, and follow Hunting and Shooting. So soon as I was informed of this, I wrote him a very gentle Letter; and told him how his credit with me was gone back, and what matters were like to issue in, should he persist in the neglect of Business.

The *hints* I gave him were so effectual, that he returned me a very penitential Letter upon the same account; which I will here insert as a caution to *eye-servants*, and shall introduce it with my Letter to Palmer.

"SAMUEL,

Boston, April 4, 1686.

"When I consider your care of me in my *sea-sickness* during our voyage to Boston, I cannot but be extremely troubled to hear you neglect my Business in Salem. Sure, Sam, you forget the credit and good name of a Servant is more than a Portion; then return to your Business, with your wonted diligence. Sam, I own you shewed a great affection to me when you offered to go round the World with me, when I left it to your choice, either to stay in London, or to travel with me; but pray take notice that it is only perseverance in well-doing that

meets with a reward. Remember what Randolph says :

" Thy credit wary keep : 'tis quickly gone ;
Being got by many actions, lost by one."

" Sam, it is chiefly for your sake that I am thus concerned ; for the injury you do me by neglecting my Warehouse (though very prejudicial to my affairs, for as much as my return to England depends upon your dispatch at Salem) is yet but small, in comparison to the wrong you do to your reputation. All I aim at in this Letter is your reformation ; then repent of your *eye-service* (for you were very diligent while you lived under my roof), and I will both pardon and forgive your fault ; though I will never forget your love, in venturing your life with me. Your compliance herein shall still cause me to be

" Your loving Master, JOHN DUNTON."

Upon the receipt of this Letter, Palmer sent me the following answer :

" HONOURED SIR, *Salem, April 10, 1686.*

" Since my first coming to live with you, I acknowledge I have received nothing but *kindness* from you ; but your last Letter has been a greater favour to me than all that I received before, for it has brought me to a sight of my sins ; and your goodness in promising, upon my return, to pardon and forget my faults, makes me the more sensible of them. Sir, if the repenting of my negligence will set me right in your good opinion, I will double my diligence for the time to come ; and hope, by a close application to business, to dispose of your Books in a few days. Sir, if this confession and penitence will make amends for my former neglects, I do faithfully promise you, that, during the remainder of my time, I will always approve myself

" Your faithful Servant, SAMUEL PALMER."

Palmer's amendment and diligent attendance at the Warehouse made the Books move off with new life again ; and in a few weeks he had sold all that were worth the while to stay for. Upon this, Palmer returned to Boston, where I shook hands with him, in regard he had not the courage to see Old England again, for he had been dabbling in Monmouth's Adventure. However, when his Apprenticeship was expired, he ventured to

come to London, where I received him with as much tenderness as if he had been my Child (for I could not forget his kindness to me at Sea); but Sam having a greater fancy to Shooting than Bookselling, got a post in the Army, and, riding to see his Captain, was drowned.

But to return to the thread of my History. Having disposed of my *Venture* at Salem, parted with Palmer, and committed my Boston affairs to my kind Landlord (Mr. Richard Wilkins), I hoped now in a few days to take my leave of this New World, and to embark for England. But I see now, when a man is born under a *rambling Planet*, all that he does to fix him at home does but hasten his travels abroad; for, though I was now weary of New-England (for it was not *home*, nor was Iris there), yet I had a mind to view a few more of the towns before I left it.

I was blest with the company of Mrs. *Comfort* (my Landlord's Daughter) in this new Adventure. All things being ready for this Indian Ramble, I took my Fair-one up behind me, and rode to the river that parts Boston from Ipswich, which though it be often, and usually crossed in a Canoe, yet I rather chose to cross it in a *Ferry*, having my horse with me.

Having crossed the river, we mounted again, and rode on our way, meeting as we rambled along with two or three Indians, who courteously saluted us with "What cheer, *Netop*?" *Netop*, in the Indian language, signifies *Friend*. I returned their salutation, and passed on, not without observing that there is a vein of civility and courtesy runs in the blood of these wild Indians, both among themselves and towards strangers.

The first town we came to was Marvail, which consists only of a few scattered houses, orchards, and gardens, with good pastures and arable land. We here stayed for refreshment, and had the luck to see an Indian woman walking by the door with a child at her back, who, our Landlord told us, had not been delivered above two days, so that the curse laid upon women, of "bringing forth children in sorrow," is mightily moderated to the Indian women; for they have a far more moderate labour, and a more speedy and easy delivery, than most

of our European women ; which, I believe, in a great measure is occasioned by the hardness of their constitution, and by their extraordinary labour in the field, as carrying of mighty burdens, and beating their corn in a mortar, &c. I was hugely amazed at this account of the Indian women ; but our landlord stopped our wondering, by further telling us " that most of the Indian women count it a shame for a woman to complain when she is in labour, and many of them are scarcely heard to groan." It seems, it is a common thing among them, to have a woman merry in the house, and in half an hour's time delivered, and merry again, and within two days abroad (as we saw verified in this Indian woman), and after four or five days at work.

Having left Marvail behind us, we rambled on towards Wenham. When we came to Wenham (which is an inland town, well stored with men and cattle), we paid a visit to Mr. *Gery*, the present minister of that place.

Wenham is a delicious paradise : it abounds with all rural pleasures, and I would chuse it above all other towns in America, to dwell in. The lofty trees on each side of it are a sufficient shelter from the winds ; and the warm sun so kindly ripens both the fruits and flowers, as if the Spring, the Summer, and the Autumn, had agreed together to thrust Winter out of doors.

It were endless to enter on a detail of each faculty of Learning Mr. *Gery* is master of, and therefore take his character in short hand. The Philosopher is acute, ingenious, and subtle ; the Divine curious, orthodox, and profound ; the Man of a majestic air without austerity or sourness ; his aspect is masterly and great, yet not imperious or haughty : the Christian is devout, without moroseness or starts of holy frenzy and enthusiasm ; the Preacher is primitive, without the accessional colours of whining or cant, and methodical, without intricacy or affectation ; and, which crowns his character, he is a man of a public spirit, zealous for the conversion of the Indians, and of great hospitality to strangers. He gave us a noble dinner, and entertained us with such *pleasant fruits* as, I must own, Old England is a stranger to.

Taking leave of this generous Levite, we now thought it high time to prosecute our designed Ramble to Ipswich

(which has its name from a town in England). As we were riding along, I engaged Mrs. Comfort in a discourse on Platonian Love. * * * * * But our conversation was interrupted by a friendly Indian's overtaking us, who was going to Ipswich as well as we; and the evening being advanced, we were glad of his company. When we came to Ipswich, I would have treated our Indian with a bottle of wine; but he very thankfully refused it, and so we parted.

We took up our quarters at Mr. *Steward's* house (uncle to Mrs. Comfort.) His joy to see his niece at Ipswich was sufficiently expressed by the kind welcome we met with: our supper was a fat pig, and a bowl of punch, yet I had so great a desire to go to bed, as made it to me a troublesome piece of kindness. Supper being over, I took my leave of my fellow-traveller, and was conducted to my apartment by Mrs. *Steward* herself; whose character I shall not attempt to-night, being so very weary, but reserve it till to-morrow morning.

Having reposed myself all night upon a bed of down, I rose early the next morning; and, having taken a view of Ipswich, I found it a good Haven-town. Their Meeting-house (or Church) is built very beautifully. There is store of gardens about it, and good land for tillage.

But I remember, Reader, I promised to give you Mrs. *Steward's* character. Her stature is of a middle size, her face round and pretty, her speech and behaviour gentle and courteous. She is all obedience; the Hyacinth follows not the Sun more willingly than she her Husband's pleasure: her household is her charge; her only pride is to be neat and cleanly; she is both wise and religious; and, in a word, whatsoever men may talk of magic, there is none charms like her. This is the true picture of Mrs. *Steward*; and, if I attempt her *Husband's* character, the least I can say of him is, he is so kind a Husband, he is worthy of the Wife he enjoys, and would even make a bad Wife good by his example.

Ipswich is a country town, not very large; and when a stranger arrives there, it is quickly known to every one. It is no wonder then that, the next day after our arrival, the news of it was carried to Mr. *Hubbald*, the minister of the town; who, hearing I had brought to Boston a great

Venture of Learning, did me the honour to make me a visit, and afterwards kindly invited me (and my fellow-traveller) to his own house, where he was pleased to give us a very handsome entertainment. It is no easy matter to give a true character of Mr. Hubbald. The benefit of nature, and the fatigue of study, have equally contributed to his eminence; neither are we less obliged to both than himself, for he freely communicates of his Learning to all who have the happiness to share in his converse. In a word, he is learned without ostentation and vanity, and gives all his productions such a delicate turn and grace (as is seen in his printed Sermons and "History of the Indian Wars,") that the features and lineaments of the Child make a clear discovery and distinction of the Father; yet is he a man of singular modesty, of strict morals, and has done as much for the conversion of the Indians, as most men in New England.

Having answered Mr. Hubbald some questions about the Books I had brought over, and shewn him a Catalogue of them, I took my leave, and returned back with Mrs. Comfort to her uncle Steward's, with whom she stayed till I returned from Wonasquam, an Indian town, where I went next. On the road to Wonasquam, I met an Indian woman, with her face all over blacked with soot, having a very sorrowful look; and quickly after two or three Indian men, in the same black and mournful condition: that, had I been alone, it would have frightened me; but, having a guide with me, I was well enough; indeed they all passed by us very civilly, saying only, "*As-cowequassumummis*;" which is in English "Good morrow to you." My guide asked me, "if I had ever seen any of those black-faced Indians before?" I told him "No;" and asked him "what the meaning of it was?" He told me, "they had some relation lately dead, and that the blacking of their faces was equivalent to the Englishmen's going into mourning for their dead relations. Where there is any Indian dead," continued my Guide, "they express it by saying *He is in black*, (that is, he hath some dead in his house); and some lay on the soot so very thick, that they clot it with their tears; and this blacking and lamenting they observe divers months, if the person dying be great and public."

After a long and difficult Ramble, we came at last to the Indian town called *Wonasquam*. It is a very sorry sort of a town, but better to come at by land than by water, for it is a dangerous place to sail by, especially in stormy weather. We saw several other mourning Indians in this town; and upon inquiry we found that one of the chief Indians in the town was lately dead, and was to be buried that night.

Having never seen an Indian Burial, I stayed till the solemnity was over, which was thus performed:—First, the gravest amongst them wound up, and prepared the dead body for the coffin. When the Mourners came to the grave, they laid the body by the grave's mouth, and then all the Indians sat down and lamented; and I observed tears to run down the cheeks of the oldest amongst them, as well as from little children. After the dead body was laid in the grave (and in some parts some of their goods are cast in with them), they then made a second great lamentation. Upon the grave they spread the mat that the deceased died on, the dish he eat in, and two of the Indians hung a fair coat of skin upon the next tree to the grave, which (as my guide informed me) none will touch, but suffer it there to rot with the dead.

There was nothing else remarkable to be seen in the town; and therefore, as soon as the Indian was buried, I returned back with my guide to Ipswich; and having stayed some little time with my worthy friend Mr. Steward, myself and Mrs. Comfort took our leaves, and made the best of our way for Boston, where we arrived to the great satisfaction of my good landlord and his wife; Mrs. Comfort being no less pleased with the pleasure of her journey, than I with her good company.

I had now no more business in New England, but just to pay a farewell to Mr. Burroughs, that was so kind to me at my first landing, and to shake hands with Mr. Wilkins (my landlord), his wife, and daughter.

And here I shall first take my leave of Mr. *Francis Burroughs*; for I wanted till now an opportunity to thank him for the many civilities he heaped upon me in Boston; for he not only lent me money (the true touchstone of friendship), but made me his bed-fellow, got me the Freedom of Boston, and was the chief person I advised with under any difficulty.

His person is handsome (I do not know whether he knows it or no), and his mind has as many charms; he is a man of remarkable chastity, of a great deal of wit, and his repartees are so quaint, apposite, and genteel, it is a pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself; in the mean time, he is neither scurrilous nor prophane, but a scrupulous, honest, conscientious man; so that he is what we may call a Religious Merchant, and (I was going to say) he hates Vice almost as much by nature as grace. And this I think is his true character. But I must remember Captain Leg is ready to sail, and I have other Farewells to make; and so, worthy Friend, adieu.

I come next to honest *Wilkins*, my landlord; for I should think myself very unkind should I leave Boston without shaking hands with a person I lived with near eight months. His person is tall, his aspect sweet and smiling, and (though but fifty years old) his hair as white as snow. He was formerly a Bookseller in Limerick, and fled hither on the account of conscience. He is a person of good sense, keeps up the practice of Religion in his family, and (upon a nice search into all his affairs) I found it had a general influence on all the actions of his life. He was deservedly chosen a member of Mr. Willard's Church; and I do think he is a pious man, if there is such a thing in Boston.—But, dear Sir, adieu; for the wind is fair, and I must be gone; but I leave your company with as much regret as ever I did any earthly blessing.

My next Farewell shall be to Mrs. *Wilkins*, my obliging landlady. She is a tender Wife, a kind Mother, and is a woman well poised in all humours; or, in other words, Mrs. Wilkins is a person of an even temper, which rendered her conversation more agreeable than those that laugh more, but smile less. Some there are who spend more spirits in straining for an hour's mirth, than they can recover in a month, which renders them so unequal company; whilst she is always equal, and the same. It is virtue to know her, wisdom to converse with her, and joy to behold her; or (to do her justice in fewer words) she is the counterpart of her pious Husband, who without her, is but half himself. I might enlarge; but I fear

if I write on, I shall lose my passage ; and so, kind lady, adieu.

Having taken leave of the Father and Mother, my last visit must be to the Daughter : and sheer gratitude obliges to this farewell ; for you, Mrs. *Comfort*, may well take it amiss, if I should forget your favours to me in your Father's house, your pleasant company to Ipswich, your assistance when I was ill, and the noble Looking-glass you sent my Dear—and all this with a world of innocence ; for, though I had fair opportunities to try your virtue, yet I never was so wicked ; and you must say, if you do me justice, that you found me a *true Platonick*.

Having taken a *final leave* of my American Friends, my stay from Iris and my native country grew now very tedious to me ; so, putting three hundred pounds (that was yet unpaid me) in Mr. Wilkins's hands, I committed myself once more to the mercy of the Ocean ; and, to make short of it, I agreed with Mr. Samuel Leg for my passage to England. The ship was burthen 150 tons. There were only two passengers (Mr. Mortimer and Mr. King) besides myself. When the ship was ready to sail, I was attended on board by Dr. Bullevant, Mr. Wilkins, Mr. York, Mr. Gouge, Mr. Heath, Mr. Tryon, Mr. Green, and some other of my Boston Friends. The Captain entertained them with Wine, Beer, Cyder, and Neats-Tongues.

So soon as ever my Friends were gone off to shore, our Captain ordered all his guns to fire, which were accompanied with huzza's and shouts, and shaking of hats, till we had lost all sight of our Friends.

“ Kind Boston, adieu ; part we must, though 't is pity ;
But I 'm made for mankind, and all the World is my City.
Look how on the shore they hoop and they hollow,
Not for joy I am gone, but for grief they can't follow.”

The Captain was very generous ; and our passage was as swift and as safe as one would wish ; so that my thoughts were now reconciled to voyaging again. The first land I saw was the *Lizard*, and cutting our way directly up the Channel, we cast anchor in the Downs, where we rode but one night, and the next day came safe to Gravesend ; but at night most of the Ship's crew going ashore, there were *two boys* that took the opportunity to steal what they

thought convenient, and carry it off in the Long-boat. And here I have reason to make acknowledgment for the care of Providence; in regard I had a trunk with 400*l.* in it, that stood upon my desk with my linen—and the boys had only removed my trunk, and taken away my desk.

The next morning we came up the River with the tide, and cast anchor at Ratcliffe, where I went ashore, to visit my sister Mary, then living with Mrs. Adams. She expressed an unusual joy to see me returned in safety; told me dear Iris was well; and walked with me towards Spital-fields, and then returned. I was now afraid that excess of joy might prove fatal to Iris; and therefore I thought it would be more prudent not to discover myself all at once. This fancy pleased me well enough, in regard I thought my own condition did not a little resemble the fate of Ulysses at his return from the Trojan war; and therefore I turned-in at the Queen's-head tavern in Spital-fields; sent immediately for my sister Sudbury; and desired her to go and tell dear Iris, "there was a gentleman waiting for her there, who could give her some account of Philaret."

About an hour after, Iris came; and at the first interview we stood speechless, and gazing upon each other, whilst Iris shed a flood of tears. At last we got our tongues at liberty; and then

"Embrac'd and talk'd, as meeting Lovers would,
Who had the pangs of absence understood."

We left the Tavern, and went home to Dr. Annesley's, where I was received with all the marks of kindness and respect.

At my return, I expected nothing but a golden life of it for the future, though all my satisfactions were soon withered; for, being so deeply entangled for my Sister-in-law, I was not suffered to step over the threshold in ten months, unless it was once under disguise; and the story is this. My confinement growing very uneasy to me, especially on Lord's-days; I was extremely desirous to hear Dr. Annesley preach; and immediately this contrivance was started in my head, that dear Iris should dress me in woman's cloaths, and I would venture myself abroad under those circumstances. To make

short of it, I got myself shaved, and put on as effeminate a look as my countenance would let me; and being well fitted out with a large scarf, I set forward; but every step I took, the fear was upon me that it was made out of form. As for my arms, I could not tell how to manage them, being altogether ignorant to what figure they should be reduced. At last I got safe to the Meeting, and sat down in the obscurest corner I could find. But, as I was returning through Bishopsgate-street, with all the circumspection and the care imaginable (and I then thought I had done it pretty well), there was an unlucky rogue cried out, "I'll be hang'd if that ben't a man in woman's cloaths." This put me into my preternaturals indeed, and I began to scour off as fast as my legs would carry me: there were at least 20 or 30 of them that made after me; but, being acquainted with the alleys, I dropped them, and came off with honour. My Reverend Father-in-law Dr. Annesley knew nothing of this religious metamorphosis; and though I do not think he would have suffered it, yet my inclination to public worship was justifiable enough. But I have no need to apologize here, for it is common for men to conceal themselves in women's apparel. The Lord G—y made his escape from the Tower in petticoats; and that brave man, the Earl of Argyle *, made a shift to escape his destiny by exchanging cloaths with his daughter.

At last, purely to oblige my Sister, I took a trip over to Holland, Flanders, Germany, &c.; though she has now forgot every circumstance of it; for the memories of most people are something slippery in such cases, unless they be refreshed. I was attended, on my way to Stratford, by dear Iris, Sister Sault, Brother Sudbury, and other Friends; and there I met with my old acquaintance Mr. Roberts, who treated me with the affection and the generosity of a Friend. But, the Harwich coach being just going, I could not stay long in Stratford, and so was torn from the arms of dear Iris and the rest of my relations, and forced to seek my fortune once more

* Archibald Campbell, ninth Earl of Argyle, escaped from Prison in 1681.

in a Foreign Country. When I came to Harwich, the packet-boat was ready to sail, with a fair wind; and by five next evening we landed at the Brill. My fellow passengers were, Mr. Cossart, friend to Mr. Dangerfield; and Mr. Mazot, a considerable Merchant in Amsterdam. Before we left the Brill, I took a full view of it; in regard it was one of the *Cautionary-towns* that were pawned to England in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It once made a good figure, and had a *voice* among the States: but Rotterdam has now engrossed most of its trade, and the inhabitants support themselves by fishing.

In our way to Rotterdam, we passed through three old towns, Flardin, Schiedam, and Delf-Haven. So soon as we arrived at Rotterdam, I went to visit Mr. Richardson (a true Nathanael), who was married to my Wife's Sister; and I took lodgings with him for the time I stayed there.

At that time the waters swelled so high in the City, that the boats were employed in the streets. There were many that lost their lives in this flood, and there were general apprehensions that Holland would be overflowed. I scoured up into the garret, I remember; and there were none could persuade me to leave *the Ark* till the waters were abated. You might now have seen all sorts of household-stuff swimming about the streets, and abundance of people sailing for their safety and their lives, in tubs, and tuns, and hampers, to the ships, that were driven almost to their doors.

At the time I was there, Mr. Hill and Mr. Spademan were Ministers of the English Church, and Mr. Fleming of the Scotch Church.

Mr. *Hill* is a solid Divine, and well furnished for the Ministry, which he makes his choice, and not his refuge, in regard his circumstances do not make any such dependence necessary for him. His natural temper is full of peace and good-humour; which, being heightened and adorned both with Learning and Grace, makes him shine forth to the world with a considerable degree of eminence.

Mr. *Spademan* is a hearty Friend, and knows the Fo-

reign Languages as well as that he was born to. In his common discourse, there is substance, as well as rhetoric; and he utters more things than words. He delivers himself in the Pulpit with a wonderful degree of *concern* upon him; and the reason why he is not so popular as some others is, perhaps, because his worth is not so well known. He is one that knows the *burden* of his calling; and hath studied much to make his shoulder sufficient. He hath looked into all Religions, and anchored in the best; and is a Dissenter out of judgment, not faction; not because his Country, but his Reason, is on this side. His Sermons are limited by the *method*, not the hour-glass; and his devotion goes along with him out of the Pulpit. He honoured me with several Letters after my return from Holland, and sent me over the Books of a foreign growth which he thought might be serviceable in an English dress. I was obliged to his friendship for the two volumes of the "Edict of Nantes;" and by that means I prevented the London Booksellers that were going upon the same design.

Mr. *Fleming* was master of a large extent of Learning, and quite beyond the *depth* of our common Preachers. His *principles* were very moderate; but his *writings* have made him better known to the world than I can here describe him.

The inhabitants of Rotterdam have driven a considerable trade for a long time with the English. In the year 1674, at the opening of the waters after a frost, there were 300 ships that sailed thence for England, with an Easterly wind.

Rotterdam is the place where the learned Erasmus was born, who has a brazen statue erected to his memory in the Market-place. The buildings in this City are well enough, but not so rich and high as those in Amsterdam, Leyden, and Haerlem. Their great Church is a vast height, where several Admirals lie entombed. I was to see their Admiralty, East-India, and Stadt-houses.

My only Bookseller in this City was Mr. *Leers*. He is an Alderman's Fellow, and a very eminent Christian. He never seems better than he is, that he might gain a false reputation from others; but reckons "Godliness to

be his greatest gain." Leers is chief Bookseller in Holland, and is much envied by his learned Brethren; yet he never lets the reins of his passion loose to his malice and revenge, nor gives (though he knows him his enemy) rash judgment upon any man: so that Leers is a rich, pious, humble man; and sets no greater value upon himself than he really deserves.

When I had spent some days at Rotterdam, I sent the following Letter to dear Iris.

"MY DEAR,

"I am afraid you will expect this Letter with some impatience before it comes. My passage over was very comfortable, and very swift; and I wanted nothing but your company to have made it more so. We arrived at the Brill about five next evening after I parted with you; and thence I came to Rotterdam, where I have taken up my lodgings with your Brother, Mr. Richardson. The greatest danger I have been exposed to since I left you was occasioned by the swelling of the waters here in Rotterdam; but, for my own refuge, I ran up into the garret, where I bestowed myself till I perceived the waters began to ebb. I cannot express what losses this City has sustained by this deluge, which has buried vast numbers of the inhabitants alive; and those of them that are yet militant look pale with fears and apprehensions; for they do not know what designs there may be against them for the future, though they have little to lose, besides themselves.

"My Dear, now methinks I am overladen with melancholy—after I had weathered out all the deaths and dangers of the Atlantic Ocean, to be again torn from the arms of Iris! When shall my stars have spent all their adverse influences which they had in store? When shall I be restored to Iris, and my native home? However, though my fate should carry me to the utmost limits both of the Earth and Seas, I shall never lose the fair image of dear Iris from my breast. Were there ever any that loved to such excess as we, and yet were so unhappy? What should hinder that you cannot come over to me? Ah, but then I should dread every wave, and every gust of wind, lest it should have done some mischief to dear Iris. I hope you can better support your-

self under the absence of Philaret, than he can possibly under yours. My duty, and love, and service, to all the Family, and to every one of our Relations. The Lord raise up a Paradise for you in your own breast. I am

“Your most affectionate PHILARET.”

To this Letter dear Iris returned the following answer:

“DEAREST LIFE!

“This day I received yours, which has given new life to me after a tedious expectation. I am afraid you indulge your melancholy, which may destroy your humour and health; and then what would become of the happiness of poor Iris in this life? Pray, my Dear, why so affectionately unkind to me, as to say that I can better endure your absence than you can possibly support yourself under mine? I thought you had been sufficiently sensible of an equal return to your affections from faithful Iris. I could almost myself begin a new courtship to have you home again.

“You say the waters swelled so prodigiously, that you took refuge in a Gartet; but did you make sure of your *Ruffles** before you ran for it? But why should I be so pleasant upon you? I should have run out at the top of the house, had I been within the reach of the same danger. Pray, my Dear, if there is any suspicion of the same element for the future, be sure you retreat into the Highland Country.

“I have repented five thousand times that I suffered you to go alone. I smarted sufficiently in the same respect when you made your voyage to New-England. But, as you say, I know not what should hinder me to ramble with you. I would undertake a pilgrimage as far as Mecca, to be with you; and surely every breath of wind will be as kind and as innocent as I. I have asked my Father’s advice about it, and he is unwilling I should run the hazard of it this Winter. But tell me seriously in your next whether you would have me come? for you would but look very oddly upon me, if you invited me in *jest*; and I should come over to you in *earnest*; and for your satisfaction I would haunt you like a *ghost*, and not be a minute out of your company. However, if the affairs of my Sister B—— cannot be adjusted, you shall

* See page 88.

certainly see me. But I am the less concerned, being convinced the disappointments we meet with in the poor trifles of this World, cannot lessen, but do increase our affections. Then pr'ythee, my Dear, shew thy love to me by taking care of yourself. Get thee warm cloaths, woollen waistcoats, and buy a cloak. Be cheerful, want for nothing; doubt not but God will provide for us. Now is the time for us to live a life of Faith, to depend wholly upon Him; for He never yet disappointed any that put their trust in Him. My Dear, I might enlarge; but to tell thee I love thee passionately and sincerely, I hope, is now needless. However, I will write you a longer Letter on Friday, when I come from Chiswick, whither I am to go on Thursday, with Cousin R—— and Uncle and Aunt Zach——. My Father, Mother, and Sisters, send their love and service; and, as for my own part, I would willingly convey myself to you. Take notice, I will write every week; and am

“Your sincere, affectionate, and faithful, IRIS.”

From Rotterdam I removed to Delft; and my passage thither led me through Overskirk, a pleasant village, where there is a considerable School for the Latin and the Dutch tongues. Delft is a very fair and populous city, the Metropolis of Delf-land, and the great magazine of Arms for the Earldom of Holland. Here I conversed awhile with the silent Tombs of the Princes of Orange; and the very sight of them impressed a kind of monumental reverence upon my mind. Here I met also with the Tomb of Admiral Tromp, and that which was erected to the memory of General Morgan's Lady. After this, my Guide led me into a Cloister, and shewed me a Brazen Pillar, on which was engraved how William I. Prince of Orange was assassinated by a miscreant Jesuit.

From Delft I removed to The Hague, which, perhaps, is the fairest Village in the whole World. There I saw the Council-chambers of the States, which are well adorned with large Libraries. I spent some time in the great Hall there, in which are repositied the many Trophies of Victory which the States have obtained in War. Then I went to the Prince's Palace, which is a large and stately building. The Hague is finely beautified with Gardens of Pleasure, especially those of the Heer Bentham's do

every one of them make up a single Paradise; there I wandered and gazed, and lost myself.

"Just so, methought, thro' the primæval groves
Our Parents roam'd, and look'd, and talk'd their loves:
But, ah! were I as innocent as they,
I'd raise new Paradise within my mind, and charm my woes
away."

So soon as I had taken a view of all the remarkable about The Hague, my next remove was to Leyden, which is a large and a rich City, and Metropolis of the Territory of Rhin-land. The Rhine runs through it, and divides it into several little Islands. The University there is well known, and frequented by a vast number of Students; and it is no unusual thing to see them come from Asia and America for a liberal education. The School of Anatomy at Leyden excels all of that kind in the known World; and their Physick-Garden is well furnished with the rarest Curiosities that grow within the compass of Nature; so that those who design for Physick may make a better proficiency there than they can do in England. The Fortifications and the Walks round this City give abundance of pleasure to those who have not seen them before. At Leyden I was very much obliged to the friendship of Mr. Baily, who shewed me the Rarities of the place, in regard Dr. Rolf had favoured me with a recommendatory letter to him.

From Leyden, my next stage was to Haerlem, a very fine and large City, in the Earldom of Holland, the Metropolis of the Territory of Kenmer-land, and pleasantly situated on the river Vaert. And here the Reader must allow me to mention, that Coster, a Burgher of this City, was the first Inventor of PRINTING; an Art in which my Life has been so much concerned. This Gentleman was, immediately upon that Invention, suspected to be a Conjuror; and so forced to fly for his own safety to Cologne in Germany, where he brought his new Art to perfection, for in Haerlem he had only found the way to print on one side of the paper; so that the rudeness of the inhabitants of Haerlem has made Cologne become a rival in the glory of that Invention. But such an accident as this is no novelty in the World; for the assertion of a generation of Antipodes on the opposite Hemi-

sphere of our Globe was once made a capital crime. The first Book which this Coster printed is preserved as a rarity in the Stadt-house at Haerlem to this day. I saw very large cannon bullets sticking in the walls of the Great Church, which were shot by the Spaniards at the siege of Haerlem. In the neighbourhood of Haerlem there is a Grove of Pleasure as large as a little Wood, and all curiously contrived into Walks and Wildernesses, where the Inhabitants of Amsterdam and the adjacent places come to ramble and divert themselves on Holy-days. Haerlem maintains a considerable figure; is the second City of Holland; and sends her Deputies to all the Colleges of the Government.

From Haerlem to Amsterdam I had the happiness to be accompanied by Brother Richardson. About the midway in our passage we stepped out of the boat, to take a view of a noble Palace, where the Lords that go under the title of their *Dyke-Graces* have their apartments, when they meet upon the concerns of the Sea-Dykes.

When we arrived at Amsterdam, I provided myself a chamber at Mr. Kirmichael's, a Scotchman, in Bantemoors-street.—So soon as I was fixed, according to my usual custom, I made a visit to Mr. *Vandeveld* and Mr. *Swaert*, two noted Booksellers; there is nothing but obligation in their humour; they treated me often at their houses, and would lend me any book *gratis*.

When I had been three days in Amsterdam, I met with Mr. *King*, one of my fellow passengers from New-England, which was a great surprize to us both, in regard we contracted a great intimacy in America, which was very much refreshed by this accident. We would not part with each other till we had viewed all the Rarities in Amsterdam; and then he went off for Hamburgh, but has been forgetful to let me hear from him since.

Soon after I had new lodgings recommended to me at Mr. James, a Dyer, up the Loyers Graft next the Hope, where I had the good fortune to meet with Dr. *Partridge*, whose Almanacks had been so sharp upon Popery in King James's Reign, that England was grown too hot for him. There lodged also in the same house the ingenious Lady *Stapleton*, a Roman Catholic, with whom I had several very warm debates about the matters of Religion.

She endeavoured to defend the notion and the necessity of Purgatory, with as great concern as if the Existence of a Deity, or the Immortality of the Human Mind, had been at stake. Upon this head she offered such places of Scripture as seemed to carry any reference to her purpose. She urged also "the imperfection of Believers in this state, and that many were surprized off the stage before they had any opportunity to repent for their latest sins." To these I returned such answers as were uppermost upon that occasion; in particular, that this, and no other state, was to be the rule of the Future Judgement; and that we must then be either rewarded or doomed according to our present management in the flesh. As for Believers being surprized by Death, I answered, "that they were secure enough in a justified and a pardoned state; and the habitual grace of repentance in them would have risen up into act, had they lived to make reflections; and they will not be tied down to *impossibilities*, but be judged according to their state and the tendency of it." Farther I continued, "that their Faith was acted upon Christ as a sufficient Saviour, and that the Spirit of the Blessed Jesus was the great Agent in the work of sanctification."

When I had said this, and more that I cannot recollect, I endeavoured to make the very nature and the notion of a Purgatory appear sufficiently absurd, by suggesting the natural impossibility of it: "that fire should have any influence to rectify and change the human will, and to purge off from the substance of the soul, the pollution and the stains that are of an immoral nature. There is nothing can act beyond its nature and above its sphere, and a moral sanctification must have a moral agent." However, all I could say fell short of giving the Lady Stapleton the least conviction.

Whilst I stayed in Amsterdam, I came acquainted with several of Monmouth's Friends, who had taken refuge in Holland to secure their Lives; among which were Major M——, Dr. Oliver, Captain Hicks, son to him who was executed in the West, Mr. Starkey, and Captain Alsop. The last of these was my old Neighbour, and a Bookseller. He invited me to take a walk with him out of Amsterdam; and gave me a very noble treat, with

the secret history of Monmouth's Adventure for the Crown of England. He told me also the several discourses which he had with the Duke in Amsterdam before they embarked, with the large promises the Duke made him in case of success.

The Reverend Mr. Mead and Mr. Shower were then in Amsterdam, where Captain Alsop accompanied me to make them a visit. Mr *Mead* was so obliging as to return the civility at my own lodgings. He was well known in England, and his life was very useful. Both his preaching and behaviour were mighty popular, which gave him a large scope to do good, and put his very enemies to silence.

I stayed in Amsterdam about four months. It is a rich, populous, and a beautiful city, the Metropolis of all the Low Countries in North-Holland. Amsterdam was once an Imperial City; but now it is subject to the States. It stands on the river Amstel, and has a very safe and commodious haven near the Zuider-Zee. It is fortified with a strong wall and bastions.

The Jews have two Synagogues in this city; and one of them is the largest in Christendom; and within the Court that belongs to it they have several apartments; where their Children are instructed in the Hebrew Tongue; and so soon as they are capable, they instil into them their Jewish principles with a great deal of care and diligence.

The Stadt-house in Amsterdam is a building of admirable beauty. There are very large Globes that stand on the floor of the great Hall, and here I was diverted with the finest Painting I have ever seen. In the uppermost apartment there is a large Magazine of Arms. The Copper Statues on the top of the Stadt-house are finely moulded; and among these there is old Atlas standing with a Globe upon his back, which can contain more than thirty barrels of water.

None are suffered to marry till they have made their appearance at the Stadt-house before the Lords; where, if the parties be agreed, the Ministers marry the Calvinists, and the Schepens marry those that dissent from the Religion of the States. The States, you must know, are absolute Sovereigns of the Church; and when there

is any Synod called, two of the States are always present, to watch them that they may not meddle with the Government; and if the Clergy do but drop a word that has any reference that way, the States immediately cry, "Ho la, Miin Heeren Predicanten!"

There are a great number of Alms-houses in Amsterdam, which are built with all the state and magnificence of so many Palaces.—The number of Poor they maintain is almost incredible, and amounted, when I was there, to above 20,000. They have Hospitals for Fools, for Boys and Girls, and for the Foundlings. There is also a Rasp-house for petty Thieves, and such as slash one another with swords and knives, which is too common in Holland; in this place they are kept hard at work, and if they do not perform their tasks, they are beat without mercy, or put into a deep tub, where, if they cease to pump, the water swells over their heads.

Amsterdam is perhaps the most charitable city in all the World; for there is scarce a bargain made, but more or less is laid aside for the Poor.

Holland is a very *temperate climate* for distressed Debtors; for there you cannot throw a man in prison, unless you subsist him; so that there is very little encouragement for the generation of Pettyfoggers, who have done so much mischief in England: and why might we not have a Dispensary for Law as well as Physick?

† This refreshes my memory with a story of Ben Jonson, who, as he was walking through a Church in Surrey, saw a company of poor people weeping over a grave. Ben asked one of the women what the occasion should be? She answered, "Ah, alas! Sir, we have lost our precious good Lawyer, Justice Randal. He kept us all in peace, and from going to Law. Certainly he was the best man that ever lived."—"Well," said Ben, "I will send you an epitaph for his tomb-stone;" which was,

"God works Wonders now and then:
Here lies a Lawyer, an Honest Man."

Ben was much in the right of it. However, I wish them all as much encouragement as those of their Profession find in Switzerland.

After I have said so much to the advantage of Amster-

dam, I must take the freedom to say that they have their ill customs and abuses there, as well as other places of the world. There are at least fifty Music-houses in Amsterdam, where all the flaming wickednesses are committed that you can easily imagine. Their *Long Cellar* is a tolerated Exchange for loose Women to ply in: every one of them pays three stivers for entrance at the door; and the place stands open from three in the afternoon till nine at night, at which time the Rake-bells and the Debauchees come there to pick and chuse, and make their execrable bargains.

After I left Amsterdam, the first considerable place I met with was Cleves, a city of Germany in the Circle of Westphalia, and the Metropolis of the Dukedom of Cleves, but subject to the Duke of Brandenburg since the year 1673. It is situate on the Rhine. The inhabitants there would persuade me to believe they were descended from those Saxons who made a conquest of England.

From Cleves I removed to Rhineberg, which is a small city, but strongly fortified; it stands in the Circle of the Lower-Rhine, at the distance of two miles from Wessel, and subject to the Elector of Cologne.

Thence I travelled through Dusseldorp to Cologne, which was once one of the first-rate cities in Germany; but the decay of Trade has reduced many of the inhabitants to very narrow circumstances. The Jesuit University there is the great support of the place, where there are usually 3000 Students.

From Cologne I rambled farther into Germany, and stayed some time in Mentz, which is an antient and a well-fortified City in the Circle of the Lower-Rhine. Here I was very curious to see the Rats-tower, which stands in the middle of the Rhine, where a Bishop of this place was devoured by an army of Rats, for his inhumanity to the poor.

I shall not here give the Reader the trouble to carry him any farther with me into Germany, in regard the remarks I have made upon the most considerable places will be more proper for the "History of my Travels."

Let it, therefore, be sufficient that, when I had gratified my curiosity, and spent my money, I returned to Rot-

terdam, and embarked for England, in company with Mr. Dawson (now living in York), and Mr. Christmas of Waterford. We had a long and dangerous passage, and, which was still worse, (setting out with a fair gale) I laid in no fresh provisions; so that, not caring to eat of the ship's diet, I thought I should have been quite starved before we landed in England; but, through the good Providence of God, we arrived safe at London, November 15, 1688. There I found dear Iris in health, and all my affairs in peace.

I was no sooner landed in England, but I was straight metamorphosed into a *Quaker*, and sensibly found this climate colder than in Germany. I was now so hungry, that fresh provisions made me eat abundantly; and, generally, every meal was from morning till night; for, after so long a *vacuum*, my stomach, like the horse-leech, was still crying, "Give, give!" And it was a merry world with me now, to be sure; for (as it formerly happened at my landing in New-England) it turned round wherever I went; so that for me now to contradict Copernicus's System, of the World's turning round, was to contradict my very senses. Neither was my *tongue* less affected than my *brain*; so that I spoke all by figures, that I hardly understood myself; and spoke a more unintelligible sort of jargon than the very Gypsies: for, if a thing pleased me, I should be ready to cry, "Steady." If I moved my quarters, I would cry, "'Bout ship:" and when I would know what news, I would generally cry, "How wind ye?" When I was weary, I generally used to say, "I was becalmed:" and when I met with any Friend I had not lately seen, I used to cry, "A sail! a sail!" When any thing went right, I straight cried "Starboard;" and when any thing went wrong, "Larboard" was the word. If I went abroad, it was "veering out;" and if I stayed at home, it was "casting anchor:" and when it thundered or lightened, I was still saying, "Let us go to prayer;" so true is that old adage, "He that would learn to pray, let him go to Sea."

The humour of *rambling* was now pretty well off with me, and my thoughts began to fix rather upon Business. The Shop I took, with the sign of the Black Raven, stood opposite to the Poultry Compter, where I traded ten

years, as all other men must expect, with variety of successes and disappointments. My Shop was opened just upon the Revolution; and, as I remember, the same day the Prince of Orange came to London.

So soon as I entered upon Business, I was all over infected with a new itch of *Printing*; and, I confess, I have indulged this humour something to excess.

The following Books, among many more, may serve to give the Reader a taste of what I engaged in:

"Heads of Agreement, assented to by the United Ministers."

"The Morning Exercises," published by the London Ministers.

Malebranche's "Search after Truth," which was made English by Mr. Sault.

Mr. Coke's "Detection of the Court and State of England."

"The Works of the Lord Delamere," published by consent of the Earl of Warrington.

Dr. Burthogg's "Essay on Reason, and the Nature of Spirits," dedicated to Mr. Locke.

"The Tigrine Liturgy," published by the approbation of six learned Prelates.

"Bishop Barlow's Remains, published from his Lordship's Original Papers, by Sir Peter Pet, Knight."

"The Life of the Reverend Mr. Thomas Brand."

"The Life and Death of the Reverend Mr. John Elliot, who first preached the Gospel to the Indians, in America."

"The Bloody Assizes, which contain the Trials and Dying Speeches of those that died in the West."

"Sermons on the whole Parable of Dives and Lazarus, by Joseph Stevens, Lecturer of Cripplegate and Lothbury Churches."

"The Tragedies of Sin; by Mr. Jay, Rector of Chinner."

Mr. Williams's "Gospel Truth."

Machenzie's "Narrative of the Siege of Derry."

Mr. Boyse's "Answer to Bishop King."

Mr. Shower's "Mourner's Companion."

Mr. Rogers's "Practical Discourses."

"Poems, written by Madam Singer," the Pindaric Lady.

"Mr. Baxter's Life."

"The History of the Edict at Nantes, translated by several Hands."—It was a wonderful pleasure to Queen Mary, to see this History made English, and was the only Book to which she ever granted her Royal Licence; and, for the rarity of it, I will here insert it:

"MARIE R.

"William and Mary, by the grace of God, King and Queen of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Defenders of the Faith, &c. To all our loving Subjects, of what degree, condition, and quality soever, within our Kingdoms and Dominions, greeting. Whereas our trusty and well-beloved John Dunton, Citizen and Stationer of London, hath represented unto us that he is printing an English Translation out of French of 'The Edict of Nantes,' in Four Volumes, and that, in regard of the great costs and charges it hath already been, and will be to him, he hath humbly besought us to grant him our Royal Licence for the sole printing and publishing thereof: We are graciously pleased to gratify him therein; and accordingly We do therefore grant unto him the said John Dunton our Royal Licence for the sole printing and publishing of the said Book for the term of fourteen years from the date hereof; strictly charging, prohibiting, and forbidding all our Subjects to reprint the said Book in whole or in part, or to imprint, buy, vend, utter, or distribute any copies or exemplaries of the same, or any part thereof, reprinted beyond the Seas, within the said term, without the consent and approbation of him the said John Dunton, his executors, administrators, or assigns, first had and obtained; as they, and every of them, offending herein, will answer the contrary at their peril. Whereof the Master, Wardens, and Company of Stationers of our City of London, the Commissioners and Officers of our Customs, and all other our officers and ministers whom it may concern, are to take notice, that due obedience may be given to our Pleasure, herein signified. Given at our Court, at Whitehall, the 30th Day of June 1693, in the fifth year of our Reign.

By her Majesty's command.

J. TRENCHARD."

I should prove tedious, or I would enlarge, for these be not the thirtieth part of those valuable Pieces I printed while I was in Trade. I give this account of my own Copies, that you may see their impudence who tell you I printed nothing but *trash*. But, Reader, "two of a Trade can never agree;" and there be men in the world who will call the first and best Book in the world *trash* (I mean the Bible), and therefore well may others be so called. Nor, indeed, is there any thing more usual amongst Booksellers, than to undervalue what does not agree with their own sentiments, or what they have not an interest in themselves. But, admitting that in the six hundred Books I have printed there might be some *trash*, I would fain know what Bookseller there is who has none in his Shop; yea, or what Gentleman or Divine is without it in his Closet. If Authors have *trash* in their heads, the World must endure the penance to have it in their houses and hands, so that the reflection is general.

The World may, perhaps, expect I should here say something of "*The Second Spira*." This Narrative was put into my hands by Mr. Richard Sault, the Methodizer, Dec. 26, 1692. Mr. Sault assured me, "he received the Memoirs, out of which he had formed the copy, from a Divine of the Church of England." He also confirmed the truth of it by a Letter and a Preface from the same Gentleman.

The Letter ran thus:—"Sir, I had yours with the Manuscript, and having compared it with the Memoirs I took, I think you have done me, and the case of that miserable Gentleman, a rigid justice."

In the Preface, the Divine says, that, "having examined the Piece, now it is perfected, with the original Notes and Papers, which I drew myself, I find the substance and material part very faithfully done; and I dare affirm that there is nothing material left out, nor are there any interpolations which are not genuine."

My way to publish the Copy being made so plain, I procured Mr. Bohun's Licence; but, so soon as it appeared in the World, the noise it made was more than ever I expected. Several Clergymen came to examine me about the truth of it, and I carried them to Mr. Sault,

who gave them the very same account I had received from him before; and Mr. Jekyl, whose acquaintance with Mr. Sault had been very intimate, told me, after coming from Mr. Sault, "that he believed the Narrative was true."

After all the evidence I have received of this matter, I have now quite altered my opinion of *Second Spira*, and shall deliver my thoughts with all the impartiality and the freedom I am capable. I really believe that Mr. Sault himself was the *Second Spira*, in regard that, a little before he wrote the Narrative, he was under the severest terrors of his own conscience; his despair and his melancholy made him look like some walking ghost; and I heard several such broken speeches as these fall from him, "I am damned! I am damned!" I remember he came one time to my chamber in the Poultry in this condition; and his complexion and his looks were quite altered, and his discourse ran all upon despair. After he was gone, dear Iris came to me, and said "she was very much afraid Mr. Sault would do himself some mischief." And the truth is, there is such deep despair in every page of the *Second Spira*, that it is hard to conceive how any man could write such a dismal narrative that did not himself feel what he there relates. This suspicion of mine is strengthened by some other circumstances; for he could never give us any particular account where Mr. Sanders lodged, from whom he received the Memoirs; and Mr. Sault, had the matter been true, must of necessity have had a correspondence with Sanders, that he might convey the manuscript to him for his approbation. Nay, farther, I have all the original Copy of *Second Spira* by me; and it is the opinion of my dear Friend Mr. Dixon, as well as mine, that the Letter and the Preface, which Mr. Sault pretended to receive from the Divine, are no more than counterfeits of his own writing, which any Gentlemen shall have the liberty to compare, for their own satisfaction, if they think it worth their while to call upon Mr. Larkin, at the Half-moon in Hand-alley. And, that I may not throw any reflections upon Mr. Sault, that want either proof or evidence, I shall here transcribe a Letter his Wife wrote to him at Cambridge, and which I have yet by me, written

with her own hand. The Letter shews that Mr. Sault had really been guilty of those unlawful freedoms which, in the married state, might very well sink him into melancholy and trouble of mind.

"Since, Mr. Sault, you are so obliging to promise to do any thing to convince me of your sincerity, I will propose to you two or three things that will do it, and assure me also that your esteem is what I could wish it, without which I can never think you have any true value or tenderness for me :—That you make me a solemn promise, to quit all other persons for me ; acquaint me freely and unreservedly with all your affairs ; account your interest and mine the same ; and, in all things, as much as in your power, wish and promote whatever may make me happy in any respect. If this seems unreasonable to you ; methinks it should not ; after I have told you, these conditions performed on your part, I will refuse nothing that is in my power to gratify you. I am

"Your ever faithful, and tender Wife, SARAH SAULT."

To this Letter Mr. Sault's answer made a very free discovery of his *guilt*, with a great degree of penitence and sorrow. He freely owned, "Mrs. Sault had been one of the best of Wives, and that he would submit with all imaginable cheerfulness to her terms of amity. He hoped also they would be so happy in this life, and mind the great concerns of a better, that they should both of them meet in Heaven." But, notwithstanding this penitent Letter, and Mr. Sault's once saying he was vexed there was such a noise about the *Second Spira*—till of late, I as really believed the truth of *Second Spira*, as those Reverend Ministers who recommended it from the Pulpit to the perusal of their hearers ; and the publication of it was one of the most innocent actions of my whole Life.

Now, Reader, what I have here said of the *Second Spira* being what I am willing to swear to, upon all the Bibles in the Queen's dominions ; and if my credit appears hitherto unspotted and free, and not stained with base, little, and dishonourable actions ; I hope I shall have that common charity in this affair which every one would be unwilling to be denied, were he in my circumstance. Yet the *Second Spira* did not meet with a more

inveterate enemy than a certain Bookseller, &c. who would fain have gone sharer with me in the Copy after it was printed ; but now *railing* and *detraction* were the only methods he and some others could invent to ruin the reputation and the sale of it ; though, alas ! they fell short of their design, for in six weeks I had sold about thirty thousand of them. And all the revenge I shall take upon these and my other enemies is to forgive them ; for, if *Second Spira* be a forgery, it is none of my making nor contrivance ; nor is there a Bookseller in London would have refused the Copy upon the like information.

As to that person who dealt so basely with me, and exclaimed against the Book though he was so eager to be a sharer in it ; I should not much wonder if he became a true subject for a *Second Spira* himself, if he considered his *sham titles*, or allowed his conscience a free parley. All that I can say further is this : that I have laid it fairly at the Methodizer's door, and that of J. Sanders, the Divine who gave him the information. If they will not vindicate themselves, I am not obliged to bear them company.

Thus, Reader, you see my innocence as to this Book, and how much I suffered (when formerly railed at for publishing of it) by the malice of some and ignorance of others ; and therefore I thought it proper to set *Second Spira* in a true light, for I cannot run every where to answer slanderers.

Mr. Sault, the Methodizer, removed to Cambridge, where his ingenuity and his exquisite skill in Algebra got him a very considerable reputation. About six months ago he deceased there, and was supported in his last sickness by the friendly contributions of the Scholars, which were collected without his knowledge or desire ; and my friendship to Mr. Sault, and the generous charity of those Cantabrigians, have obliged me to mention it as a monument of their gratitude.

Mr. Sault expressed a great deal of uneasiness under his narrow circumstances before his death ; but never once mentioned *Second Spira* in his last sickness, nor of any terrors he had with respect to his future state ; so that I hope he had made his peace with God, and went out of the world a sincere penitent. However, he was decently

interred in St. Andrew's Church in Cambridge ; and his last offices were discharged by two worthy gentlemen ; one of them is a Doctor of Physick, belonging to Trinity College, who visited Mr. Sault in his illness, and administered physic to him *gratis*.

Thus, Reader, you find (by my being imposed on in *Second Spira*) that I do not pretend to be more infallible than other people ; and of six hundred Books I have printed, it would be strange if all should be alike good. But though, in my *unthinking age*, I have printed something I wish I had never seen (though of six hundred I know but of seven I am angry at) ; yet, where I have erred, it is from Heaven, and not from man, that I heartily ask forgiveness. I confess it was a bold saying of the great Montaigne, on his death-bed, "that, were he to live over his Life again, he would live exactly as he had done : I neither," says he, "complain of the past, nor do I fear the future."

I cannot say so ; for, though I am but turned of my fortieth year, and have always devoted my time and travels to the knowledge of Countries, Books, and Men ; yet, were I to correct the *Errata of my short Life*, I would quite alter the press. Would Time unweave my age again to the first thread, what another man would I be ! But, as willing as I am to confess this, yet where I have *erred* with respect to Printing, I must cast the fault into the great heap of human error. I never printed a Book in my whole life, but what I had a just end in the publication. But, if others will not think so, I cannot help it. I must own, that, having printed a great many Books (and not reading through the twentieth part of what I print) some *Errors* have escaped my hand. But this is my misfortune, and not my crime ; and ill success ruins the merit of a good meaning. However, the way to amendment is never out of date. Repentance is a plank we (Book-merchants) have still left, on which we may swim to shore ; and, having erred, the noblest thing we can do is, to own it. He that repents, is well near innocent. Diogenes, seeing a lad sneaking out of a brothel, bid him "hold up his head, for he need not be ashamed of coming out, but of going in." And therefore, as I grow in years, I alter my opinion of things.

When I now print a Book, I put on my graver spectacles, and consult as well with my judgment as interest. When I first began to print, I had then seen but the outside of the world and men, and conceived them according to their appearing glister.

You know, Reader, Youth are rash and heedless; green heads are very ill judges of the productions of the mind. The first glance is apt to deceive and surprize. Novelties have charms that are very taking, but a little leisure and consideration discovers the imposture; those false lights are dispelled upon a serious review, and second thoughts are wiser than the first. And this was my case with respect to "The Second Spira;" "The Post-boy robbed of his Mail;" "The Voyage round the World;" "The New Quevedo;" "The Pastor's Legacy;" "Heavenly Pastime;" "The Hue and Cry after Conscience." But, excepting these seven Books, I have nothing to repent of with respect to Printing: but for these, I heartily wish I had never seen them, and advise all that have them to burn them.

Thus have I freely confessed my *Errors in Printing*; but as to *Bookselling* and *Traffick*, I dare stand the test, with the same allowances that every man under the same circumstance with me would wish to have, for the whole Trading part of my Life. Nay, I challenge all the Booksellers in London to prove I ever over-reached them, or deceived them, in any one instance. And when you come to that part of my *Life* that relates to the Auctions I made in Dublin, you will find that, in all the Notes I made for Dublin, I put the same price to every man. And would any Bookseller be at the pains to compare all my Notes together (though I exchanged with all the Trade), for every Penny he finds charged more to himself than to other men, he shall have Ten Pounds reward, and a thousand thanks into the bargain, for rectifying a mistake I never designed. But if, notwithstanding this *heartly Repentance for my Errors in Printing*, and scrupulous justice in *Trade*, I have still Enemies, it is no wonder; better men than I have had them, as much undeserved.

I next reckon myself obliged, in gratitude, to draw the Characters of the *Authors* for whom I printed, &c.;

and indeed my own *Life* would appear but a broken thread, unless I should set both *Men* and *Things* in as fair a light as I can, so far as they have come within the compass of my own sphere. And I shall begin with

Bishop *Barlow*, whose very soul was wrapt up in Books; and though he was well acquainted with Universal Learning, yet Casuistical Divinity was his peculiar province. There was nothing but peace and moderation in his principles, which gained him very great respect among the religious and temperate part of mankind. His *Life* and *Actions* were governed by Reason and Religion; and his whole behaviour was grave and serious, and well suited to the high post he maintained. He deceased when he was considerably up in years, and left an unblemished reputation behind him, which is more than every good man can do.

Mr. *Jay*, Rector of Chinnor (Oxfordshire), was a considerable Scholar, well read, and his behaviour was extremely courteous and civil. He delivered his Sermons without any dependence upon his Notes, and they were usually very warm and brisk. He was more concerned to advance the happiness and last interests of men, than to raise a dust in the Church of Christ, and to persecute those that dissented from him.

Mr. *Brandon*, Rector of Finchamstead (Berks), was a man of great Piety and sober principles. His Learning was very solid, and his Understanding quick and piercing; and his Charity deserves a monument of praise.

Mr. *Alkin*, Minister of Burton-upon-Trent, was a very worthy man, of great Piety and Moderation, and a good friend to Booksellers, in regard his Charity would not suffer a *Practical Piece* to lie long upon their hands.

Mr. *Barlow*, Rector of Chalgrave in Bedfordshire, has a considerable stock of Learning, and his style is very free and generous. He is a man, in some sense, of very great worth; but he has got a strange habit of borrowing Money, and deferring the Payment. I have now a Note under his hand for a sum of money, and once made a visit to Chalgrave purely upon that account, but was forced to return with a *Non est inventus*. If he is yet alive, and in circumstances, the money I freely lent him in London upon a great extremity may come pretty

near his conscience. Could he but have shook off some inclinations that hung upon him, he might have been a good and a great man.

Mr. *Stacy*, a Minister of the Church of England. He is a man very ingenious, and can perform well in Poetry, a quick Disputant, and a Critick in the Languages. His style is natural and easy. He wrote the "Epitome of the Whole Duty of Man." He is pretty well acquainted with the inclinations of the *Town Ladies*, witness his English "*Martial*;" yet he is chaste (to a Proverb), and has a peculiar respect for a man that is just in his dealings.

Mr. *Turner*, Rector of Walbleton (Sussex), a man of wonderful Moderation, and of great Piety. He always entertained a particular friendship and respect for Mr. Henry, deceased. His style was very easy and free. He wrote the "History of Remarkable Providences," in folio; and the "History of all Religions," in octavo. He was very generous, and would not receive a farthing for his Copy till the success was known.

Mr. *Hickeringil*, Rector of All Saints in Colchester. His Wit is excellent, of which he has given the World an undeniable specimen in his "Character of the Ceremony-monger." His humour is good and pleasant. He is *his own Lawyer*, the Treasury of Knowledge, the Oracle of Council, and his talent that way has been very serviceable to many. He is a man of a bold spirit. He wrote for me "The Divine Captain," and often did me the honour to invite me down to his noble Seat in Essex.

Mr. *Clerk*, Rector of Arkesden (in Essex), was a great Scholar; and his constitution was something tinctured with melancholy, which made him sedate and thoughtful. He laboured with great zeal and faithfulness to bring Sinners home to the Wisdom of the Just. His Sermons were always filled with an useful variety, which made them less tedious, and more profitable to the hearers.

Dr. *Horneck*. He was a man of that great *usefulness*, that none ever yet saw him without reverence, or heard him without wonder. I knew a Gentlewoman (who was a great frequenter of Plays, and had lived a very careless life) that was converted by his Sermons on Dives and Lazarus. I was often with Dr. Horneck, and had the

honour to receive several Letters from him, which I have now by me; so that I have great reason to lament his death, not only as he was a public loss (a long Fixed Star in the Firmament of the Church), but also on the account of some particular friendship I received from him (of which more anon); and I would to God, mine and the Nation's loss could be as easily supplied as lamented; for where shall we find such another as Dr. Horneck, "so devoted to the Ministry from the womb, so exemplary for Piety in his youth, such an enemy to Pluralities, such a Lover of Souls, such a constant Preacher, such a Reprover of Vice, such a learned Casuist, such a useful Writer, such an Encourager of Religious Societies, and, in a word, one who so denied himself, that rather than the Poor should want, he would fast himself?" We have a pious example to follow in Dr. Horneck; and all that ever knew him will readily own it. And if I should add, he was mortified to all worldly pleasures, and sensual satisfactions; I should say no more than what I find attested by his great Friend Richard late Bishop of Bath and Wells *. I cannot say I actually printed any thing for this eminent Divine; yet I may truly call him my Author; for, whilst he was preaching on the Parable of Dives and Lazarus, the present Bishop of Gloucester† (at the request of Dr. Annesley, his Predecessor at Cripplegate) did me the honour to engage Dr. Horneck's promise that I should print the Sermons he preached upon that subject; and Dr. Horneck sent me a Letter (which I once shewed Mr. Ailmer), wherein he tells me he was transcribing these Sermons for the press, and that no other person should print them but me. So that I have great reason to respect the memory of Dr. Horneck; and it must be said that the Church of Westminster shewed the great kindness they had for him, by the care they took of his solemn Interment, and by that Monument they have since erected to his memory in the Abbey Church of Westminster.

* Bp. Kidder. He and his Wife were killed by the fall of a stack of chimneys during a high wind, in 1703, at Wells, where he resided. EDIT.

† Dr. Edward Fowler.

Mr. *Stephens*, late Lecturer of Cripplegate, was master of a noble genius, and a clean spirit of wit ran through all his conversation. The harmony of his own mind made him a great lover of the *Organ*. I remember he shewed me his own *coffin*, which he kept in readiness some years before he died, as a *memento* of his own mortality.

Mr. *Wooly*. He deserves the good character the world has given him. His Reason is fierce and cogent, his Style gentle and natural as his Mien and his Action without force or foppery; he thunders not along in a torrent of epithets, nor stuns the Audience with an equipage of words; but insinuates by easy and agreeable measures, and carries the day by persuasion rather than assault. Some of our Parsons are but a sacred sort of Drummers at the best; they beat violently upon the ear, speak as if they were at the head of an Army, and depend merely upon the Dial of Sound to waken the secure. Christianity has the fairest plea for itself when the mind is cool and sedate; he that thinks with calmness stands fairest for a discovery of the obligations of Religion. Were the cause bad at the bottom, harangue might be more needful; it is necessary the thoughts should be wrought up to a tumult, ere they will surrender and give their assent; but, where the jewel lies at the bottom of the stream, it is discovered best by keeping it unsullied from passion or surprize; and generally the good motions that are conjured up by force will fall flat again when the cause is removed; whereas we seldom part with those impressions which are made upon us in cool blood. I shall only add to Mr. Wooly's character, that he is an universal Scholar. He wrote for me "The Complete Library;" took the *private* Minutes that composed "The Secret History of Whitehall;" and all the subjects I engaged him in he performed to a nicety.

I shall add my old Friend Mr. *Samuel Wesley* to the list of these Conformists. He was educated upon charity in a private Academy, if we may take his own word for it in his late Pamphlet, which was designedly written to expose and overthrow those Academies. One would have thought that either gratitude, or his own reputation in the world, and among his Relations and

his best Friends, might have kept him silent, though, when a man is resolved to do himself a mischief, who can help it? But it is certainly so—*Apostata est osor sui ordinis.*

Mr. Wesley had an early inclination to *Poetry*, but he usually wrote too fast to write well. Two hundred couplets a day are too many by two-thirds to be well-furnished with all the beauties and the graces of that art. He wrote very much for me both in Verse and Prose, though I shall not name over the titles, in regard I am altogether as unwilling to see my name at the bottom of them, as Mr. Wesley would be to subscribe his own. Mr. Wesley had read much, and is well skilled in the Languages; he is generous and good-humoured, and caresses his Friend with a great deal of passion so long as his circumstances are any thing in order, and then he *drops* him; and I challenge the Rector of Epworth (for he is not yet "*My Lord*," nor "*His Grace*") to prove I injure him in this Character; for that he was once *glad* of my Friendship, none can question that reads the following Letter (of which I have the Original still by me);

"DEAR BROTHER, *Epworth, July 24, 1697.*

"It has been neither unkindness to you, with whom I have traded and been justly used for many years, much less unthankfulness to Mr. Rogers, for I shall own my obligations to that good man while I live, which has made me so long neglect answering your several Letters; but the hurry of a remove, and my extraordinary business, being obliged to preach the Visitation Sermon at Gainsborough, at the Bishop's coming thither, which is but just over. Besides, I would fain have sent you an Elegy as well as an Epitaph, but cannot get one to my mind, and therefore you must be content with half your desire; and if you please to accept this Epitaph, it is at your service, and I hope it will come before you need another Epithalamium. I am

"Your obliged Friend and Brother, S. WESLEY."

I could be very *maggoty* in the Character of this *Con-forming Dissenter* (for so this Letter shews him to be); but, except he further provokes me, I bid him Farewell till we meet in Heaven; and there I hope we shall renew our friendship, for, human frailties excepted, I believe

Sam Wesley a pious man. I shall only add, the giving this true Character of Parson Wesley is all the satisfaction I ever desire for his *dropping* an old Friend. I shall leave him to struggle through life, and to make the best of it; but, alas!

"He loves too much the Heliconian strand,
Whose stream 's unfurnish'd with the golden sand."

I do not speak this out of prejudice to Mr. Wesley; for to forgive a *slight* is so easy to me, it is scarce a virtue. But this *rhyming* circumstance of Mr. Wesley is what I learn from the Poem called "The Reformation of Manners," where are these words:

"Wesley, with Pen and Poverty beset,
And Blackmore, vers'd in Physick as in Wit;
Though this of Jesus, that of Job may sing,
One bawdy Play will twice their profits bring:
And had not both caress'd the flatter'd Crown,
This had no Knighthood seen, nor that no Gown."

Among my *Dissenting Authors*, I shall begin with Dr. *Annesley*, a man of wonderful Piety and Humility. I have heard him say, that "He never knew the time he was not converted." The great business and the pleasure of his life was, "to persuade sinners back to God from the general apostacy;" and in the faithful discharge of his Ministry he spent fifty-five years. He had the care of all the Churches upon his mind, and was the great support of Dissenting Ministers, and of the Morning Lecture. His Nonconformity created him many troubles; however, all the difficulties and disappointments he met with from an ungrateful world did never alter the goodness and the cheerfulness of his humour. And what an ingenious Author has said of himself, in a different case, was true of the Reverend Doctor:

"A slave to Sickness, and to Pains a prey,
I keep my humour, cheerful still and gay."

I might enlarge upon his Charity and the usefulness of his life, was not the World so well acquainted with them. I reckon it the great happiness of my life that I had him for my Father-in-Law. I shall only add, that we should have some zeal to fill up the vacant spaces in

the Church of God, *militant* first, and *triumphant* afterwards; then how happy must Dr. Annesley be, who produced much fruit for Heaven! I heard him say, "he has had twenty-five children." Dr. Manton baptizing one of them, and being asked how many Children the Doctor had, he returned this answer: "that he believed it was *two dozen*, or a quarter of a hundred;" which reckoning of children by *dozens* was a thing so very uncommon, that I have heard Dr. Annesley mention it with a special remark. After his decease, Mr. Williams preached his Funeral Sermon, and Mr. De Foe drew his Character, which I published; and the Reader may meet with it in the Collection of that Author's Works.

Dr. *Bates*, a man well known and much esteemed among the politer sort of mankind. He was the best Orator of the age; and all his Writings shew that he had a rich and a living Fancy, which he knew to moderate with the temperance of his judgment. His Style is wonderfully fine, and discovers a very noble genius. He never discoursed but he always charmed. The late Archbishop Tillotson had a high value for him; and the Lord Chancellor Finch and the Right Honourable the Earl of Nottingham were his good Friends. Neither Honour nor Interest could ever engage him to desert his principles. Upon the return of King Charles, he had the offer of a Deanry, and afterwards might have had any Bishoprick in the Kingdom; but he refused them. He deceased at Hackney in 1699.

Dr. *Jacomb*, sometime Fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge, was a man of great temper and judgment; His Sermons and his Life were all of a piece. His principles were moderate, and did not throw him upon extremes. After his Ejection in 1662, he took refuge in the Family of the Right Honourable and Pious Lady, the Countess Dowager of Exeter; in this Family he deceased, March 27, 1687; and his Library was sold for £.1300 afterwards.

Dr. *Owen* was a man of great Piety and Learning, and a shining Ornament of the University of Oxford, where he was Vice-Chancellor for several years. Mr. Wood himself, after he has plentifully discharged his venom, will freely own, the Doctor was a person "well

skilled in the Tongues, Rabbinical Learning, Jewish Rites and Customs; and that he had a great command of his English Pen, and was one of the most genteel and fairest Writers that appeared against the Church of England."—When he was laid aside at Oxford, he was invited over into New England, to preside over Harvard College; but King Charles thought fit to stop him.—The last stage of his life was spent in London; and, after a considerable time of labour and usefulness, he deceased on St. Bartholomew's-day, 1683; and his remains were interred in that known place* near the Artillery-ground, where there is a Monument erected to preserve his memory, with a Latin Epitaph; on which is engraved his coat of arms.

Dr. *Singleton* was a considerable Scholar, a solid Divine, truly pious, and of great modesty. There was a peaceful serenity that always governed in his countenance. He had abundance of good-humour, that made both himself and those he conversed with very easy. His understanding was clear, and his fancy very brisk; but his reason and his modesty would not suffer it to grow enormous. He made very little bustle in life, was not pushing, and appeared always content.

Mr. *Baxter* was a man well versed in Polemical Divinity, and the modern Controversies, that were then managed with a great deal of warmth and concern. His humour was something morose and sour, which perhaps may be imputed to the many bodily afflictions he laboured under, as well as to the troubles and disturbances he met with in the world. He has writ more than most men can read in a life-time. The Honourable Sir Henry Ashurst was his great and good friend, and never dropped him under the blackest circumstances of his life. I shall refer the Reader for a particular account of this great Man to the "Abridgement of his Life" by the Rev. Mr. Calamy.

Mr. *Williams* is a *rich* man, and preaches very well. As for his "Gospel Truth," the world is not altogether agreed about it; but as for his forwardness to all charitable offices, and works of that nature, he deserves a peculiar character. His life is wholly governed by an interest superior to his own; and those that deny

* Bunhill-Fields.

this, should have good evidence for what they say. His very complexion and his countenance have nothing but good-humour in them. I might add (from my own experience) that he will rather lose his *debts*, than do his *Debtors* a diskindness. I know there are many of a quite different opinion; but they should be very cautious that common report, ill-nature, and the spleen, do not make them unjust to the merits of any man. But this being so ticklish a point, I shall leave it, and desire the world would take a fairer draught of Mr. Williams's Character, from the living Original.

Mr. *Boyse*, now living in Dublin, is a great Scholar, and a very smart Disputant, and the World has seen a specimen of his talent that way in his "Answer to Bishop King." His Discourses are well furnished with thought, and the method of them is accurate and clear. His humour is very agreeable, but something inclined to too much thoughtfulness and melancholy.

Mr. *Shower* is a very popular Preacher, and delivers himself from the Pulpit in terms that are easy and intelligible. His voice is very small and shrill upon occasions, which he often raises, to carry home such matters as are more important. His design is not so much to please, as to make religious impressions upon his Hearers: and his public labours have obtained so well, that he has a large Vineyard to dress and prune. He has travelled very much, and had the happiness to be well acquainted with the famous *Turretine*, who has made himself well known to the Learned World.

Mr. *Rogers* (Assistant to Mr. Shower) is a popular Preacher and a true Friend. He was once under trouble of mind, and published an excellent Discourse upon that subject. His conversation is very pleasant and diverting: he discourses with a great deal of freedom and sincerity, and it is much if he does not make as many friends as are the persons that know him. He is very generous and undesigning, and is nothing of the humour with those Authors, who either turn themselves into *Half-Booksellers*, or else insist upon such terms for their *Copy*, as that an *Impression* will scarce answer the prime cost. Mr. Rogers preached the Funeral Sermon of dear Iris, which was afterwards made public, and met with considerable success.

Mr. Burgess is a very solid Divine. His Discourses are always well furnished with *substance*, and he knows how to make them *fine* enough when he pleases. Were it not for some little Comedy, and too much freedom of expression, he might well be reckoned one of the first-rate Preachers of the Age. *Mr. Burgess* is well known; and every body can tell you some story or other of him; though they never regard the truth of it: if it be but comical enough, they can throw it at his door.—*Tom Brown* (that incorrigible Sinner) deserves the *birch* much better than the *bays*, for exposing *Mr. Burgess*; but, alas! the Meeting and the Playhouse, the Temple of God and the Synagogue of Satan, stand too *near* to have any good harmony betwixt them.

Mr. Silvester is a man of wonderful Piety and Humility. His Discourses are all filled with the life and spirit of Christianity; the nature and design of which is so little understood among the greatest part of mankind. He has so much of Heaven in his own mind, that the whole stream of his conversation runs that way. His judgment is very clear, and his notions and his thoughts are surprising and uncommon. His principles are very moderate. *Mr. Baxter* had a particular friendship for him; and I could name some great men of the Church of England that have a high value for him, and converse very frequently with him.

Mr. Howe is deservedly esteemed the greatest man among the Dissenting Ministers; and may not I add of the Age he lives in? He is well skilled in most of the European and Oriental tongues. He is universally read in History; a judicious and acute Philosopher, and a solid Divine. His genius is large and generous, which gives him a noble capacity for those vast reaches and fathoms of thought, which the grovelling part of mankind are altogether unacquainted with. His Discourses are all of them masterly performed; their method is clear and accurate; and it is grown natural to him to talk beyond the reach of common Hearers: some shall sit and only see and hear him, whilst those that understand shall be, if I may be allowed to say so, supremely pleased. His style is usually reckoned rough and obscure; yet he talks at a significant rate, and commonly

plunges so deep into the very bowels of his subject, that common capacities cannot *dive* after him ; their thoughts swim on the surface, whilst he labours out of sight, and wades beyond their depth. Yet I will make bold to say, that his style is unalterable for the better ; for, should you endeavour to make it run in an obvious way, without pain and uneasiness, you would destroy the strength and the beauty of thought, and leave nothing of Mr. Howe in it. His principles are full of moderation and peace ; and he is more concerned for the peace and safety of the Universal Church, than for any particular subdivision of it. My dear Iris took a great delight in reading Mr. Howe's "Blessedness of the Righteous *," and she read it six times over, knowing it was a lively survey of the Holy Land. She discerned in that description the draughts of a great hand and a sublime spirit. The truth is, whoever converses with Mr. Howe's Writings will find his thoughts dwell with great intenseness upon the World and the Life to come, that his remove may be his happiness and his choice, which, alas ! is no more than a matter of necessity upon the greater part of mankind. He finds the present *composition* cannot always be kept together ; and that to contend with Death is but to struggle with what is purely impossible. He has been often heard to say, that "he esteemed it a great mercy to a good man, if God would give him leave to die." But may Heaven yet allow him a greater length of usefulness ; for, when he dies, we may well say, "that the only Man in an Age that understood himself is going : " for, to conclude his Character,

"The secret springs of Truth he nicely knows,
And prodigally as the Sun bestows ;
Directed by his leading light, we pass
Through Nature's rooms, and tread in every maze.
A throng of Virtues in his breast repose,
Which, single, would as many Saints compose."

Mr. Doolittle. He once kept a private Academy in Mugwell-street, and is a man of considerable learning and usefulness. He endeavours to do good in a plain

* See her Funeral Sermon, preached by Mr. Rogers, p. 130.

way, and delivers himself with a great deal of affection and concern. He is very constant and laborious in his Master's work; and his Practical Treatises, especially his book "On the Sacrament," have been very successful among the ignorant part of mankind; he makes it his great business to instil the first principles of Christianity into Youth, which will be their happiness while they live, and their peace and comfort when they die.

Mr. *Pomfret* is a man of great eminence and piety; he preaches with abundance of warmth and zeal, and more action than is usual. His behaviour is very civil and obliging, and in all the offices of Charity he is the first man. He has been a great Traveller, which renders his conversation very pleasant and diverting.

Mr. *Slater* is a plain practical Preacher, which has made him very popular in the City; he has laboured a long time to turn Sinners from their ignorance and folly, and to settle them in their right minds. I printed several Books for this pious and reverend Author, and most of them sold extraordinary well.

Mr. *Nathaniel Vincent* was an early proficient both in learning and piety. He was admitted at Oxford when eleven years old, and at the age of eighteen went off Master of Arts. He preached many years in Southwark; his diligence in his studies was almost to excess, and his humility all along was the shining ornament of his life; his principles were very moderate, but they would not suffer him to conform in 1662. He was interred in the New Burying-place*; and on his tombstone are these lines:

"Though dead I lie, I speak to you that live;
Your Heart, your All, be sure to God you give.
Immortal Souls to benefit and save,
I have thus made a Pulpit of my Grave."

Mr. *Jenkyn* was an affectionate Preacher, and very popular. His natural temper was a little inclined to too much warmth. He met with very hard measures upon the account of his Nonconformity, and died in Newgate in 1684. The King would not allow him so much as a

* In Bunhill Fields, London.

little living breath, though the Physicians assured his Majesty, "that his life was endangered by his close confinement."

Mr. *Richard Adams* was an eminent Divine, of a peaceful spirit, entirely devoted to the service and the glory of God. He was a great ornament to the Ministry, and so self-denied, that, being fixed with a Congregation that was very poor, there were no proposals of advantage made to him that could tempt him to leave his Flock. He was concerned in the "Supplement to Mr. Pool's English Annotations," and wrote the "Expositions of the Epistles to the Philippians and the Colossians."

Mr. *Thomas Watson* was a Divine of great eminence, and his Ministry was attended with wonderful success. His piety and his usefulness made him well known in the City, and gained him an universal respect from all persons of sober principles. The Reverend and learned Bishop Richardson had a very high value for him.

Mr. *William Cooper*. He was a nice Critick in the tongues, a very considerable Philosopher, a smart Disputant, and well versed in controversy. He was universally read in History, and had a peculiar genius for Latin Poetry. He was Chaplain to the Queen of Bohemia, Mother to the Princess Sophia of Hanover, on whom the succession to the Crown of England is lately settled. He was several years in her family, and had free conversation with the Foreign Envoys that were sent there, and was deservedly esteemed a first-rate Politician.

Mr. *Edward Veal* is an universal Scholar; and I suppose Mr. Samuel Wesley *, Rector of Epworth, can say nothing to the contrary. He is a man of great piety and usefulness, and his principles are very moderate. He was concerned in preparing for the press the Posthumous Works of the Reverend Mr. Stephen Charnock.

Mr. *Henry Hurst* was well known at Oxford for a quick and ingenious Disputant; and Mr. Wood himself cannot but own, he was a learned and a religious Nonconformist. He was domestic Chaplain to the Earl of

* Father of John and Charles Wesley, the two celebrated Founders of the Wesleyan Methodists. EDIT.

Anglesey for several years ; and preached with very good success and approbation in the City.

Mr. *Woodcock* had the universal character of a learned man. He was a quick Disputant, and well furnished for all the kinds of Academical Exercises. Towards the conclusion of his life he was Assistant to Dr. Bates at Hackney.

Mr. *Milward*, a man of peace and moderation, a sound Divine and Practical Preacher. I do not know that he has made any thing public, except a Sermon in the "Morning Exercise," &c. upon "Loving our Neighbours as ourselves," which is a perfect transcript both of his principles and his practice.

Mr. *John Oaks* was a man of great piety, and his conversation was unblemished. His humour was constantly bright and gay ; and he recommended Religion to the approbation of others by a cheerful innocence, which is usually attended with better success than that unpre-scribed severity, and religious sourness, which is much too common. He was violently seized in the Pulpit, and silenced in the midst of his work ; which to himself might be a comfortable, but to others a very awful and a preaching Providence. He was succeeded by the Reverend Mr. Daniel Williams, whose character I have drawn before.

Mr. *David Clarkson*, B. D. The substance of his character, drawn by the incomparable Dr. Bates, is this ; "He was a man of sincere godliness and true holiness, which is the divine part of a Minister. When deprived of his public Ministry, he gave himself wholly to reading and meditation, whereby he obtained an eminent degree of sacred knowledge, and was conversant in the retired parts of learning, in which many who are qualified to preach a profitable Sermon are unacquainted. Humility and modesty were his distinctive characters wherein he excelled. In his conversation, a comely gravity mixed with an innocent pleasantness were attractive of respect and love. His breast was a very temple of peace ; and his temper seemed to be always calm and undisturbed ; his language was neither neglected nor gaudy and vain, but judiciously suited to the Oracles of God."—Mr. Baxter tells us, "he was a Divine of extraordinary

worth for solid judgment, healing moderate principles, acquaintance with the Fathers, great ministerial abilities, and a godly upright life." It was his great honour to have been concerned in the education of Dr. John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had a high value for him so long as he lived.

Mr. *Richard Mayo*, a man of great piety and sincerity. His labours in the Ministry met with abundance of success, and his memory is precious at Kingston to this day; his natural temper was very open and innocent. Mr. Nathaniel Taylor succeeded him.

Mr. *Vincent Alsop* was a man of great worth and piety. He had a flowing fancy, and his wit was excellent, of which his "Antizozzo," and his "Melius Inquirendum," are living testimonies. Mr. Wood might as well have told the world that Mr. Alsop was born blind, as that "he was no way qualified for any performance where Wit was requisite, either by the natural bent of his own genius, or by any acquired improvements." His Discourses were informing, and discovered a great depth of judgment. He was late Pastor of a considerable Congregation in Westminster; died very suddenly in 1703; and is succeeded by the Reverend Mr. Calamy.

Mr. *Richard Steel*, a very valuable and useful man. He was a great Scholar, and pursued his studies with close application. He was well qualified for the Ministry, and all his Discourses discovered abundance of accuracy and fine thought. He met with very hard measures upon the account of his Nonconformity. He was seized once by a warrant, and his Almanack taken from him, where he kept his Diary, which was not written very fair; and they made all the malicious comments upon it that their envy would suggest.

Mr. *Thomas Brand*. He once designed for the Law, but afterwards applied himself to Divinity. His principles were very moderate, and he was very zealous to promote the knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity; he was one of the brightest ornaments of his function which the age afforded. Dr. Annesley brought me acquainted with this generous good man; and I must own (to his eternal honour) that he gave more Practical Books to the Poor, than all my Customers besides.

Mr. Lukin, a very eminent man, one that burns with devotion, and the zeal of doing good. He is an ornament of the Ministry; and his Discourses dwell upon Jesus Christ, his Sacrifice, his Natures, and his Offices; which are the richest themes of the Everlasting Gospel. What he preaches is first wrought upon his own mind, and then delivered with a spiritual warmth, and from an inward perception of all he says. He is very humble, and appears to be nothing in his own esteem; and those that enjoy his conversation must either be better, or much the worse for it. I printed 10,000 of his "*Practice of Godliness*."

Mr. Thomas Lye was a man of great worth and piety; but his talent, and indeed the genius of his mind, was peculiarly turned for Catechetical Exercises. His method in them obtained so much among Children, that, as I have heard his worthy Friend *Mr. Goldsmith* say, they usually made it their *choice* to be catechized. He published "*An Explanation of the Assembly's Catechism*," which he wrote whilst he lived in Clapham, and gave several hundreds of them away; by this means he was an useful instrument to spread the knowledge of Christianity among the Youth.

Mr. Lobb. He was a person of a piercing judgment in all points of Controversial Divinity. He could state a Theological Question with admirable clearness and acuteness; and knew how, in a controversy, "to cleave," as we say, "a hair." He was (I had almost said) an invincible Disputant; his conquests are as many as were his contentions with any Adversaries of the truth. All the pieces I printed for him seem well meditated, and furnished with a force of thought and expression not commonly met with in others; for he had formed a system of notions to which he was always constant, never writing any thing inconsistent with his principles, which, with his exact and succinct style, rendered the whole judicious. As for the rest of his Character, his life was so pure (that though some blamed him for going so often to Court in King James's reign) his very enemies could never prove him guilty of an ill thing; and both Churchmen and Dissenters did equally love him. In Controversial Divinity he used soft words, but hard arguments;

and laboured more to shew the truth of his cause, than the spleen. I shall only add, he brought me acquainted with that learned Gentleman, Dr. R. Burthogg, and was my constant Friend to the day of his death.

Mr. *Vink*. He was a profound Casuist, a Practical Preacher, and a person most able and dextrous in the expounding of Scriptures. He was concerned in the "Supplement to Pool's Annotations," and was one that could as well reach and fathom the difficult places of Scripture as any Divine whatever. In a word, Mr. Vink was a most Orthodox Christian, and had thoroughly digested the whole Body of Divinity, and could fluently (and yet rationally) deliver his notions without the least hesitation.

Mr. *Trail*. He is pious and learned, and counts it no prophaneness to be polished with human reading. He is a very affectionate Preacher; beats upon his *Text*, not the *Cushion*; making his Hearers, not the Pulpit, groan. He is a Scribe instructed to the Kingdom of Heaven, like unto a man that is "an householder, that bringeth out of his treasure things new and old." He is an able Disputant; but is a man of too much sincerity to desire Conferences out of a principle of vanity. To conclude his character, he is (besides his admirable genius and great learning) a person of extraordinary judgment, which always governs the heats of his imagination, and makes even his silence considerable.

Mr. *Quick* is a man of acute parts, and a great Master of the French Tongue, which was a considerable help to him in compiling his "Synodicon." His genius is much superior to the generality of Preachers; and his Discourses are well methodized, and discover a considerable depth of thought.

Mr. *Hammond*, a Dissenting Minister of great worth and eminency. He wants nothing but to be more known, to make him more esteemed. He is now sunk very much under age and infirmity; and yet the venerable Remains of what he once was appear in all his Discourses. His style is above the common rate, and his humility and good-humour are very remarkable. He lived at Taunton for many years, and is now a Preacher in Town.

Mr. *Ness*, a man of considerable Learning, but labours

under some unhappiness in his style. He has wrote many Practical Treatises; published a "Church History," in 8vo; and "An Exposition on the whole Bible." He wrote for me "The Life of Pope Innocent XI." of which the whole impression sold off in two weeks. His conversation is both pleasant and informing; he continued to preach privately in the *darkest* times.

Mr. *Barnard*, a man of good estate, and so preaches purely to promote the happiness of men. He is a great Master at Catechetical Exercises, which are his peculiar province. His *charity* is very large; he is constantly giving away great numbers of Practical Books.

Mr. *Albyn*, once an eminent Minister in the West. He was a holy, humble, mortified man, of great learning and usefulness; but his character is so well known, that there is no necessity to enlarge. I printed some "Sermons" of his (sent to me by his Friend Mr. Hamlyn), which obtained very well.

Mr. *Ben Bridgwater*. He was of Trinity College in Cambridge, and M. A. His genius was very rich, and ran much upon Poetry, in which he excelled. He was, in part, Author of "Religio Bibliopolæ." But, alas! in the issue, Wine and Love were the ruin of this ingenious Gentleman.

I next make room for a man of another character; and room must be made; for here comes Mr. *Keach*, mounted upon some Apocalyptical Beast or other, with Babylon before him, and Zion behind him, and a hundred thousand Bulls and Bears, and furious Beasts of Prey, roaring, ramping, and bellowing at him, so hideously, that, unless some kind Angel drop from the clouds, and hacks and hews very plentifully among them, he must certainly be torn as small as a Love-letter. This warlike Author is much admired amongst the Anabaptists; and, to do him right, his thoughts are easy, just, and pertinent. He is a Popular Preacher, and (as appears by his awakening Sermons) understands the humour and necessity of his Audience. His Practical Books have met with a kind reception; and I believe his "War with the Devil," and "Travels of True Godliness," (of which I printed ten thousand) will sell to the end of time.—These have all of them written for me either more or less.

The next labour that lies upon me is, to draw, as concisely as I can, the Characters of my Lay-Authors, who have either furnished out Originals, or translated for me.

Lord *Delamere*, a very great man, and one that deserved well of his Country. He asserted the English Liberties with a noble zeal; and never carried his point by noise and tumult, but by prudence and the strength of argument. He was a Christian as well as a politician, though he made no bustle in the Church; for his Principles had nothing in them but moderation and peace. His "*Posthumous Works*" give a better Character of him than I can do. They shew he was well acquainted with the World, and how little he expected from it; and they discover a very generous concern for Posterity, and the great interest of Religion.

Sir *Peter Pett* was a Virtuoso, and a great Scholar, and Fellow of the Royal Society. He was well accomplished for conversation, because of his natural fluency and the fineness of his Wit.

James Tyrrel, Esq. Grandson to the famous Bishop Usher. He deserves a better character than I am able to give him. He knows, perhaps, the English Constitution better than any man of the Age. His "*Bibliotheca Politica*" is argument enough of his sufficiency that way. At the instance of Sir William Temple—Mr. Salisbury, Mr. Harris, and myself, put him upon writing his "*General History of England*;" which though it was ten months longer in the Press than we expected, yet he was so much *disinterested* in the matter, that we had no reason to complain. The first Volume was so well received, that he had encouragement enough to proceed upon a second. He is an accomplished Gentleman, an impartial Historian, and his principles are very moderate.

Dr. *Kerr*, a man of great piety and universal learning. Philosophy is his peculiar province, and, perhaps, there are but few in this Age of a greater depth in Divinity and Philosophy than himself. His thoughts are free and noble; and he is neither tied to the old pedantry of the Schools, nor over-fond of our new discoveries, where the reason and the evidence of Truth is insufficient, of which he is a very capable judge.

Dr. Miller, a Scotsman, a great Traveller, well skilled in Physic and the Mathematics. His genius is rich and noble; he writes much, and to very good purpose, and knows to translate the French incomparably well. His principles are moderate, and his modesty very remarkable.

Edward Coke, Esq. was a Gentleman of great learning and sobriety; and was something addicted to a melancholy sullenness. He deserved to have this said of him—that he was the most impartial Historian of the Age; one who would not be biassed by any interest or party to convey down the matters of fact to Posterity under any disguise and false glosses.

Tom Brown is a good Scholar, and knows to translate either the Latin or the French incomparably well. He is enriched with a noble genius, and understands our own Tongue as well, if not better, than any man of the age. The “Poems” he has written are very beautiful and fine, but the urgency of his circumstances will not allow him time enough to lay out his talent that way. After all, I cannot but say that his Morals are wretchedly out of order; and it is extreme pity that a man of so fine parts, and so well accomplished every other way, should spend his time upon a few romantic Letters, that seem purely designed to debauch the Age, and overthrow the foundations of Religion and Virtue.

Mr. D’Urfey has but a low genius, and yet some of his Farces would make a body laugh. He has written considerably in his time, and there are few Authors have been more diverting. Yes, D’Urfey,

Thou canst play, thou canst sing,
To a Mayor, or a King,

Tho’ thy luck on the Stage is so scurvy;

Such a Beau, such a Face,

Such a Voice to disgrace,

Such a Mien—’t is the De’il, Mr. D’Urfey.

Mr. Ridpath is a considerable Scholar, and well acquainted with the Languages. He is a Scotsman, and designed first of all for the Ministry; but, by some unfortunate accident or other, the fate of an Author came upon him. He has written much; his style is excellent; and his humility and his honesty have established his reputation. He scorns to receive a farthing of *Copy-money*, till

he knows what numbers are sold off. He was very fortunate in engaging in "The History of the Works of the Learned," which was *originally* my own thought; and the first I published under the title of "The Athenian Supplement," and the next under that of "The Complete Library." He writes "The Flying Post," which is highly valued, and sells well; but, if the merits of an Author must be determined according to the success of his Works, the greatest Genius of the age would suffer by it. It was this ingenious Gentleman that invented the *Polygraphy*, or *Writing Engine*, by which one may, with great facility, write two, four, six, or more copies of any one thing upon so many different sheets of paper at once. This Writing Engine is likewise attended with this advantage, that, being moved by the *foot*, while the *hand* guides the Pens, it keeps the whole body in warmth and exercise which prevents many of the usual inconveniences of a sedentary life, besides the time which the engine saves in dispatch.

Mr. *Daniel De Foe* is a man of good parts, and very clear sense. His conversation is ingenious and brisk enough. The World is well satisfied that he is enterprising and *bold*; but, alas! had his prudence only weighed a few grains more, he would certainly have wrote his "*Shortest Way*"* a little more at *length*.

There have been some men in all ages, who have taken that of Juvenal for their motto:

"Aude aliquid brevibus Gyaris, et carcere dignum,
Si vis esse aliquis."

Had he written no more than his "True-born Englishman," and spared some particular Characters that are too vicious for the very Originals, he had certainly deserved applause; but it is hard to leave off when not only the itch and inclination, but the necessity of writing, lies so heavy upon a man. Should I defend his good-nature and his honesty, and the world would not believe me, it would be labour in vain. Mr. De Foe wrote for me the "Character of Dr. Annesley," which was prefixed to the History of it. And he might have asked me the question,

* "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters," 1702; which, being complained of in the House of Commons, was ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman. EDIT.

before he had inserted either of them in the Collection of his Works, in regard he writes so bitterly against the same injustice in others.

Mr. *Fuller* is not only a *Villain*, but he is known to be so. He has something *peculiar* in his face, that distinguishes him from the rest of mankind. However, he has been such a *mystery of iniquity*, that the World had much ado to unriddle him. His looks are so honest and innocent, that you would think it was impossible that any mischief should be lodged in his heart. He has told the World, in the "History of his Life," that Mr. Baldwin and I did improve his "Narrative of the *sham* Prince of Wales," on purpose to make it sell; which is the most formal lie I have met with, in regard the *Copy* was printed off before we saw it. In the same "History of his Life," he pretends to make public *every roguery* he committed; but says nothing of his carrying Mr. Hayhurst and myself to Canterbury, and several other places, in quest of some "State Letters" which were never in being, and of the great sum he is yet indebted to us upon that account; so that, if *his penitence* and *his confession* be in the same condition, they neither of them signify a farthing.

Mr. *Gildon* is well acquainted with the Languages, and writes with a peculiar briskness, which the common *hacks* cannot boast of, in regard they want the life and spirit, and the same liberty and extent of genius. He was always very just in the engagements where I had any concern, and his performances were done as well as the *designs* would admit. He wrote "The History of the Athenian Society," which contained the just merits of that cause.

Mr. *Philips*, a Gentleman of good learning, and well born. He will write you a *design* off in a very little time, if the gout, or claret, do not stop him. He translates "The Present State of Europe, or the Monthly Mercury," incomparably well, which is one of the finest Journals of the kind the World has ever seen. I was once concerned in it, but had the misfortune to drop it.

Mr. *Jones*, Author of "King William's Life," with cuts, and printed for Mr. Sprint in Little-Britain. He is honest and good-natured, and writes very well. He

designed for the Ministry ; but began to teach School; and from that employment he turned Author, and Corrector for the Press. He brought me acquainted with Esquire *Coke*, whose "Detection of the Court and State of England" met with very good success.

Dr. *Burthogg*, a man of great learning, and well skilled in Speculation, for which his genius was naturally turned. His "Essay on the Nature of Spirits," dedicated to Mr. Locke, is, to me, a master-piece of the kind. Mr. Lobb was his great Oracle.

Mr. *Bradshaw*, the best accomplished hackney-author I have met with. His genius was quite above the common size, and his style was incomparably fine. You could propose to him no *design* within the compass of Learning, but he knew to go through with it. He designed for the Ministry till he had finished his studies; and then fell off, something like Tom Brown, though the comparison be a little too mean for him. He wrote for me the "Parable of the Magpyes," and many thousands of them sold. I had once fixed him upon a very great *design*, and furnished him both with money and books, which were most of them Historical and Geographical; but my Gentleman thought fit to remove himself, and I am not sure that I have seen him since. In a little time after was published the first Volume of "The Turkish Spy;" and so soon as I saw it, the very style, and the manner of writing, convinced me that Bradshaw was the Author. This gave me a little fresh uneasiness to find him out, and one day I met his Wife in Gray's-Inn. At first sight she was almost *dumb-founded*, but I was as civil to her as my nature would suffer me. I asked after her Husband, and she gave me this account, "that Dr. *Midgely* had engaged him in a Work which would take up some years to finish." She added, "the Doctor gave him forty shillings a sheet; twenty shillings a sheet he received, and the other twenty went to pay off some old arrears betwixt him and the Doctor." Dr. *Midgely* owned to me he was well acquainted with Mr. Bradshaw, and said, "he was very ingenious, but unhappy, and something indebted to him." After this, I had no more intelligence of Mr. Bradshaw; but the "Turkish Spy" was for some years published Volume after Volume; so

that it is very *probable* (for I cannot swear I saw him write it) that Mr. William Bradshaw was the Author of the "Turkish Spy." Were it not for this *discovery*, which was never made known before, Dr. Midgely had gone off with the honour of that performance. If Mr. Bradshaw be yet alive, I here declare to the world, and to him, that I freely forgive him what he owes both in Money and Books, if he will only be so kind as to make me a visit. But I am afraid the worthy Gentleman is dead, for he was wretchedly overrun with melancholy, and the very *blackness* of it reigned in his countenance. He had certainly performed wonders with his pen, had not his poverty pursued him, and almost laid the necessity upon him to be unjust.

Mr. *Settle* has got himself the reputation of being a good Poet; and perhaps he knows the *Art*, at least, as well as his Brethren of the Quill. His Latin Poem, dedicated to the Princess Sophia, has shewn he is a man of Learning. His "Character of a Popish Successor" has deservedly given him the name of a Wit, and most of his Plays have been acted with great applause. Mr. Dryden found him smart enough, and could have wished himself safe out of his hands. But, alas! after all, when I see an ingenious man set up for a mere Poet, and steer his course through life towards that Point of the Compass, I give him up, as one pricked down by Fate for misery and misfortune. It is something unaccountable, but one would incline to think there is some indispensable Law, whereby Poverty and Disappointment are entailed upon Poets. Mr. Oldham was something of the same mind, when, writing about his own inclinations that way, he tells his Friend,

" While silly I, all thriving Arts refuse,
And all my hopes and all my vigour lose
In service on that worst of Jilts, a Muse;
For gainful Business court ignoble Ease,
And in gay trifles waste my ill-spent days.

A little farther :

Poets are Cullies, whom Rook Fame draws in,
And wheedles with deluding hopes to win;
But, when they hit, and most successful are,
They scarce come off with a bare saving share.

Oft (I remember) did wise Friends dissuade;
 And bid me quit the trifling barren Trade.
 Oft have I tried (Heaven knows) to mortify
 This vile and wicked lust of Poetry :
 But still unconquer'd it remains within,
 Fix'd as an habit, or some darling sin.
 Nay (Heaven forgive me !) when I say my prayers,
 I scarce can help polluting them with verse.

Homer himself was but a blind Beggar ; and Ovid,
 when his Father whipped him for making verses, could
 not but reply in verse,

Parce, precor, Genitor ; posthac non versificabor.

And that pregnant instance which his Father urged upon
 him was ineffectual :

Mæonides nullas ipse reliquit opes.

However, his Muse gave him but cold comfort in banishment,
 and among the snows of Scythia.

Our own Cowley, if I mistake not the story, could not
 purchase himself so much as a little House with a small
 Garden to it, when he made his retreat from the world.
 However, we are well assured that his Muse and he had
 frequently very warm quarrels between them.—I would
 not allege all this to dissuade any noble Genius to pursue
 this Art as a little pretty Divertisement ; but where it is
 made the very Trade of life, I am pretty positive the
 man is in the wrong box. Mr. Settle may wonder at this
 sober lecture of prudence and good management ; but I
 must ask his pardon, if I think it is a little to the purpose.

Mr. Shirley (alias *Dr. Shirley*) is a good-natured Writer
 as I know. He has been an indefatigable Press-mauler
 for above these twenty years. He has published at least
 a hundred bound Books, and about two hundred Sermons ;
 but the cheapest, pretty, pat things, all of them pence
 apiece as long as they will run. His great talent lies at
Collection, and he will do it for you at six shillings a
 sheet. He knows to disguise an Author that you shall not
 know him, and yet keep the sense and the main scope
 entire. He is as true as steel to his word, and would save
 off his feet to oblige a Bookseller. He is usually very
 fortunate in what he goes upon. He wrote "*Lord Jeffreys's
 Life*" for me, of which six thousand were

sold. After all, he subsists, as other Authors must expect, by a sort of Geometry.

The Pindaric Lady in the West, alias *Philomela*, alias *Madam Singer* *, who obliged the Athenian Society with variety of inimitable Poems, and for whom I printed a "Collection, written upon several occasions;" and whenever I take them up,

In vain, alas! in vain my fate I shun;
I read, and sigh, and love, and am undone:
Circæan charms and Female Arts I prove,
Transported all to some new World of Love.
Now my ears tingle; and each thick-drawn breath
Comes hard, as in the agonies of Death!
Back to the heart the purple rivers flow;
My swimming eyes to see, my feet unlearn to go;
In every trembling nerve a short-liv'd Palsy reigns,
Strange fevers boil my blood, yet shudder through my veins.

To write plain English, she has certainly the richest genius of her Sex; and, to convince the Reader of it, I shall only refer him to her "Paraphrase upon the Canticles," and the "Fable of Phaeton," which he may meet with in the "Collection" I have mentioned. She knows the purity of our Tongue, and converses with all the briskness and the gaiety that she writes. Her style is noble and flowing, and her images are very vivid and shining. To finish her Character, she is as beautiful as she is witty:

And here and there she innocently slays
With an unaiming dart;
And none resist her, when with skill
She levels at a heart.

Bright wonder of her Sex, with ease she wields
Vast thoughts; and more refin'd,
And greater far, than e'er were yet
Grasp'd by a Female Mind.

Mr. *Pitts*. He was a Surgeon in Monmouth's Army, and was, in part, Author of "The Bloody Assizes." He is a mere Angel of a man; and where is the lady that can resist his charms? "There's nose, there's eyes, there's complexion!"—Well, if all this fails, I will never trust

* Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, better known by the name of her future husband Mr. Thomas Rowe. She died Feb. 20, 1736-7. EDIT.

Physiognomy again. An Author too, as sure as Infallibility. See how he bites his nails, and scratches his head, and twirls his fingers—all mortal symptoms of the plague of writing.

I shall next give the Reader a prospect of *Artemisa* (who obliged the Athenian Society with many curious Questions) &c. Her aspect is composed of mirth and modesty; she has sweetness and enterprize in her air, which plead and anticipate in her favour. Her Wit and Virtues are wrote legibly in her face; and this *short-hand* will give you a juster idea of her worth than the circumlocution of words. Her eyes bespeak her the wonder and envy of her sex, only with less rhetorick than her tongue :

Saint-like she looks, a Syren if she sings :
Her Eyes are Stars, her Mind is every thing.

Her Effigies and her Character are the same; she is all that she looks, and it would drain any wit but her own to raise the piece to a level with her desert. She is a constant hearer of Mr. Taylor, and is a very charitable Lady; but, the *Athenians* having prevented me in her Character, I shall not blemish the colours with an unmasterly hand.

Robert Carr. A small Poetical Insect, like *Bays* in every thing but writing well; an odd mixture of lead and mercury; as heavy and dull as an old Usurer, and yet as unfixt and maggoty as *Parson Grubb*; still changing, displeased, unquiet, uneasy, a perfect contradiction to himself and all the world. He wrote "An Antidote against Lust;" and has nothing but his chastity to recommend him.

Mr. *Ames*, originally a coat-seller; but had always some yammerings upon him after Learning and the Muses. He has almost written as many pretty little pleasant Poems as Taylor the Water Poet. You might engage him upon what Project you pleased, if you would but conceal him, for his *principles* did never resist in such cases. I printed a Poem for him, under the title of "The Double Descent." At that time the French talked big, of invading England; and we were making ready for a Descent upon their Coasts. Wine and Women were the great bane of his life and happiness. He

died in an Hospital : but I hope he was truly penitent ; for a little before his decease, he said to me, with a great deal of concern, " Ah, Mr. Dunton ! with what another face does the World appear, now I have Death in view !".

I have now finished an Original of Gratitude to my Authors, and have done it with all the impartiality I was capable.

I am now to entertain the Reader with the PROJECTS I have engaged upon ; for I have been sufficiently convinced that, unless a man can either think or perform something out of the old beaten road, he will find nothing but what his Forefathers have found before him.

A Bookseller, if he is a man of any capacity and observation, can tell best what to go upon, and what has the best prospect of success. I remember Mr. *Andrews*, a learned and ingenious Scotsman of this age, has offered me several Translations, and told me " they would certainly sell ; the substance of the Book was so and so, and could not miss." He added, " I had printed *more* than any other, and yet none had printed *less*." This was sharp enough, I confess. However, it is a difficult matter to attack a man in his own Science. I have, it is true, been very plentifully loaded with the imputation of " Maggots," &c. And what is the reason ? Why, because I have usually started something that was new ; whilst others, like *foot-pads*, ply only about the high roads ; and either *abridge* another man's Book, or one way or other contrived the very life and soul out of the *Copy*, which perhaps was the only subsistence of the first Proprietor. I once printed a Book, I remember, under the title of " Maggots ;" but it was written by a Dignitary in the Church of England *. However, I am willing to submit myself, and to stand or fall by the impartial judgment of the Reader ; for,

My first Project was, " The Athenian Gazette." The human Mind, though it has lost its innocence, and made shipwreck of the image of God ; yet the desire of Knowledge is undestroyed. Mankind are sunk, as it were, into shadows and darkness, and now and then they see some glimmering apparition of Truth ; but yet, though

* By the Rev. Samuel Wesley, Rector of Epworth ; see p. 163. EDIT.

it be as glorious, it is fleeting as a vision. The Soul is also as much jilted and juggled with a walking kind of happiness, which is promising enough, but always unperforming. Thus the Human Understanding and the Will being under penal banishment from Truth and Goodness, and yet tantalized with the appearance of both, the Soul must suffer under a world of uneasiness and pain; for, what misery more exquisite than when the Faculties and their Objects are divorced? Now under this condition, what *Project* could be more agreeable, than that which promises, at least, to open the avenues, raise the Soul, as it were, into Daylight, and restore the knowledge of Truth and Happiness, that had wandered so long unknown, and found out by few? This was the great design of our English *Athens*, which was a thought entirely (if you will forgive me the vanity) of my own creation.

As the Athenian Society had their first meeting in my brain—so it has been kept ever since religiously *secret*. But I will now oblige the Reader with a true discovery of the *Question-Project*, and of the several persons that engaged in it.

I had received a very flaming injury, which was so loaded with aggravations, that I could scarce get over it. My thoughts were constantly working upon it, and made me strangely uneasy; sometimes I thought to make application to some Divine, but how to conceal myself and the ungrateful wretch, was the difficulty. Whilst this perplexity remained upon me, I was one day walking over St. George's Fields, and Mr. Larkin and Mr. Harris were along with me; and on a sudden I made a stop, and said, "Well, Sirs, I have a thought I will not exchange for fifty guineas." They smiled, and were very urgent with me to *discover* it; but they could not get it from me. The first rude *hint* of it was no more than a confused idea, of concealing the Querist, and answering his Question. However, so soon as I came home, I managed it to some better purpose, brought it into form, and hammered out a *Title* for it, which happened to be extremely lucky, and those who are well acquainted with the Grecian History may discover some peculiar beauties in it. The inhabitants of Athens were mighty fond of being

called *Athenians*, in regard they fancied the title did distinguish them from the rest of mankind, whom they styled *Barbarians*, which is well known to those that are conversant with their writings; and from them the Romans received the same custom, which indulged their humour of fancying themselves the only refined part of the world. It is very easily discovered that the Holy Spirit, in the Sacred Writings, seems, for wise reasons, to sooth the vanity of these Athenians; for, when St. Paul was to defend himself in their Areopagus, or Court of Darkness, he gives them no higher title than that of *Ἀσπίς Ἀδμαίων*. However, the honest Reader that knows nothing of criticism may see the reason why this Project was intituled "The Athenian Gazette," if he only turns to Acts xvii. 21. When I had thus formed the design, I found that some assistance was absolutely necessary to carry it on, in regard the *Project* took in the whole compass of Learning, and the nature of it required dispatch. I had then some acquaintance with the ingenious Mr. Richard Sault*, who turned Malebranche into English for me, and was admirably well skilled in Mathematicks; and over a glass of wine I unbosomed myself to him, and he very freely offered to become concerned. So soon as the design was well advertised, Mr. Sault and myself, without any more assistance, settled to it with great diligence; and Numbers 1 and 2 were entirely of Mr. Sault's composition and mine. The Project being surprizing and unthought of, we were immediately overloaded with *Letters*; and sometimes I have found several hundreds for me at Mr. Smith's Coffee-house in Stocks Market, where we usually met to consult matters.

"The Athenian Gazette" made now such a noise in the world, and was so universally received, that we were obliged to look out after more members; and Mr. Sault, I remember, one evening came to me in great transport, and told me, "he had been in company with a Gentleman who was the greatest prodigy of Learning he had ever met with." Upon inquiry, we found it was the ingenious Dr. Norris, who very generously offered his assistance *gratis*, but refused to become a stated Member of *Athens*. He was wonderfully useful in sup-

* See page 157.

plying hints; for, being universally read, and his memory very strong, there was nothing could be asked, but he could very easily say something to the purpose upon it.

In a little time after, to oblige *Authority*, we altered the title of "*Athenian Gazette*" into "*Athenian Mercury*."

The undertaking growing every week upon our hands, the impatience of our Querists, and the curiosity of their Questions, which required a great deal of accuracy and care, did oblige us to adopt a third Member of *Athens*; and the Reverend Mr. *Wesley* being just come to town, all new from the University, and my acquaintance with him being very *intimate*, I easily prevailed with him to embark himself upon the same bottom, and in the same cause. With this *new addition* we found ourselves to be masters of the whole design, and thereupon we neither lessened nor increased our number. The success of *Athens* growing so very considerable, Mr. *Brown* and Mr. *Pate* began to ape our design, in a Paper they intituled "*The Lacedemonian Mercury*," which immediately interfered with us, under a title which, it is true, was pretty and pertinent enough. Upon this, I was resolved one way or other to blow them up, in regard it was both ungenerous and unjust to interlope upon a man where he has the sole right and property, for the Children of the Brain are as much ours as those we beget in lawful wedlock.

I first of all advertised, "that all the Questions answered in '*The Lacedemonian Mercury*' should be answered over again in our '*Athenian Mercury*,' with *amendments*; with the Life of Tom Brown*, the chief Antagonist." This news startled them pretty much. At that time I was altogether unacquainted with Mr. Brown; however, one evening he comes to me with all the civility imaginable, and desires to take a glass with me. I sent for my *Athenian Brethren*; and we went to the Three Cranes, where we discoursed the matter with him at large. But Mr. Sault, being a Gentleman of courage, and a little inclined to passion, was going to draw upon Mr. Brown, for an uncivil reflection; upon which Mr. Brown cried *Peccavi*, and promised very faithfully "that he would never meddle any more with *The Lacedemo-*

* See page 179.

nian Mercury." And though they had not dropped it, yet the flaming wickedness, and the blasphemy that was in it, would have ruined the design.

A little after this, was published "The new Athenian Comedy; containing the Politicks, Œconomicks, Tacticks, Crypticks, Apocalypticks, Stypticks, Scepticks, Pneumatics, Theologicks, Poeticks, Mathematicks, Sophisticks, Pragmaticks, Dogmaticks, of our most learned Society." This Play was a poor performance, written, however, on purpose to expose us, but failed so far in the design of it, that it promoted ours. There was nothing of wit through the whole of it; and the Reader may take notice that Mr. *Settle's* genius was quite run out towards the conclusion of the Third Act, and could not carry it an inch farther. There was, indeed, something very pretty in the Author's quotation out of Juvenal towards the bottom of his Title-page, which "Farnaby's Rhetorick" might help him to, if he was unacquainted with the original. The lines were these, which methinks have a peculiar reference to my humour, and the History of my Life:

Ede quid illum
Esse putes? Quemvis hominem secum attulit ad nos;
Grammaticus, Rhetor, Geometres, Pictor, Aliptes,
Augur, Schönobates, Medicus, Magus: omnia novit
Atticus esuriens: in Cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

The Earl of — was once pleased to frown upon "The Athenian Mercury," and forced us into silence. But, when men are pleased to make personal application, (for the offence was only taken at a question that was sent us, of "a Father that had two Daughters"), it is a sign there is a sore place, else they would never wince for the matter. However, Captain *M——al* procured us liberty to proceed, and had twenty-five guineas for that service. I have waded through these and many other difficulties with this *design*; and nothing could discourage me, when my cause was so great and good.

"The Athenian Mercury" began at length to be so well approved, that Mr. Gildon (whose character I gave before*) thought it worth his while to write "A History

* See page 181.

of the Athenian Society," to which were prefixed several Poems written by the chief Wits of the Age (*vis.* Mr. Motteux, Mr. De Foe, Mr. Richardson, &c.; and, in particular, Mr. Tate (now Poet Laureate) was pleased to honour us with a Poem directed to the Athenian Society, in these words :

"The warmth your beams produc'd you must excuse;
 Your commendation first inspir'd my Muse :
 Your friendly praise supports her feeble wing :
 You both invite, and teach her how to sing ;
 And while by Art your charming Numbers move,
 Her wood-wild notes instruct her to improve,
 Censure, in this attempt, can only say,
 That I my debt of thanks too poorly pay ;
 That from your bounty I my tribute raise,
 And but return the product of your praise.
 Yet mortals thus to sacred Altars go,
 With presents which the Gods did first bestow :
 We treat them from the stores which they dispense,
 Not to requite, but shew our grateful sense.
 To sing your toils let abler Bards aspire,
 While I at distance silently admire.
 How much oblig'd your Country is to you,
 If Wit and Learning here those charms renew
 That Art's Admirers once to Athens drew !
 If thither conquering Rome for knowledge sought,
 What miracles have you for Britain wrought,
 Who Athens home to us at your own charge have brought !
 Aspiring Lewis' self must yield to you
 In that sole praise which he can call his due ;
 Translated Learning France too dearly buys,
 Which cheaply your compendious Book supplies.
 This difference, too, your preference secures,
 His aim was Glory, Public Good was yours ;
 For, while you move the various Orbs of Wit,
 Conceal'd the great Intelligences sit.

N. TATE."

In the "History of the Athenian Society" is inserted another Poem, in which the ingenious Author is pleased to say,

"When first the spreading fame, the rumour run,
 That Athens had another World begun,
 And clear'd the gloomy shades of Ignorance,
 And form'd new sparkling orbs ——
 This soon employ'd each tongue; all ears, all eyes,
 Were full of Athens, and the enterprize.

Mr. Richardson concludes his Panegyrick upon the Athenian Society with these words :

“ The chain of Causes, and their order, shine,
 And clearly shew they're fram'd by Hands Divine.
 Ye great Unknown, this you have aim'd at now ;
 And though coy Nature flies our searching view,
 Yet many, who long dead in ignorance lay,
 Now speak and think, reviv'd by your bright day.
 Go on : Learning and solid Truth advance ;
 They're noble subjects for such noble pens.
 Let your Opposers trifling jests pursue ;
 They write for Minutes, but for Ages you.”

The Pindaric Lady * was pleased to compliment our Athenian Project in this manner, viz.

“ And now methinks I rise,
 But still the lofty subject baulks my flight,
 And still my Muse despairs to do great Athens right ;
 Yet take the zealous tribute which I bring,
 The early products of a Female Muse,
 Until the God into my breast shall mightier thoughts infuse ;
 When I with more command and prouder voice shall sing.
 But how shall I describe the matchless men ?
 I'm lost in the bright Labyrinth again.”

Mr. *Swift* †, a Country Gentleman, sent an Ode to the Athenian Society ; which, being an ingenious Poem ‡, was prefixed to the Fifth Supplement of the Athenian Mercury.

Many other persons did also *rhyme* in the praise of our Question-Project ; but it would tire the Reader to insert half the Poems that were sent us on that occasion. Our Athenian Project did not only obtain among the populace, but was well received by the politer sort of mankind. That great and learned Nobleman the late *Marquis of Halifax* was once pleased to tell me, “ that he constantly perused our ‘Mercuries,’ and had received great satisfaction from very many of our Answers.”

The late *Sir William Temple*, a man of clear judgment and wonderful penetration, was pleased to honour me with frequent Letters and Questions, very curious and uncommon. In particular, that about the *Talismans* is his.

* Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, afterwards Rowe. See p. 185.

† Afterwards the celebrated Dean of St. Patrick's.

‡ See this Poem in Swift's Works, by Nichols, 1808, vol. XVI. p. 23.

The Honourable *Sir Thomas Pope Blount*, when he resided in Town, has very frequently sent for me to his Chamber, and given me particular thanks for my Athenian Project; and, the last visit I made him, he told me the Athenian Society was certainly the most useful and informing design that had ever been set on foot in England.

Sir William Hedges was pleased to tell me "he was so well pleased with the 'Athenian Mercuries,' that he would send several complete sets into the Indies, to his Friends; and that he thought the publick, and himself in particular, so much obliged to me, that I should be always welcome to his House; and that he would serve me to his utmost with reference to my Trade."

I could mention many more *honours* that were done me, by *Sir Peter Pett*, and several others, whose learning and judgment the World has little reason to question.

Our "Athenian Mercuries" were continued till they swelled at least to Twenty Volumes folio; and then we took up, to give ourselves a little ease and refreshment; for the labours and the travels of the mind are as expensive, and wear the spirits off as fast, as those of the body. However, our Society was never formally dissolved; only Death indeed (the common fate of mankind) has taken off our dearly beloved brother, Mr. Richard Sault. However, our Triumvirate is not only supplied, but the number increased by a new election of Nine Members, all masters in their several faculties; so that the World will shortly hear from *New Athens*, in a supplementary way to the performances of the *Old*.

And now that I have made a true narrative of *Old Athens*, I shall present the Reader with the Platform now drawn up by the Members of the *New*.

The Old Athenian Volumes a while ago growing quite out of print, a choice Collection of the most valuable Questions and Answers, in Three Volumes, have lately been re-printed, and made public, under the title of "Athenian Oracle;" two of which I dedicated to the most illustrious and magnanimous Prince, *James, Duke of Ormond*, Chancellor of the Universities of Oxford and Dublin, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. These two volumes I presented to his Grace with my own hand;

and if any thing could make me vain of the Athenian Project, it would be the generous reception his Grace gave to each of the Volumes. I have no need here to shew the reason of this Dedication; for his Grace's fame is improved already to an undoubted immortality. His courage, conduct, and success in War, have raised him as far above the reach of flattery, as above all parallel. He has waded through blood and battles, and has freely ventured his Life and Fortunes in the great cause of Liberty and Religion; and now at last we cannot but applaud the judicious choice of our Gracious Queen, in making him the Guardian of a Kingdom which owes so much to his Family, and where his presence is as acceptable as it is necessary. And therefore, as the Duke of Ormond is Patron of Learning as well as of Arms, the Athenian Society thought they had a natural right to his Protection; and they found it in so ample a manner, that his Grace not only honoured each Volume with his own perusal, but was pleased afterwards to mention to some Lords the great satisfaction he took in the Athenian Oracles that had been presented to him. And may his Grace live long, the great encouragement of Arms and Arts!

The Copy of these Three Volumes I sold to Mr. Bell, in Cornhill, and is all (as appears by our articles) that he has any right to; and much good may his success do him, for it is thought he will get above a Thousand Pounds by it. But though I was so unfortunate "to beat the bush for another to catch the bird;" yet *Athens* has a kind of immortality, and, like a King or Queen of England, *never dies*. "The Athenian Oracle" being my darling Project, I have, in my articles with Mr. Bell, reserved the *sole right* of continuing of it, to myself and to my heirs for ever; and, in prosecution of the same method, the Members of *New Athens* have laid the plan of Three Volumes, to succeed the *Old*.

The First, to be intituled "Athenæ Redivivæ; or, the new *Philosophic* and *Miscellaneous Oracle*;" which will be purely a *Philosophic Miscellany*, where we shall entirely throw off the rules and the pedantry of the old way, and think anew both for the World and ourselves. For this Volume we are well furnished already, with some

Thousand Questions, sent to *Old Athens*, which were thrown by through the impatience of other Querists.

The Second Volume shall come abroad under the title of "*Athenæ Redivivæ*; or, the *Divine Oracle*;" and to be a Directory for Tender Consciences, and contain all the uncommon cases proposed to the Athenian Society by persons under trouble of mind, or otherwise communicated to us from other Divines. This Volume we intend to make the very Crown of all our other Labours; in regard they are the best of Friends that are so to the great interests of the Soul.

Our Third Volume is to be made public under the title of "*Athenæ Redivivæ*; or, the *Secret Oracle*;" which is to answer the nicer Questions which were privately sent to the Athenian Society by the masked Ladies and Town-Sparks.

We were always much obliged to the secrecy and faithfulness of Mr. *Smith*, the Coffee-man, who has read much, and his judgment is sedate and good. His house is appointed to be the Meeting-place for *New Athens*, and thither our Querists must direct their Letters. So that the Athenian Project does now, Phoenix-like, flourish in its own ashes; and I do not fear but these Three Volumes of *New Athens* will please as well as the *Old*; for they will contain as great variety of nice and curious Questions (digested under these several classes), and are absolutely necessary to perfect the *Question-Project*. And therefore if my honoured Mother (Madam *Jane Nicholas* *) will be so kind as to lend me Two Hundred Pounds to carry on this *New Oracle*, I doubt not by

* Madam Jane Nicholas, Dunton's rich Mother-in-law, was a considerable Benefactrix to the Town of St. Alban's, by her will dated 14 October, and proved 18 December 1708. Her bequests were to take effect within a year after the decease of her daughter Sarah Dunton without issue, who is recorded to have been buried in the Abbey Church 21 March 1720. Among other things she bequeathed to the Ministers of the Parish 5*l.* per annum for ever for preaching an annual Sermon, which my good friend James Brown, Esq. has heard more than once. She desired to be buried in the Abbey Church; and directed that the Annuities she had left might be expressly engraven on her Tomb-stone, that the memory thereof might not be lost, but preserved for future ages. It was a wise provision; but, like many other testamentary directions, never attended to, for there appears not the smallest vestige of any of the Family through the whole Church. EDIT.

Christmas next (humanly speaking) to pay all I owe in the world, and to make such handsome provisions for my dear Wife as is requisite for a woman of her fortune.—Thus I have given the Reader a full account of the Plans upon which *New Athens* are proceeding.

A second Project of mine, which was set on foot by the *Old Athenians*, and lately published by the *New*, is intitled “The Athenian Spy; or, the Secret Letters of Platonic Courtship between the Athenian Society and the most ingenious Ladies in the Three Kingdoms; with the Form of solemnizing Platonic Matrimony, invented by the Athenian Society. To which is added, their Amorous Quarrels on the Disputable Points relating to Love and Wedlock.—The Copy of an Act, to provide Maids with Husbands.—As also a Method for unmarrying those that are unequally yoked. Published to direct the Bachelor and Virgin in their whole Amour.” This Athenian Spy will be continued to several Volumes; and the Reader may meet with their various subjects in the Preface to the First Volume.

Madam *Singer* (one of the Ladies privy to this Correspondence) being fully satisfied there was nothing but innocence (or a Platonic Courtship) designed, in one of her Letters to me she inclosed the following Letter, directed to Iris:

“Your Servant, Madam;—for I knew as well as could be, you would have a *feminine itch* to break it open. Women will meet the Devil rather than not see him. Mr. Dunton is at Tunbridge, it seems—yes—and lies there all night too. Come, never cry for the matter; but call for a candle, and put on your night-dress, and go to bed, and divert yourself with one pretty dream or other. ’Twere better by half than to stand reading this simple Letter—not that there is any hurt in it; you need not be jealous—for, unless your Spouse be a very Angel, you may keep the *kind Philosopher* to yourself for me. Therefore, dear, sweet Lady, seal up the Epistle again, and send it away for Tunbridge to-morrow morning so soon as you are come down the stairs. And so I wish you good night, Madam; soft sleep and kind visions attend you. And now I will give you the slip, and steal

away very sullenly to Tunbridge, with more news than perhaps Philaret expects."

This ingenious Letter (with one inclosed in it directed to myself) Philomela sent to Iris while I was at Tunbridge: and, I might add, the *News* she sent me in this Letter was the discovery her Father made of our Correspondence, which was so very innocent, that my dear Iris (in my absence) returned her the following Answer to her Letter:

"DEAR MADAM,

August 27, 1695.

"You was not mistaken when you believed I should break open your Letter. It is a freedom we Women take that are blessed with such obliging Husbands as I have. I read it, took your advice, and sent it that night for Tunbridge; went to bed, and diverted myself with the thoughts of that pure and virtuous Friendship which was begun between Philomela and Philaret. I was much concerned at that unhappy accident which threatened the putting a stop to it; for I ever esteemed Platonic Love to be the most noble, and thought it might be allowed by all; but some wise persons are afraid lest the *Sex* should creep in for a share. Here was no danger; for, though Nature and Art have done their utmost to make Philomela charming to all (her Wit, &c. being beyond most of her sex); yet Philaret having for many years given such testimonies of a conjugal affection, even to excess (if such a thing can be), that I fancied their friendship might have been honourably continued to the end of Time. I hope what difficulties they meet with at their first setting out, will heighten their friendship, and make it more strong and lasting. So wishes

"Your humble servant, ELIZABETH DUNTON."

A Third Project of mine, for the promotion of Learning, was a Monthly Journal of Books printed in London and beyond Sea, which was chiefly extracted out of "*The Universal Bibliothegue, and Journal des Sçavans*;" and it first appeared under the title of "A Supplement to the Athenian Mercury," but was afterwards called: "The Complete Library." This *design* was carried on about Ten Months, when Monsieur *Lecrose* interfered with me, in a Monthly Journal, intituled "The Works of the Learned;" upon which I dropped my own design, and

joined with Lecrose's Bookseller in publishing "The Works of the Learned;" but, Lecrose dying, it was discontinued, though the same design, under the same title, is yet on foot, and managed by several hands, one of which is the ingenious Mr. *Ridpath*, of whom I have already given some short account under the Character of that Author*.

Another Project (which I wrote myself, and published a year ago) was intituled "The Post Angel; or, Universal Entertainment."

"Only that Angel was straight gone, even so
(But not so swift) the morning glories flow;
Quick Post, that with a speedy expedition
Flies to accomplish his divine commission.
God's winged Herald, Heaven's swift Messenger;
Twixt Heaven and Earth the true Interpreter." COWLEY.

These six Verses were thought proper for the Title of "The Post Angel;" which contained, 1. The remarkable Providences of Judgment and Mercy that happened Monthly. 2. The Lives and Deaths of the most eminent Persons that died every Week.—3. A New Athenian Mercury; resolving the most Nice and Curious Questions proposed by the ingenious of either Sex.—4. A Poetical Project, under four general Heads; viz. First, Poems on the most remarkable Passages throughout the whole Bible. Secondly, A Panegyrick on Virtue. Thirdly, A Satire on Vice. Fourthly, A new System of Philosophy. All in Verse.—5. The Gentleman's Library; or, Essays on all manner of diverting subjects.—6. An honourable Challenge betwixt myself and a Cambridge Scholar.—7. The Public News, containing so much (relating to Church and State) as informed the Reader how the World went at home and abroad.—8. A Character of Books published every Month, with an Account of those in the press, and going to it.

This "Post-Angel" owed its rise to a dream; and, by the assistance I had from my learned Friends, and the Correspondence I settled in divers parts, I made good the Eight Parts of my Journal; which meeting with good success, I continued to write it myself for eighteen Months. *Incognitus* and *Fido* (in their "Poems on the

* See page 179.

Birth and Design of "The Post-Angel") are pleased to say many fine things of this undertaking; but I am so sensible of my great imperfections, that I take what they write was more to shew the fineness of their Wit, than the merit of my performance. However, since the *design* of this "Post-Angel" was a Divine improvement of every remarkable occurrence, it was much the sale had not daily increased; but, finding that of making many Books there was no end (and my health at this time calling me to Tunbridge-Wells), I surrendered my Project of the "Post-Angel" to a Society of Clergymen. But this change of the Author was attended with such ill success, that the "Post-Angel" was forced to fly away in the Printer's debt. Those that desire a larger account of this "Angel-Project" must consult my Preface to the "Post-Angel" for January 1701.

My Fifth Project has been preparing for the press for these Ten Years, and is intituled "The New Practice of Piety;" writ in imitation of Dr. Brown's "*Religio Medici*"; or a System of Uncommon Thoughts, extracted from the Experience of Forty Years."—"May we know what this new doctrine, whereof thou speakest, is?" Acts xvii. 19.) This "New Practice of Piety" is written by the Athenian Society, and will be dedicated to our Sovereign Lady Queen Anne. To render this Book the more acceptable to the curious Reader; if any ingenious Querist has conceived in his own mind (or met in his reading with) any new or uncommon Thoughts, if he will send them to Smith's Coffee-house, directed to the Athenian Society, they shall not fail of a place in this *nice Undertaking*.

My Sixth Project was, "The Challenge, sent by a Young Lady to Sir Thomas —, intituled *The Female War*; wherein the present Dresses and Humours of the Fair Sex are vigorously attacked by Men of Quality, and as bravely defended by several Ladies." In this Challenge (or Female War) there was an absolute freedom of speech allowed by both Sexes, which was given and taken without the least offence. The whole encounter consists of several Challenges, in which the Ladies attack the Men with such strength of reason, and wit, and gaiety, that they generally come off with victory.

My next Project was intituled "The Post-boy robbed of his Mail; or, the Pacquet broke open, containing Five Hundred Letters that were taken from several Posts, discovering the Secrets of Men and Women of all Ranks and Qualities." The Club of Gentlemen supposed to have been concerned in this Frolick, make Remarks upon the Letters as they break them up. This Project obtained so well, that both Volumes are now out of print. It is true there are many unwary and prophane expressions scattered through these Volumes, so that I am heartily sorry I had any concern in them: but the Author sent the Copy to the press as he wrote it off, and in regard I had no suspicion of him, I did not peruse the Letters till it was past time to alter them. I do not think the same reason will justify either the Author or myself, upon which our modern Play-writers build so much—that, because there is wickedness in the Life, the Representation should be so too. However, the Project in general was very well approved, and will in few months be re-printed, and severely corrected, with a large number of Additional Letters, by *New Athens*.

My Eighth Project was a design to expose Vice, intituled "The Night-walker; or, Evening Rambles in search after Lewd Women, with the various Conferences held with them*."

My last Project (amongst many that I shall leave unmentioned) was intituled "The Merciful Assizes; or, A Panegyrick on the late Lord Jeffreys' hanging so many in the West."—You must know, Reader, in the Book intituled "The Bloody Assizes" (of which I sold above six thousand) the Lord *Jeffreys* is made a very cruel man; but in this *New Project* I wholly change the scene, and turn the *Bloody Assizes* into a *Merciful Assizes*.

* Dunton's greatest Project was intended for the extirpating of lewdness from London; a scheme highly creditable to the Schemer, had it been practicable. Armed with a Constable's staff, and accompanied by a Clerical companion, he sallied forth in the evening, and followed the wretched Prostitutes home, or to a Tavern, where every effort was used to win the erring Fair to the paths of virtue; but these, he observes, were 'perilous adventures,' as the Cyprians exerted every art to lead him astray, in the height of his spiritual exhortations.

But let none be surprized that I make Jeffreys the subject of a Panegyrick; for there is a witty Author has defended "The Bloody Nero;" and of late a learned Gentleman has published "An Apology for the Failures of Dr. Walker;" and with the same design that these Gentlemen writ, do I venture to praise that *non-such Man*, George Lord Jeffreys. This Panegyrick on the cruel Jeffreys was so well accepted, that my Friend Mr. George Larkin was pleased to explain the Project by an *ingenious Poem*, which is prefixed to the Book itself, and is as follows:

"To my Friend the Author, upon his surprizing Book, intituled 'The Merciful Assizes; or, A Panegyrick upon the late Lord Jeffreys, for hanging so many Hundreds in the West.'

"A Panegyrick! and on Jeffreys too!
My Friend, what is 't you undertake to do?
Bless me! thought I: can there within our Isle
Be found a Man to praise a Wretch so vile!
Through what Alembick was 't you did distil
A Panegyrick from a theme so ill?
That actions the most vile that e'er was done,
Or perpetrated underneath the Sun,
Should thus the subject be of Jeffreys' praise,
Is that which does my admiration raise.
This daring task since you have undertook
(And justified your Title by your Book)
Shews you that great Elixir have obtain'd
(So often sought for, but scarce ever gain'd),
Which, by a secret taction, as we're told,
Transmutes the basest metals into Gold:
For you must needs know Nature's mystic powers,
That from a Dunghill can extract such Flowers.
Go on, my Friend; for, since you've got this flight,
Let none despair to wash the Blackmoor white.

G. LARKIN."

Thus have I given a brief account of the *Projects* I formerly engaged in; and whether they give me the title of *Maggot*, or Promoter of Learning and Virtue, is left to the candour and judgment of the honest Reader.

About this time I was put in possession of a considerable Estate, upon the decease of my Cousin Carter. And now the Master and Assistants of the Company of Sta-

tioners began to think me sufficient to wear a Livery; and in the year 1692 they honoured me with the Cloathing. My Livery-Fine upon that occasion was Twenty Pounds, which I paid; and the year following, Mr. Harris, my old Friend and Partner, and about fifty more of the Liverymen, entered into a *Friendly Society*, and obliged ourselves to pay Twenty Shillings a man yearly to the Renter-Warden, in regard that honour was usually once a year attended with a costly Entertainment to the whole Company. But, as I have given an eternal farewell to Trade (which is an accident I could not then foresee), I reckon my *Friendly Brethren* are all so generous as to release me of this obligation.

The first year I wore the Livery, Sir William Ashurst being then Lord Mayor, I was invited by our Master and Wardens to dine with his Lordship. We went in a body from the Poultry Church to Grocers' Hall, where the entertainment was very generous, and a *noble Spoon* he sent to our Wives. To speak the truth, I do not think Sir William Ashurst ever acted a little or a mean thing in his whole life.

The World now smiled on me. I sailed with wind and tide, and had humble servants enough among the Stationers, Booksellers, Printers, and Binders: but especially my own Relations, on every side, were all upon the very height of love and tenderness; and I was so caressed almost out of my five senses, that I thought there was no such Villain in Christendom as a *Summer-Friend*; but, upon riper experience, I have had very notorious reason to alter my sentiments of this matter; and so soon as "my Estate returns out of Egypt," I will publish "The Trencher Snakes, &c.; or, A true Character of my Summer Friends, &c."

The surest Friend I have found in my confinement, and since I have abdicated the World and Business, is an *embroidered Waistcoat*, presented me by Mrs. Anne Godfrey; it has stuck to me in all weathers, and I could almost grow superstitious over the very ruins of it. Neither am I less careful to preserve that *Filligree Case* presented to Iris by the same hand.

However, I have all imaginable reason to be thankful to the goodness and the care of Providence. I had my

length of prosperity as well as other men ; nor am I yet such a *forlorn hope*, but my Sun may rise again, and chase these shadows in which I am now a Wanderer. And I have always entertained a very grateful sense of the goodness of Almighty God, that Providence smiled on me so long as dear Iris lived ; and indeed ever since my Life has been no more than a *waking Dream*.

And now, making a considerable figure in the Company of Stationers, the Right Honourable the *Earl of Warrington* did me the honour to send me a Letter (the original of which I have still by me) in behalf of Mr. *Humphreys*, desiring all the interest I could make, to procure him the Clerk's place to the Company of Stationers. Upon my reading the Earl's Letter, I did all that lay in my power to get Mr. Humphreys chosen Clerk, though by the majority of voices it was carried against him. However, the many civilities I received from the Company of Stationers for the fifteen years I traded amongst them do oblige me, out of mere gratitude, to draw the Characters of the most eminent of that profession in the Three Kingdoms ; whom I take to be, First,

Mr. *Richard Chiswell*, who well deserves the title of "Metropolitan Bookseller of England," if not of all the World. His *Name* at the bottom of a Title-page does sufficiently recommend the Book. He has not been known to print either a bad Book, or on bad Paper. He is admirably well qualified for his business, and knows how to value a Copy according to its worth : witness the purchase he has made of "Archbishop Tillotson's Octavo Sermons."

Mr. *Awnsham* and Mr. *John Churchill*, two Booksellers (and Brothers) of an universal Wholesale Trade. I traded very considerably with them for several years ; and must do them the justice to say, that I was never concerned with any persons more exact in their accompts, and more just in their payments. They are both so well furnished for any *great Undertaking*, that what they have hitherto proposed they have gone through, with great honour to themselves, and satisfaction to Subscribers ; of which their printing "Camden's Britannia," and the publication of "A New Collection of Travels," lately

come abroad, are undeniable instances. "Sir Richard Blackmore's Poetical Works," and "Mr. Locke's Essay," have received no small advantage by coming abroad through their hands; and, to finish their Characters, they never starve an undertaking, to save charges. In the "New Collection of Travels" before mentioned, though they make about a Hundred and Fifty Sheets, and Fifty Cuts, more than was promised, yet they ask their Subscribers no advance.

Mr. *Thomas Guy*, in Lombard-street. He makes an eminent figure in the Company of Stationers, having been chosen Sheriff of London, and paid the Fine; and is now a Member of Parliament for Tamworth. He entertains a very sincere respect for English Liberty. He is a man of strong reason, and can talk very much to the purpose upon any subject you will propose. He is truly charitable, of which his Almshouses for the Poor are standing testimonies.

Mr. *Thomas Parkhurst* (my honoured Master) is the most eminent Presbyterian Bookseller in the Three Kingdoms, and now chosen Master of the Company of Stationers. He has printed more Practical Books than any other that can be named in London. He has met with very strange success; for I have known him sell off a whole impression before the Book has been almost heard of in London. He is scrupulously honest in all his dealings, a good Master, and very kind to all his Relations; and (which is an argument of something in him above the common rate of mankind) he is a great Admirer and constant Hearer of the Rev. Mr. John How.

Mr. *John Laurence*, an upright honest Bookseller. We were neighbours some years, and Partners in printing the late "Lord Delamere's Works," "Mackenzie's Narrative of the Siege of Londonderry," and "Mr. Baxter's Life" in folio. He has something in him that will not suffer him to break his Word, which is altogether as good security and dependence as his Bond. When Mr. Parkhurst dies, he will be the first Presbyterian Bookseller in England. He is so exact in Trade as to mark down every Book he sells. He is very much conversant in the Sacred Writings; and Son-in-law to the late Rev. Mr. *Roswel*, so deservedly famous for the De-

fence he made at his Trial in Westminster-Hall, upon which occasion the Honourable Sir Henry Ashurst, bart. was his great and good Friend.

Mr. *Robinson*; a man very ingenious, and of quick parts. His Religion has not destroyed the goodness of his humour, for his temper is always easy and unruffled. He was very hospitable to the Sons of the Prophets, in setting on the *great pot* for them. Dr. Bates made choice of him for one of his Booksellers. He published "The Conformist's Plea for the Nonconformists;" and is Dr. Edwards's Bookseller.

Mr. *Brabazon Ailmer*; a very just and religious man. I was Partner with him in Keith's "Narrative of the Proceedings at Turners' Hall;" and so had an opportunity to know him. He is nicely exact in all his accompts, and is well acquainted with the mysteries of his Trade. He printed "Bp. Tillotson's Works," so many of them as came abroad in his life-time. He published "Dr. Barrow's Works;" and has been as often engaged in very honest and very useful *designs* as any other that can be named through the whole Trade.

Mr. *Samuel Manship* is Mr. Norris's Bookseller; and so long as he can turn Metaphysicks into Money, he is like to be continued.

Mr. *Andrew Bell* is one who manages the common business of life with very good success. He had the good fortune to strike in with my proposal of the "Athenian Oracle," and I am heartily glad he has found so much life in the *ashes* of *Old Athenæ*. So far as I have had any concern with him, I have found him not only just, but grateful.

Mr. *Nathaniel Crouch*. I think I have given you the very soul of his Character, when I have told you that his talent lies at *Collection*. He has melted down the best of our English Histories into Twelve-penny Books, which are filled with Wonders, Rarities, and Curiosities; for, you must know, his Title-pages are a little swelling. I have a hearty friendship for him; but he has got a habit of *leering* under his hat, and once made it a great part of his business to bring down the reputation of 'Second Spira.'

Mr. *Edward Brewster* was Master of the Company of Stationers when I was made a Liveryman. He has a

considerable estate, is very humble, and his usual appellation is "Brother." He is a man of great piety and moderation. He printed "The Practice of Piety," "Doctrine of the Bible," and other useful Books.

Mr. *Samuel Smith*, Bookseller to the Royal Society, deals very much in Books of a Foreign growth, and speaks French and Latin with a great deal of fluency and ease. His Shop is very beautiful, and well furnished. He was one of those I invited to the Funeral of my Apprenticeship. His Partner, *Benjamin Walford*, is a very ingenious man, and knows Books extraordinary well.

Mr. *Leigh* and Mr. *Midwinter* are in topping business, and no way inferior to their known Predecessor for justice and industry, &c.

Mr. *John Taylor* deals very much, and is very honest. He is industrious and obliging, and his principles are moderate.

Mr. *Thomas Bennet**; a man very neat in his dress, very much devoted to the Church; has a considerable trade in Oxford, and prints for Dr. South and the most eminent Conformists. I was Partner with him in "Mr. *Lecroae's Works of the Learned*;" and, I must say, he acted like a man of conscience and honesty.

Mr. *Wiat*, if *Trim Tram* have any truth in it, is an honest and ingenious Bookseller; but, indeed, it is character enough for him, that he was Mr. Robinson's Apprentice. He prints Mr. *Dorrington's Books*. However, a Bookseller is not always accountable for the Errors and Bigotry of his Authors.

Mr. *Robert Clavel* is a great dealer, and has deservedly gained himself the reputation of a just man. Doctor Barlow, Bishop of Lincoln, used to call him "The honest Bookseller." He has been Master of the Company of Stationers; and perhaps the greatest unhappiness of his life was his being one of Alderman Cornish's Jury†. He printed Dr. Comber's Works, &c.

Mr. *Henry Rhodes* has got a considerable estate, his Copies having met with good success. He had the good fortune to print the Eight Volumes of "The Turkish

* Bp. Atterbury preached his Funeral Sermon, and has given him a high character. See it in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, Vol. III. p. 709.

† See before, page 86.

Spy," "The Great Historical Dictionary," and "The present State of Europe," which has been continued to Fourteen Volumes; and the longer it has been published, it has been the better received. Mr. Harris and myself brought Mr. Rhodes into this "Monthly Mercury;" but we lost by it five months successively, which made me a little apprehensive of that design, and I thereupon threw up my interest in it for five pounds.

Mr. *Hawes*. This honest Brother has done me justice at St. Alban's, and I will endeavour to do him justice here. He has been a very cordial promoter of "The Reformation of Manners," and prints many useful Pieces for those Societies. He has printed several Treatises of Devotion, which have been dispersed at a cheap rate. He was concerned in making public Mr. Norris's "Ideal World." He is just in Trade, and knows his Business very well.

Mr. *Timothy Goodwin*. He prints "The Votes of the House of Commons;" and published Dr. Wellwood's "History of an Hundred Years." He is esteemed a very honest man; and what he engages upon is either very useful, or very curious. Mr. William Rogers, Mr. Harris, and myself, were once Partners with him in publishing some "Dying Speeches;" and I observed a more than ordinary openness and justice in his dealings. He is very exact and punctual in Trade. He is Dr. Sherlock's Bookseller; and printed "Archbishop Tillotson's Works" in conjunction with Mr. Ailmer.

Mr. *Daniel Brown*. I have always thought there is an unusual sweetness that reigns in this man's countenance; he is very humble, and I believe him a good man. He is a sincere lover of the Established Church; and yet his principles are moderate enough.

Mr. *Waltho* is very punctual in his payments, and very nicely just. Civility is a part of his nature, and he never makes any advantage of another man's ignorance. He is kindly disposed to those who are unhappy, and has never overlooked me at my lowest ebb. He prints and deals much in Law Books.

Mr. *William Hartley*; a very comely, personable man. He deals much, and has his Shop well furnished with ancient Books that are very valuable. He prints many

excellent Translations, and has a good acquaintance among learned men, amongst whom I would reckon the ingenious Mr. *Abel Boyer*. He is one that does not forget any favours done him, but will watch his opportunity to be grateful.

Mr. *Samuel Sprint* senior thrives much in Trade, and is punctual and honest. He has been very fortunate in several engagements. He printed "Mr. Fox of Time," "Mr. Doolittle on the Sacraments," and was engaged the same way for Mr. Steele, and other eminent Authors; so that it is easy to know what success he has had in the world.

Mr. *Shermerdine* is a man of very quick parts. I have heard him say he would forgive any man that could *catch* him. His Shop is usually well furnished with valuable Books; out of which I once made a very choice Collection. He understands his Trade to a nicety (and talks much to the purpose, if one could but *trace* him). He will give as much for a Library as any man whatsoever; and I think he learned this generous quality from his Master *Hussey*, who once gave me seventy-five pounds for a parcel of Books, that I thought I had purchased too dear at sixty.

Mr. *John Nicholson*. His talent lies at *Projection*, though I am thinking his "Voyages and Travels" will be a little *posthumous*. He is usually fortunate in what he goes upon. He is a man of good sense; for I have known him lay the first rudiments and sinews of a *design* with great judgment, and always according to the Rules of Art or Interest. He purchased part of my Stock, when I threw up all concerns in Trade; and I ever found him a very honest man.

Mr. *Nicholas Boddington*. By an industrious management he has gathered a good estate, and makes a considerable figure in the Parish where he lives. He deals much in Bibles, Testaments, and Common-Prayer Books. He purchased "Mr. Keach's Travels of true Godliness" of me, and deals much in the Country; but to have done with him, he has the satisfaction to belong to a very beautiful Wife.

Mr. *Kettleby*. His sign is "The Bishop's-head," and indeed he is pretty warmly disposed that way. He

has been an eminent Episcopal Bookseller these many years. He prints for Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York, Dr. Scot, and other eminent Clergymen.

Mr. *Mortlack* has been Master of the Company of Stationers, and the most indefatigable Shopkeeper I have known. He is very exact in Trade. He was much assisted by the friendship of the great Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, and printed most of his Works. He is now pretty much up in years; speaks slow, but speaks seldom in vain.

Mr. *Wotton*; a very courteous obliging man. His Trade lies much among the Lawyers. He is so just to his word, that, if he was immortal, it would be altogether as good dependence as his bond. I hear he is a rising man; and I am heartily glad of it, for the goods of this life can scarce fall into the hands of one who is better disposed to use them well.

Mr. *Roper* rises in the world; and his behaviour, methinks, is extremely obliging. He prints "The Post-Boy;" "The Life of King William," "The Annals of Queen Anne," and several excellent Abridgments. I have formerly been a Partner with him, and have found him very just in Trade, and very true to his word.

Mr. *Hussey*. He is a downright honest man, and has always a large stock of Books that are very scarce. He is a man of moderation, and my good Friend.

Mr. *Bosvile*, at "The Dial" in Fleet-street. He is a very genteel person; and it is in Mr. Bosvile that all qualities meet, that are essential to a good Churchman, or an accomplished Bookseller.

Mr. *Richard Parker*. His body is in good case; his face red and plump; his eyes brisk and sparkling; of an humble look and behaviour; naturally witty; and fortunate in all he prints, and is universally known and beloved by the Merchants that frequent the Royal Exchange.

Mr. *Harper*. I believe him an honest man, and a warm votary for High Church. He printed "Mr. Wesley's Life of Christ," and makes a considerable figure in the Stationers Company.

Mr. *John Salisbury* was a desperate Hypergorgonic Welshman. He would dress as it were in print, only

to have the Ladies say, "Look what a delicate shape and foot that Gentleman has!" He was a silly, empty, morose fellow. He had as much conceit, and as little reason for it, as any man that I ever knew. He was the first that printed "The Flying Post," and (to the grief of his Author) did often fill it with *stolen Copies*. He went to law with the Company of Stationers (to keep himself from the Livery); would hector the best man of the Trade; but now lies, as *hush* and quiet as a body would wish, in the New Burying-place.

Mr. *Dorman Newman*. He published "Mercurius Reformatus, or The New Observator." He was once a considerable Dealer, but has been unfortunate. He is a man of excellent parts; a famous Casuist; and, since his misfortunes, is turned Preacher. We served seven years to the same Master; and, to do him justice, he was always kind and obliging to me. His usual appellation was, "Dear Brother." I had many fine things to hold forth on this subject; but, I know not how it comes to pass, on the sudden they are all lost again, like Friends in a crowd.

Mr. *Samuel Crouch*. He is just and punctual in all his dealings; never speaks ill of any man; has a *swinging* soul of his own; would part with all he has to serve a Friend; and that's enough for one Bookseller.

Mr. *Nowel* is a first-rate Bookseller in Duck-lane; has a well-furnished Shop, and knows Books extraordinary well, which he will sell off as reasonably as any man. I have always reckoned him among our ingenious Booksellers.

Mr. *George Sawbridge*. He was the greatest Bookseller that has been in England for many years, as may sufficiently appear by the estate he has left behind him; for (besides that he was chosen Sheriff of London, and paid his Fine) he left behind him four Daughters, who had each of them for their portions ten thousand pounds a-piece. And, if Mr. *Awnsham Churchill* (his Apprentice) continue to thrive as he has begun, he will be as rich as his Master in few years.

Mr. *George Sawbridge*. He succeeds his Father in the Trade, and prints many valuable Copies. He has good

skill in Military Discipline, and makes a very handsome figure in Captain Robinson's Company *.

Mr. *Tracy*, on London Bridge. His Religion is not confined to the Church, any more than the Shop. His behaviour in his Family is grave and exemplary; his devotion constant; his care over his Household is tender and impartial; and to his Servants he seems a Father rather than a Master.

Mr. *Blair*. He is a substantial, honest Citizen; devout and religious, without making a Trade of it, or, as some of his neighbours in a too literal sense, making "a gain of godliness."

Mr. *Wellington*. He is industrious and indefatigable in his calling; has the intimate acquaintance of several excellent Pens, and, therefore, can never want Copies; and trust him for managing and improving them. He has a pretty knack at keeping his word; and I expect to see him Master of the Company at least, if not a *gold chain* about his neck, before he dies.

Mr. *Tooke*, near Temple-bar. He is descended from the ingenious Tooke, that was formerly Treasurer. He is truly honest, a man of refined sense (or could never have been related to *Ben Tooke*), and is unblemished in his reputation.

Mr. *More*. I once travelled with him to Brentford, and found him a true Lover of the present Government. He is a very conscientious man, punctual to his word in the smallest matters, courteous and affable in his conversation, and is ready to do every one what good he can; and, Reader, I must say there is no virtue I would wish in a Friend but I find it in Mr. More.

Mr. *Smelt*. He is a man so well known in the Stationers Company, that it is character enough to name him. In days of yore he has been *something*; but the case is so altered, it were well now if I could call him *nothing*.

Mr. *Martyn*. He was Printer for many years to the Royal Society. He managed all his affairs with discretion, was a thriving man in his Trade, and made a very pious end.

Mr. *Starkey*. I formerly knew him in Fleet-street, and we renewed our acquaintance in Amsterdam. He

* In the Trained Bands of the City of London. EDIT.

would talk well upon any subject, and had good-nature in his very looks. He printed a Book relating to Government, that forced him to leave his country. He was a brave asserter of *English Liberties*, to his last breath.

Mr. *Blake*. He is the *Father* of the Company of Stationers for age and experience. He is a fair-conditioned man, very obliging to all his Customers, and loves to do business without making a noise of it.

Mr. *William Miller*. His person was tall and slender; he had a graceful aspect (neither stern nor effeminate); his eyes were smiling and lively; his complexion was of an honey colour, and he breathed as if he had run a race. The figure and symmetry of his face exactly proportionable. He had a soft voice, and a very obliging tongue. He was of the sect of the Peripateticks, for he walked every week to Hampstead. He was very moderate in his eating, drinking, and sleeping; and was blest with a great memory, which he employed for the good of the Publick, for he had the largest *Collection of stitched Books* of any man in the world, and could furnish the Clergy (at a dead lift) with a printed Sermon on any text or occasion. His death was a public loss; and will never be repaired, unless by his ingenious Son-in-law, Mr. *William Laycock*, who, I hear, is making a general collection of *Stitched Books*; and, as Mr. Miller's Stock was all put into his hands, perhaps he is the fittest man in London to perfect such a useful undertaking.

Mr. *Lownds*, in the Strand. He was Dr. Horneck's Bookseller for many years. He printed his "Great Law of Consideration," his "Sermons of Judgment," and "Discourse on the Sacrament," intituled, "The Crucified Jesus," &c.—Mr. Lownds was a sincere, honest Dealer; and had this peculiar to himself, that he was never much concerned (except for the Death of his pious and learned Author) for the things that he could not help; for he did all he could to prevent a *grievance*, and then he acquiesced in the Divine Pleasure.

Mr. *Gilliflower*. Both his eyes were never at once from home; for *one kept house*, and observed the actions of men, while the other roamed abroad for intelligence. He loved his Bottle and his Friend with an equal affection. He was very tetchy upon some occasions: yet

thriving was part of his character. He printed "*L'Estrange's Æsop*," "*Lord Halifax's Advice to his Daughters*," and many excellent Copies.

Mr. Thomas Cockrill senior. He was always up to the ears among great persons and business (perhaps engaging for a Third Volume); yet I will do my rival that justice, to say he was a very religious charitable man. The printing the "*Morning Exercise*," and "*Charnock's Works*," brought him into great credit. He was a member of Dr. Annesley's Church for many years, and was his true and generous Friend to the day of his death. Mr. Nathaniel Taylor was his particular Friend, and preached his Funeral Sermon, in which he gave him an extraordinary character.

His kinsman *Mr. Thomas Cockrill* is a living transcript of his Uncle's virtues and public spirit.

Mr. Benjamin Alsop. He was a first-rate Bookseller for some years. But see the rambling fate of some men; for, Ben being a wild sort of a Spark, he left his Shop to get a Commission in Monmouth's Army; and, as Ben told me in Holland, had the Duke succeeded, he had been made an Earl, or a Baron at least; i. e. "If the sky had fell, he had caught a lark." I succeeded Captain Alsop in his Shop in the Poultry; and had lived there to this very hour, had I found any pleasure in noise and hurry.

Mr. Lee, in Lombard-street. Such a Pirate, such a Cormorant, was never before. Copies, Books, Men, Shops, all was one; he held no propriety, right or wrong, good or bad, till at last he began to be known; and the Booksellers, not enduring so ill a man among them to disgrace them, spewed him out, and off he marched for Ireland, where he acted as *felonious-Lee* as he did in London. And as *Lee* lived a thief, so he died a *hypocrite*; for, being asked on his death-bed, if he would forgive Mr. C—— (that had formerly wronged him), "Yes," said *Lee*, "if I die, I forgive him; but, if I happen to live, I am resolved to be revenged on him."

Mr. Saunders. He lived in the New Exchange, and had the honour to be personally known to very many of the Nobility and Gentry of the first rank in England; and there was scarce a Bookseller in London but had a

kindness for him. If any hated him, it was the Fair Sex, for his living so long a Bachelor; but they might excuse him, for he was too busy to think of Love, and too honest to marry for Money. I discovered a Thief that had robbed his Warehouse, for which he became my Friend to the day of his death.

Mr. Freeman, by Temple Bar. He is of a courteous affable nature, and very obliging to all he has to do withal; and I found (by that small correspondence I have had with him) he was bred, as well as born, a Gentleman.

Mr. Benskin. He had no great estate to begin the world with, but his Stars have been very kind. He makes a considerable figure in Trade, and has a general knowledge in Books. He is a fair Dealer, and a true Son of the Church; but has little charity for censorious men, be they of what party they will.

Mr. Hodgson. He "calls a spade a spade;" and is so just in his dealings, that I verily think (were it not discretion) he would never think a thought whereof he would avoid a witness. His Word is his Parchment, and his Yea his Oath, which he will not violate for fear or gain. He has good success in his Trade; and, having an honest design in every thing he does, dares publish that to the World which others would keep as a secret.

Mr. Hugh Newman. He served his time with Dorman Newman, and is nearly related to him. He is of a cheerful facetious temper, and much admired by the Scotch Gentry. He has not, indeed, the politeness of a Courtier, but an honest bluntness that better becomes him. He really merits that respect which his friends pay him; and whenever he marries (I so much desire his welfare) I wish he may meet with a Wife that will "look well to the ways of her Household," Prov. xxxi, 27.

Mr. Crook, by Temple Bar. He was well acquainted with Mr. Hobbes, and published many of his Books. He got a good estate by his Trade; and was a man of extraordinary sense, which he had the happiness of being able to express in words as manly and apposite as the sense included under them.

Mr. Pero. My attempting his character will be to his prejudice, for Sir F—— would not chuse an ordinary

man for his Bookseller. For sense, wit, and good humour, there are but few can equal and none that exceed him; and all these qualities are accompanied with great humility.

Mr. *Knaplock*. He printed "Mr. Wesley's Defence of his Letter, &c." and then, to be sure, he is no Dissenter. However, he is a very sober, honest man; and has not one spot in his whole life, except it be the printing that malicious and infamous pamphlet.

Mr. *Bonwick*. I do not think there is an honest man in London, or one that is more zealous for the Church. He served his time with Mr. Benjamin Tooke, and we find all the wit and loyalty of his ingenious Master exemplified in his life and practice.

Mr. *Philips*. He is a grave modest Bachelor, and it is said is married to a single Life; which I wonder at, for, doubtless, Nature meant him a conqueror over all hearts, when she gave him such sense, and such piety. His living so long a Bachelor shews his refined nature, and how much he loves mortification in himself and others. And whoever considers the many offers he had of Marriage, will be ready to think he has so much chastity, as scarce to sin in desire.

Mr. *Marshal*, in Newgate-street. He will be well used for his *ready money*, but (where he loves) is a Friend both to soul and body.

Mr. *Child*. He is one of a generous and open temper, an easy and free conversation, with abundance of wit, and *nice* reasoning above most of his Brethren; and less could scarce be expected from one that had been a Partner with the ingenious *Swall*.

Mr. *Tonson*. He was Bookseller to the famous Dryden; and is himself a very good judge of Persons and Authors; and as there is nobody more competently qualified to give their opinion of another, so there is none who does it with a more severe exactness, or with less partiality; for, to do Mr. Tonson justice, he speaks his mind upon all occasions, and will flatter nobody.

Mr. *Benjamin Harris*, in Gracechurch-street. He has been a brisk asserter of *English Liberties*, and once printed a Book with that very Title. He sold "A Protestant Petition" in King Charles's Reign, for which

they fined him five hundred pounds, and set him once in the Pillory: but his Wife (like a kind Rib) stood by him, to defend her Husband against the mob.—After this (having a deal of mercury in his natural temper) he travelled to New-England, where he followed Bookselling, and then Coffee-selling, and then Printing, but continued Ben Harris still; and is now both Bookseller and Printer in Gracechurch-street, as we find by his “London Post;” so that his conversation is general (but never impertinent), and his wit pliable to all inventions. But yet his *vanity* (if he has any) gives no alloy to his wit, and is no more than might justly spring from conscious virtue; and I do him but justice in this part of his character, for, in once travelling with him from Bury fair, I found him to be the most ingenious and innocent companion that I had ever met with.

Mr. Yates. He has met with losses as well as myself; yet, when his Stars were the most unkind, he was still as honest as ever; and, being always just in his dealings, he now (like the Sun just come from behind a cloud) shines brighter and fairer than ever. Some men are only just whilst the World smiles, but when it frowns they act such little tricks, as renders their virtue suspected; but Yates ever preserved his integrity, and is the same good man under all events.

Mr. Bateman. There are very few Booksellers in England (if any) that understand Books better than Mr. Bateman; nor does his diligence and industry come short of his knowledge. He is a man of great reputation and honesty, and is the Son of that famous Bateman who got an Alderman's estate by Bookselling.

Mr. Halsey. He is one of a good judgment, and knows how to bid for a saleable Copy, or had never printed the “Athenian Spy.” He is now in the bloom and beauty of his youth; and his great ingenuity and knowledge of the learned Languages have justly entitled him to the friendship of *Athens*. He is a constant Shopkeeper, and his close application to business does render him the growing hopes of his Father's Family.

Mr. Knapton. He is a very accomplished person; not that thin sort of animal that flutters from Tavern to Play-house, and back again; all his life made up with wig

and cravat, without one dram of thought in his composition;—but a person made up with solid worth, brave, and generous; and shews, by his purchasing "*Dampier's Voyages*," he knows how to value a good Copy.

Mr. *Burroughs*, in Little-Britain. He is a very beautiful person, and his Wit sparkles as well as his eyes. He has as much address and as great a presence of mind as I ever met with. He is diverting company, and perhaps as well qualified to make an Alderman as any Bookseller in Little-Britain.

Mr. *Walwyn*. He is a person of great modesty and wit, and (if I may judge by his "*Poems*") perhaps the most ingenious Bard (of a Bookseller) in London. Dryden (without condescending) might call him "*Brother*." His mind is none of those narrow ones, who know one thing, and are ignorant of a thousand; but, on the contrary, it is so very large, that, although it cannot be said Walwyn knows every thing equally well, yet it is most certain he can give an excellent account of all things. And, for forming of Titles, commend me to Herbert Walwyn; for I could give an instance in which he exceeded a Club of Wits in that nice affair.

Mr. *Batersby*. He printed "*The Infant's Lawyer*," and "*Ars Clericalis*," and has purchased other Copies that have sold well. He is scrupulously honest; he never abridged another man's Copy, or purchased his Author by out-bidding. And his way of traffick is all above-board; for as soon as his tongue is allowed to speak (for there is a small *embargo* upon it) he betrays the faults of what he sells. And should a *child* be sent to his Shop, he would not take a farthing more than the price.

Mr. *Sare*. His face is full of a certain briskness, and mixed with an air very sweet and agreeable. He has a large stock of good-nature and charity, in which lies his chiefest excellency; courage and justice make up the other part of his character. He prints for Sir Roger L'Estrange, Dr. Wake, and other learned men, and has obliged the Age with many curious pieces.

Mr. *Speed*, in Exchange-alley. He has the honour to print for Sir William Dawes, Dr. Smith, and other eminent Churchmen. He is a very modest quiet man, and

never insinuates his merit by any other means than the pious things he speaks or prints.

Mr. Joseph Collier. He was my Fellow Apprentice for many years, and I shall say nothing of him but what I know to be true. He has a great deal of Learning, a discerning Judgment, is pleasant in his conversation, sincere in his Piety. He writes an excellent hand, is an accurate Accomptant, and justly merits the honour the Company of Stationers did him in chusing him their Treasurer*.

Mr. Mount, on Tower-hill. He is not only moderate, but has a natural antipathy to all excess. He hates hoarding, either Money or Goods; and, being a charitable man, values nothing but by the use of it, and has a great and tender love for truth. He deals chiefly in Paper and Sea-Books, and is a hearty friend to the present Government.

Mr. Evets, at the Green-Dragon. He is exceeding good-natured, free from envy and vanity. He is very cheerful and pleasant in conversation, but not talkative; yet has a sudden way of repartee, very witty and surprising. It was in this house that the beautiful Rachel gave me that fatal wound, mentioned in page 47. And I shall ever acknowledge the generous civilities I received from Mr. Evets (and his predecessor the Widow *Widdows*), during the continuance of that youthful amour.

Mr. Keble, in Fleet-street. He is a very ingenious, modest, humble man; and has learnt to live much in a little time. He printed that useful Book called "A Week's Preparation for the Sacrament," and other excellent Books of Devotion. In his Copy, intituled, "Rules in the Church of England," you are directed to the "Common Prayer" for every hour of the day; and as Mr. Keble has chiefly printed Religious Books, so he loves serious Piety wherever he finds it. Whilst others wrangle about Religion, he endeavours to practise it.

Mr. Bragg. He was formerly a Bookseller, and is now a *Publisher* in Ave-Mary-lane. He has been unhappy, but his Soul is too great to be crushed under the weight of adverse storms; yet, at the same time, Benjamin

* He held that important Trust from 1702 till 1724. EDIT.

Bragg is of a soft, easy, affable temper; and, having learned the Art of Publishing, and being just in his Dealings, is like to have constant employment.

Mr. *Malthus*. He midwived several Books into the World, aye! and that of his own conceiving, as sure as ever Young Perkin was his who owned him! He made a shew of a great trade, by continually sending out large parcels. But all I can say of his industry is, he took a great deal of pains to ruin himself. But though Mr. Malthus was very unfortunate, yet I hope his Widow (our new *Publisher*) will have all the encouragement the Trade can give her; for she is not only a Bookseller's Widow, but a Bookseller's Daughter, and herself free from all that pride and arrogance that is found in the carriage of some Publishers.

Mr. *John How*. He was a Bookseller for many years, and now follows the Trade of Printing. He printed the "Case" relating to my second Wife, which will be inserted in the Sixth Stage of my Life, revised and corrected. Mr. How is generous and frank, and speaks whatever he thinks; which, in spite of the High-flyers, has given him an honest character. He is a true lover of his Queen and Country, and, I believe, would be as willing to sacrifice his Life and Fortune for the good of either, as the *Honest Countryman*, or *Master Tutchin* himself. He was a great sufferer in King James's reign, and has had the fate of being a Traveller; but, being an honest man at the bottom, he is blessed wherever he goes. He is now settled in Gracechurch-street; and, being a great Projector (as we see by the "London Spy," and the "Observator," &c.), is like to increase apace.

Mr. *Nutt*. We went joint Partners in the Parliament Lottery; and a prize of ten pounds *per annum* falling upon my Ticket, it renewed our friendship. Upon a long experience of Mr. Nutt, I find him to be a just Paymaster, and a good Publisher. Mr. Nutt was originally a Printer, and lived with Mr. Jones in the Savoy for many years; and has always had the character of being very discreet and obliging, and now gives as great content to those that employ him as any Publisher whatsoever.

Mr. D—ton. He is happy in a very beautiful Wife, and she in as kind a Husband; they have lived so happily since their Marriage, that, sure enough, the Banns of their Matrimony were asked in Heaven. As Mr. D—ton may value himself upon his beautiful choice, so.

That bright Soul which Heaven has giv'n his Spouse
Makes all her charms with double lustre shine:

And, therefore, as the ingenious Hopkins once said in another case,

" Make beauteous D—ton with the first advance,
Charming at every step, with every glance;
Sweet as her temper paint her heavenly face;
Draw her but like, you give your piece a grace.
Blend for her all the Beauties e'er you knew,
For so his Venus fam'd Apelles drew.
But hold—to make her most divinely fair,
Consult herself, you 'll find all beauty there."

Mr. Swall. He was once a Rising Sun in Trade; but his Sun is set in a Cloud, and he is now reckoned amongst the unfortunate. He was owner of a great deal of Wit and Learning, and, perhaps, had he not *known* it, had still been as thriving as ever. He was much admired for all his Projects (especially that of Dupin); and even the first blossoms of his youth paid us all that could be expected from a ripening manhood; while he was but an Apprentice in Cornhill he could out-wit most other Booksellers; and when he traded for himself, he could find none to surpass him but himself alone:

" But here, John Dunton, is thy skill confin'd,
Thou canst not paint his nobler Soul and Mind;
No pen the praise he merits can indite;
Himself, to represent himself, must write."

Mr. Horn. He printed for Dr. Scot, and has a right to several excellent Copies. When I traded with him, I ever found him a very ingenious, honest, reserved person; and that is all I shall say of him.

Mr. Shrowsbury. The morning of his life was clear and calm, and ever since his whole life has been a continued series of honesty; then no wonder he printed for Judge Hales. He merits the name of "Universal Book-

seller;" and is familiarly acquainted with all the Books that are extant in any Language. He keeps his Stock in excellent order, and will find any Book as ready as I can find a word in the Dictionary. He is a great ornament to the Stationers Company, and may justly be called *Venerable* for his heavenly aspect, wherein gravity and sweetness are well compounded. I shall only add he is a constant frequenter of Sturbridge Fair (where Mr. Blagrave and he once made me free), and perhaps is the only Bookseller that understands *Fair-keeping* to any advantage.

Mr. *Ballard*. He is a young Bookseller in Little-Britain; but is grown man in body now, but more in mind.

" His looks are in the Mother's beauty dress'd,
And all the Father has inform'd his breast."

Mr. *Smith*, in the Strand. He was born with auspicious Stars, has made several auctions with good success, and increases daily both in fame and riches.

Mr. *Smith*, near the Royal Exchange. His fair Soul is tenant to a lovely and well-proportioned Body; his eyes are clear and shining, his brow proclaims fidelity, and his whole frame of face and favour is a most perfect mixture of modesty and sweetness; he has all the advantage of mind and body, and an honest birth (being Son to that eminent Bookseller Mr. *Ralph Smith*), conspiring to render him a happy person.

Mr. *Brome*, in Ludgate-street. His Father printed for Sir Roger L'Estrange; and the Son has met with a "Snake in the Grass," and other Copies that have sold as well. He is a genteel man in his garb, a prudent man in his actions, and a thriving man in his Shop; and had he lived in the Primitive Times, he had been one of the eminent Booksellers of that age, as he has the honour to be so in this.

Mrs. *Tacy Sowle*. She is both a Printer as well as a Bookseller, and the Daughter of one; and understands her Trade very well, being a good Compositor herself. Her love and piety to her aged Mother is eminently remarkable; even to that degree, that she keeps herself unmarried for this only reason (as I have been informed)

that it may not be out of her power to let her Mother have always the chief command in her house. I have known this eminent Quaker for many years; have been generously treated at her house; and must do her the justice to say, I believe her a conscientious person. If any blame me for being thus charitable, I cannot help it; for I cannot think it a piece of Religion to anathematize from Christ all such as will not subscribe to every one of my articles; but am conscious to so many *Errors*, speculative and practical, in myself, that I know not how to be severe towards others; for, since Christ's Church is not limited to any nation or party (as is owned in "Robert Barclay's Apology," &c. which Mrs. Sowle once presented to me), I do believe sincerity and holiness will carry us to Heaven with any wind and with any name. At least, I have so much charity as to think all those persons go to Heaven, whether they be Churchmen, Presbyterians, or Quakers, &c. in whom I see so much goodness and virtue as is visible in the life and conversation of Mrs. Sowle.

Mrs. Elizabeth Harris. She is the beautiful Relict of my worthy Friend Mr. *John Harris*. Her most remarkable graces are, Beauty, Wit, and Modesty. So pretty a fabrick was never framed by an Almighty Architect for a vulgar guest. He shewed the value which he set upon her mind, when he took care to have it so nobly and so beautifully lodged. And to a graceful carriage and deportment of body there is joined a pleasant conversation, a most exact justice, and a generous friendship; all which, as myself and her *She-friend* can testify, she possesses in the height of their perfection. She printed my "Panegyrick on the Lord Jeffreys;" "The Great Historical Dictionary;" "The Present State of Europe;" and other Copies that have sold well.

Mr. Harding. Without flattery, he deserves to be called a very courteous man; of a lovely proportion, extremely well made, as handsome a mien and as good an air as perhaps few of his neighbours exceed him; so that his body makes a very handsome tenement for his mind. I came acquainted with him at Sturbridge Fair; and, having dealt with him several years, I find him to be a very honest man, an understanding Bookseller, and a

zealous Church-of-England-man, yet, to do him justice, he is no bigot to any party.

Mr. George Swinnock. He was Son to the famous Swinnock, that published several Practical Books; and was my Fellow Apprentice for many years. There were many exemplary virtues that shined very bright in his Seven Years' Apprenticeship. He had abundance of excellent humour. He thought that day lost in which he did not oblige. He was master of his Trade, and had his Father's Library to begin the world with; but, like the Sun, in the morning he appeared gay and dancing, to set in a cloud. He was very devout in the primitive way of serving God, and was never wrought up to any bigotry in unnecessary opinions. Mr. Parkhurst was his true Friend in all his afflictions, and shewed it particularly in his last moments.

Mr. Hancock. He is my old friend and acquaintance; and I may say of him, as King William said of Mr. *Carstairs*, "I have known him long, and I know him thoroughly, and I know him to be a truly honest man." He printed for that pious and famous Divine Mr. Thomas Brooks, and I have seen the fourteenth edition of one of his Books; so that he got a considerable estate by Bookselling; and both he and his aged Father before him had the character of being two fair Dealers.

Mr. Ralph Sympson. He is one whose piety and virtue has measured the chains of Providence, and accordingly makes a due estimate of all occurrences. He is a person of great integrity, and much respected by all that know him. He printed some "Essays of Sir William Temple;" and, being very industrious, is like to be rich in a few years.

Mr. Gwillim, in Bishopgate-street. He was originally a Clasp-maker, but is now a Bookseller. He understands the *just prices* of most Books; and, though he is resolved for a while, will go as *low* as it is possible. He printed "The whole Duty of Woman," "Mr. Larkin's Visions of the World to come;" keeps Bristol Fair every year, and is a very thriving man.

Mr. Thomas Simmons, formerly of Ludgate-street. He as well as his Father, printed for the famous Baxter, and was a most accomplished Bookseller. His conjugal vir-

tues have deserved to be set as an example to the primitive age: they approach so near to *singularity* in ours, that I can scarce speak of his love to his Wife, without a satire upon many others. If any difference is, it is who of the two shall be most obliging; so that, if all be true that I heard of them, I am ready to conclude they are a pair of Angels sent below to make Marriage amiable in their persons. And lastly, if I consider Mr. Simmons as a Father, how tender is he of his Children! He takes care to form the mind of his Daughters by the principles of Virtue, and to set out his Sons in the fair way to Heaven; and none are too great to follow this pious example, for it is the duty of Parents, from the highest to the lowest, to see their Children brought up in the fear of God.

Mr. *Raven*. He is my Brother both by sign * and trade, and I do him no wrong if I call him the pattern and standard of Wit and Loyalty. He has the true art of governing himself and family; and, in a word, my Brother Raven is whatever a sober man and a good Bookseller ought to be. He is also a nice Disputant, and can dress his thoughts in very neat language.

I saw him on his Counter, where he sate,
 Busy in controversies sprung of late;
 A Gown and Pen became him wondrous well.
 His grave aspect had more of Heaven than Hell;
 Only there was a handsome picture by,
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.

Mr. *Harrison*, by the Royal Exchange. His person is of the middle size; his hair inclines to a brown, but his care and concern for his Family will soon change it into a white, at once the emblem of his innocence and his virtue. His temper is easy and agreeable; and his piety and devotion as unaffected, and yet as remarkable, as his love to the Church of England—the true Church of England, not those tumours and wens that grew upon it, and pretended to be not part, but all of it, in the late bad times. And less than this could scarce be expected from an Apprentice that had served seven years with Mr. *Samuel Crouch*.

Mr. *Fox*, in Westminster Hall. He is a refined Poli-

* Dutton's Sign was the *Black Raven*. EDIT.

tician, without what some will say it is impossible to be so, and that is—*Dissimulation*. When affronts are offered him, he does not (as others) dissemble them; but, like himself, only scorn and conquer them. And to his knowledge in Trade, he has joined no vulgar erudition, which all his modesty is not able to conceal.

Mr. *Coggan*, in the Inner Temple. He is so cautious and wise, that he is noted for it through the whole Trade, and is often proposed as an example to persons of hot and imprudent tempers. He has a piercing wit, a quick apprehension, and is as well a judge as a seller of Books.

Mr. *Pool*, near the Royal Exchange. He is a little fellow, but is a man of a great spirit, by which we see a brave soul may be lodged in a small tenement. His Religion is all of a piece; he is just, as well as devout; and is so stiff in his way of worship (which is that of the Church of England) that he will scarce consent that the least pin of the Episcopal Building should be taken out, for fear the whole Fabrick should be dissolved.

Mr. *Baker*, by Mercers Chapel. His stature is of a just proportion; his body erect and active; of a delicate constitution, yet so strong withal, as if Nature had designed him to be the strife of Mars and Venus.

Mr. *Bever*, in Fleet-street. He had ever the character of being a very merciful, just, and peaceable man, never intermeddling with State Matters. He is a constant hearer at St. Dunstan's Church; and I doubt not, as his charities are free and large, "the blessing of him that is ready to perish will come upon him;" neither are any of his virtues blemished by vanity or affectation, for he is liberal from a principle of conscience, and humble to the last degree. I shall only add, he has a large acquaintance amongst the Lawyers, and is himself a very thriving man.

Mr. *Pawlet*, in Chancery-lane. He is related to him that printed that excellent Book called "The whole Duty of Man." But, alas! the Uncle is dead, and the Cousin is dead. For the Pawlet that is yet living, he is a man of a generous temper, and lives in the World like one that is much above it.

Mr. *R. Basset*, in Fleet-street. I shall not speak of the wit and parts of this young man; but of that remark-

able fortitude that shines so bright in his countenance. It is true, fighting is not his trade; yet he can wear his courage upon occasion as handsomely as a Gentleman does Learning; for he knows how to approve both his Loyalty and Valour, and I really believe would be as liberal of his blood as his money, for the preservation of our dear-bought new-recovered Liberties.

Mr. *Davis*, in Cornhill. His Loyalty sits like his Charity, easy and free, and yet steady and unmoveable; and being set on the pinnacle of Trade (for he lives near the Royal Exchange), every thing he sees informs him.

Mr. *Eliphal Jay*, in Cheapside. He was my Journeyman for near a year; and I shall give him a true Character. He is my good Friend, and has shewn me a particular respect ever since he lived in my Family. His gravity, justice, sweetness, and moderation, soften the greatest enemies of his name and person; and there is nothing in nature that hates him besides the Devil and a Jacobite. He is also happy in his Relations. His aged Father is consummate in all sorts of Piety. His Brother (the Apothecary) is a zealous promoter of the Reformation of Manners; and for my Friend Eliphal, his whole Life is but a "Practice of Piety;" or rather, a passage to a better. We also find a singularity in his Name; for there are only two Booksellers of it in the whole World; viz. Eliphal Jay in London, and Eliphal Dobson in Dublin.

Mr. *Jonathan Greenwood*. He served his Apprenticeship with Mr. Cockril, and had the character of being a very diligent servant. When he married, it was neither for beauty nor riches; so that he is a rare example of conjugal love and chastity. By the wise management of his domestic affairs, he not only gained the affections of his Man (*Chandler*), but of all that knew him. He was a great instance of self-denial in his words and looks; and never was any conversation better tempered, for he knew how to be familiar, without making himself cheap. He was a member of Dr. Annesley's Church, yet had a larger soul than to confine his charity to one party. His Father was a Divine of the Church of England, but loved and valued the Image of God wherever he found it; and for his Son Jonathan, he was so well loved by

the Moderate Conformists, that he had a considerable trade amongst them ; yet Mr. Greenwood was far from a Temporizer, and ever chose rather to be good than great. But I see it is neither Piety nor Diligence gives a man any constant title to the goods of Fortune ; for, though he had contracted a large acquaintance (and had Dr. Annesley's friendship, who helped him to "Mr. Allen's Heart-work," and other saleable Copies), yet he concluded trading at last with as small a pittance of the World as he had to begin it : so that the chief thing he has left to boast of is, a virtuous Wife, and several small Children. But he still deserves the love and esteem of all good men, for the worst that can be said of him is, "There goes a poor honest Man ;" which is much better than, "There goes a rich Knave."

Mr. *Dancer*. He was formerly a Binder, but is now a noted Bookseller in Fleet-street. He is an honest, reserved man, and a professed enemy to prodigality. He thinks a good dish of meat looks full as well at his own table, with his Wife and Son, as at a City Tavern. It is true, after dinner, he can drink a *Good Health to our Gracious Queen* ; but thinks it is an odd expression of his Loyalty, to pretend (as some in such cases) to stand by her with Life and Fortune so long, till they can neither go nor stir. In a word, Nat Dancer is a very sober industrious Man, and never admires either that Loyalty or Hospitality which seems troubled with the Dropsy, consisting in nothing but a skin-full of liquor.

Mr. *Isaac Cleave*, in Chaucery-lane. He is a very chaste, modest man. He counts all public boasting of his virtue but so many *penances* before the people ; and the more you applaud him, the more you abash him. He is religiously sober in his own Family, and amongst his Neighbours ; and, if we follow him to Church, we shall there find him making a covenant with his eyes. And if such fine things may be said of his Chastity, what might I say of his Justice, Humility, Patience, &c. would my room allow it ? However, I shall add this to his Character, that he has the honour to be well known to Lawyers of the first rank, and has printed several "Eminent Trials."

Mr. *Peter Parker*. This Bookseller lives by the Royal

Exchange. His principles keep him entirely firm to the Interest and Religion of the Church of England; and he had ever the character of being a Fair-dealer. Mr. Guy and he were many years Partners in printing the "Bible" at Oxford, and contracted a remarkable friendship. Mr. Parker having got a good estate by his Trade, he was so generous to leave it to Mr. *Nelmes*, that had been his Apprentice; but the unfortunate *Nelmes*, attempting to get an estate too soon, came to an untimely end.

Mr. *Hubbald*, in Duck-lane. He has been unfortunate, and so I think is every body one time or other. If we eye his carriage to his rich Uncle, we shall find how his courage and wisdom carried him with an unwearied course through both Hemispheres of Prosperity and Adversity; compassing, as I may say, the whole Globe of both Fortunes; so that, if we look upon Frank *Hubbald*, we may all learn that no Cross is too heavy for a Christian Resolution, nor any difficulty too hard for Honesty to conquer.

Mr. *Lindsey*. Many and conspicuous were the prognosticks of a true piety that shined forth in the early dawn of his life. He understands Religion, and loves it; and whilst he was but an Apprentice was a great example of a constant unaffected devotion. He was born to a good estate; and, having traded a few years, grew weary of Printing, and is gone to a Country-seat to prepare for Heaven.

Mr. *Newborough*. His zeal for the Church is the most eminent quality in him, and so perfumes the actions of his whole life, that it makes him whatever is just and merciful. He is zealous to suppress debauchery; and as he endeavours to reform others, so he is as zealous to promote piety in himself. In a word, he is a thoughtful, just man, and knows how to encourage a good Author; for none can think that the "Supplement to the Historical Dictionary," written by the learned *Collier*, is made at a small charge.

Mr. *Harrison*, in Chancery-lane. He is a Man free from faction, noise, and anger: not so weak as to give such an advantage as any must have who contends with one that is stark blind—as how much better is he that is

passionate. He is a diligent man in his Shop, a kind Neighbour, and a religious Master, teaching his Servant better by his own example than all the Tutors in both Universities.

This is also the Character of *G. Conyers*, in Little Britain.

Mr. Bilingsley, by the Royal Exchange. He had ever the character of being a very honest, religious Man, and (if I do not mistake) was a constant Hearer of *Mr. Watson* for many years. But, for what reasons I could never learn, he has been disturbed in his mind, and very near distraction; but I hear he is thoroughly recovered, and sets an extraordinary example of Piety, Moderation, Temperance, and all other Christian virtues. He was happy in having a Wife and Son that understood his Trade; so that, during his long indisposition, his Shop was still managed to the best advantage.

Mr. Turner, near Lincoln's Inn. He prints the "History of Man," and other good Copies; and has an excellent character amongst Booksellers, Stationers, and Printers. He has a due respect for the Clergy, and is himself a true Son of the Church; but, whatever his own opinions are of smaller matters, he thinks well of all whom he knows not to deserve the contrary, though they differ from him; and well of none for being of his Party, unless they have other merits to recommend them. He is a man of a general charity (as all true Sons of the Church are); and, if he continues to thrive as he has begun, he will be Alderman Turner in a few years. Yet the fortunate blood that has filled his veins has not swelled his heart; for he is still as humble as ever, and is such a master in the art of obliging, as if he thought the only thing valuable in riches is the power they give to oblige.

Mr. Sprint junior. His worthy Father was characterized in p. 209. *Mr. John Sprint* does *patrizare*. He has a ready wit, a great deal of good-humour, and is owner of as much generosity as any man of the Trade. There is an humble sweetness in all his actions; and, to render him the more agreeable, this *brave soul* of his has the happiness to live in a very beautiful *tenement*, and it had been pity it should have lived in any other. In a

word (if I have a right notion of John Sprint), he is the *handsomest man* in the Stationers' Company, and may without compliment be called "a very accomplished Bookseller." His Father, finding him a sober, religious person, has made him a Partner in his Trade; and they are now re-printing three great and useful Books, intituled "The History of the Bible, with Cuts;" "Le Grand's Body of Philosophy;" and "Gwillim's Heraldry, with great Improvements."

I shall next characterize my honest Friend Mr. *John Harris*, which is an epithet so deservedly due to his memory, that I do not think there is a Bookseller in London but what will own him as just a Man as they ever knew. His little body (as Cowley calls it) was a sort of *Cupid's bow*; but what Nature denied him in bulk and straightness, she gave him in wit and vigour. He had a rich Genius (as is seen by his "Poem on the Lord Russell"); was very active in Trade. Honesty was his distinguishing character. His Friend Mr. Larkin being once asked "Who was the honestest Bookseller in London?" returned this extempore answer:

"Of all honest Booksellers if you'd have the marrow,
Repair to King John, at the sign of the Harrow."

The same person would often say, "John Harris was honest upon *the account civil*;" he might have said, upon *the account religious*; for in our Ramble to Oxford Act (which Wesley improved to a Poem) I had a special occasion to try his virtue, and I found him almost the only man that would be honest without looking after. Mr. Harris and I were Partners in "Coke's Detection;" "The Secret History of Whitehall;" "Leibourn's Panarithmalogia;" and in Thirty other valuable Books; and I always found myself as safe, or rather more secure, in his hands than I was in my own.—From the day I left my Shop in the Poultry, I put *all* I printed into John's Warehouse, and found him always ready to even accompts, and to discharge his trust to a half-farthing. We were a sort of Guy and Parker, for absolute confidence in one another; and our Friendship (like theirs) increased so fast, that an even thread of endearment run through all we said or did.—In the year 1697, I gave Mr. Harris the

Copy of Iris's Funeral Sermon, intituled "The Character of a Good Woman;" and thought all kindness done to him was the same as done to myself. But all human things are given to change; and therefore, after a long experience of one another, we entered into Articles of Friendship, that so (by a Marriage of Souls) our Friendship might be immortal. I do not wonder that we had this particular friendship for each other; for we were not only constant Partners in Trade, but were engaged together in our very Apprenticeship by a reciprocal participation of good offices, which was the effect of a deep-rooted and strong sympathy. The agreeableness of humour united first our souls, and taught us the mysterious lessons of Platonic Love. We saw each other, and were straight inspired with sacred inclinations. My eye no sooner fixed on his, but through that perspective I could see the inward virtue of his soul, which immediately produced a veneration in my breast, and I soon found our hearts beat time to one another. So that now our friendship was become sacred to us, and our joys and sorrows were mutually interchanged. Our joys and griefs were still the same; no prosperous or adverse fortune could ever change our minds, to warp us either to flattery or contempt; but with an even mind we still sustained the different accidents of human life. But, alas! "the dearest Friends must part;" for the same day he welcomed me home from Dublin, he was seized with his old distemper the Phthisick, &c. which ended his life in a few days. His kind and obliging Wife persuaded him to go to Kingsland, in hopes the air would recover him; but the last sands in his life were run, and there was no turning the Vital-glass. He received the Sacrament a little before he died; expired with great serenity of mind; and I do not fear but my Friend Harris is gone to Heaven.—At the same time Mr. Harris removed to Kingsland, I was seized with a fit of the Stone, so that I could neither visit him in his sickness, nor perform the last office of love to his dead body. However, to shew my respect for his memory, I have here given his true Character; and pr'ythee, John,

Take this short-summon'd, loose, unfinish'd Verse,
Cold as thy Tomb, and sudden as thy Hearse;

From my sick thoughts thou canst no better crave,
 Who scarce drag Life, and envy thee thy Grave.
 Ah! happy Friend, would I for thee had died!
 Ah! would I had thy fatal place supplied!
 Yes, dear John Harris, my esteem for thee
 Was equal to thy worth and love for me.
 Oh, dearer than my Soul! if I can call it mine,
 For sure we had the same—'twas very thine.
 'Twas thy dear Friendship did my breast inspire,
 And warm'd it first with a poetic fire,
 But 'tis a warmth that does with thee expire:
 So pure, but not more great, must that bless'd Friendship
 prove,
 (Could, ah! could I to that wish'd place and thee remove)
 Which shall for ever join our mingled souls above.

Mr. *Newton* is full of kindness and good-nature. He is affable and courteous in Trade, and is none of those Men of Forty whose Religion is yet to chuse; for his mind (like his looks) is serious and grave; and his Neighbours tell me "his understanding does not improve too fast for his practice, for he is not religious by start and sally, but is well fixed in the faith and practice of a Church-of-England-man—and has a handsome Wife into the bargain."

Mr. *Herrick*. He is a tall handsome man, deals much with the Lawyers, and has the good luck to be opposite neighbour to Mr. Sare. He neither neglects the business of life, nor pursues it too close; and has every body's good word. He is well skilled in the Doctrine of the Christian Faith, and can discourse handsomely upon the most difficult Article in Religion. His attendance at Church is devout and constant; yet his zeal has nothing of phrenzy and passion (which is too common in this age); he manages with prudence and decency in the midst of Religious Worship, and always keeps within the bounds of Religion and Reason.

Mr. *Pitts*. He was an honest man every inch and thought of him; and had his "Atlas" succeeded, or *M——* been a stranger to him, had died worth Twenty Thousand Pounds; and it could not have fell into better hands, for he took as much delight in doing of good, as if he had no other errand in the World. He had fathomed the vast body of Learning, and in every several

part of it was Master; nor did his conversation alone relish of his learning and piety; for, during the *unfortunate* part of his life he wrote "The Cry of the Oppressed;" "An ingenious Discourse of Fairies;" and almost completed "A Catalogue of English Writers," after the method of "Crow's Catalogue." His wit and virtues were writ legibly in his face, and he had a great deal of sweetness in his natural temper. Mr. Pitts had a great honour for Dr. Annesley (though himself a Churchman), and told me, "that, in his greatest distress, the Doctor had been kind to him, and that he believed there was not a more generous man in the whole world."

Mr. *Place*, near Furnival's Inn. His face is of a claret complexion; but himself is a very sober, pious man. He is very just in his dealings, and has studied the duty of every relation; so that his example spreads, and recommends the practice of Christianity.

Mr. *Bernard Lintott*. He lately published "A Collection of Tragic Tales, &c." by which I perceive he is angry with the World, and scorns it into the bargain: and I cannot blame him; for D'Urfey (his Author) both treats and esteems it as it deserves — too hard a task for those whom it flatters, or perhaps for Bernard himself, should the World ever change its humour, and *grin* upon him. However, to do Mr. Lintott justice, he is a man of very good principles; and, I dare engage, will never want an Author of *Sol-fa* so long as the Play-house will encourage his Comedies.

Mr. *Samuel Buckley*. He was originally a Bookseller, but follows Printing. He is an excellent Linguist, understands the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian Tongues, and is master of a great deal of Wit. He prints "The Daily Courant," and "Monthly Register" (which, I hear, he translates out of the Foreign Papers himself). But I shall not enlarge in his Character (for I never knew him); but will venture to say, as to his morals, he is, or should be, an honest man*.

Mr. *Richard Wilkin*. He is a Bookseller of good reputation, and is scrupulous in doing the least injustice; neither was he less accomplished in the art of Obe-

* Mr Buckley will be much more fully characterized hereafter.

dience whilst he was an Apprentice, than that of Government since he has been a Master. He is devout at Prayers, and reverent and attentive in hearing; and is not only a true Son of the Church, but also a resolute Champion in behalf of the Hierarchy, as well remembering that prophetic apophthegm of James I. "No Bishop, no King!" And, to convince us of the great respect he bears to the pious memory of Charles I. he has lately published "Several Evidences which have not yet appeared in the Controversy concerning *ΕΙΣΩΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ*, produced in a Letter to the Rev. Mr. Wagstaffe."

Mr. *Southby*. He had the happiness to find a Wife of a good fortune; but, meeting with disappointments in Trade, he retired to a Coffee-house in Foster-lane; but no misfortunes have made honest Southby forget the duties of a Husband, the ties of Friendship, or the doing justice to those he dealt with. He printed for Mr. Smithies and other eminent Churchmen; but it was not his luck to get an estate by Authors; and I wish he may get it by Coffee, as I believe he would, did the Booksellers of London give him that generous encouragement as his fair-dealing amongst them deserved.

Having given a Character of the most eminent Booksellers in London and Westminster, I shall next (for method sake) proceed to the *Auctioneers*; and I will begin with the famous Mr. *Edward Millington*. He commenced and continued Auctions upon the authority of Herodotus, who commends that way of sale for the disposal of the most exquisite and finest Beauties to their *Amorosos*, and further informs the World, "that the sum so raised was laid out for the portions of those to whom Nature had been less kind;" so that he will never be forgotten while his name is *Ned*, or he a man of remarkable Elocution, Wit, Sense, and Modesty—characters so eminently his, that he would be known by them among a thousand. Millington (from the time he sold Dr. Annesley's Library) expressed a particular friendship to me; and was so much concerned at my present misfortunes, that (meeting me one day in Bartholomew-close) he offered to go to St. Alban's on purpose to make me (as he expressed it) happy again in my dear Wife.—To

conclude his Character : He was originally a Bookseller, which he left off, being better cut out for an Auctioneer. He had a quick wit, and a wonderful fluency of speech. There was usually as much Comedy in his "Once, Twice, Thrice," as can be met with in a modern Play. "Where," said Millington, "is your generous flame for Learning? Who but a Sot or a Blockhead would have money in his pocket, and starve his brains?" Though I suppose he had but a round of jests, Dr. *Cave* once bidding too leisurely for a Book, says Millington, "Is this your 'Primitive Christianity?'" alluding to a Book the honest Doctor had published under that title. He died in Cambridge, and I hear they bestowed an Elegy on his memory, and design to raise a Monument to his ashes.

I might proceed to those other ingenious Auctioneers, Mr. *Cowper*, Mr. *Hooke*, Mr. *Kinsey*, Mr. *Bullard*, Mr. *Axe*, &c.

I might also characterize the honest (*Mercurial*) Women, Mrs. *Baldwin*, Mrs. *Nutt*, Mrs. *Curtis*, Mrs. *Mallet*, Mrs. *Croom*, Mrs. *Grover*, Mrs. *Barnes*, Mrs. *Winter*, Mrs. *Taylor*. And I must not forget honest old *Bennet*, that loud and indefatigable promoter of the "Athenian Mercury."

But I will stop here ; for it would be tedious and unconscionable to go through all Cheapside, Paul's Churchyard, Little Britain, and Duck-lane, to describe every Man, Woman, and Sucking-child, Bookseller, Auctioneer, Stitcher, Hawker, &c. — This in general may suffice for an impartial character of that honourable and honest employment, as far as my own observations give me in London.

I shall next present my Reader with a short account of what *the Country* affords of this nature ; and I will first begin with

Mr. *Thomas Wall*, in Bristol. His character resembles that of *Old Jacob*, being a plain, but sincere-hearted Man. He is well accomplished for his Trade, which is very considerable. He was first a Goldsmith, but made an exchange of that way for this of Bookselling. He is a sure Friend, and extremely civil ; I have dealt very much with him, and for those two years that I kept Bristol Fair, I was treated very kindly at his house.

Mr. *Bishop*, in Exeter. He is a firm adherer to the Established Government, and a declared enemy to Popery and Slavery. He is a man of strict justice, deals much, and thrives of his Trade.

Mr. *Gyles*, in Norwich. He evens yearly with those he is concerned with, which may be a serviceable hint to the Booksellers in London. The pious and learned Dr. *Collings* was his great friend. He has met with very good success in his way; but the Booksellers in the Country cannot, in a settled way, either ruin or enrich themselves so soon as those in London; in regard they have not the temptation, nor indeed the opportunity, to print much. But this is no more applicable to Mr. *Gyles* than to any other so far out of Town. He is an honest man; I know him to be so.

Mr. *Hildyard*, in York. He is the topping man in that City, and not only a just, but an ingenious man.

Mr. *Minshull*, in Chester, is a man of good sense, very courteous to strangers (as myself have lately experienced), and manages his Trade with a great deal of prudence. But I have done this man a better justice in my "Dublin Scuffle*," than my designed brevity will admit of here.

Mr. *Butler*, in Worcester, has been a rising man some time, has a brisk Trade, and pays well. He is both an humble and religious man.

Mr. *Keblewite*, in the Isle of Wight, has a good Trade, considering the place; but that is not his whole dependence. He has been twice Mayor of the Town; and is not only rich, but a grave and discreet Churchman.

Mr. *Richards*, in Nottingham, pursues his Business very closely, and is a person of great integrity. I dealt with him two years, and found him a good paymaster.

Mr. *Clements*, in Oxford, is a thriving man, and has a quick return of Trade. He acts always with a great deal of caution, which is extremely necessary in the composition of a Bookseller.

Mr. *Hicks*, in Cambridge, deals much in modern Books. He is a very honest man, and was extremely civil to me when I kept Sturbridge Fair.

* "The Dublin Scuffle," which will be fully noticed in a future part of this Volume, was published in 1699. EDIT.

Mr. Clayton, in Manchester. He was Apprentice to **Mr. Johnson** of the same Town; but, his Master thinking it necessary to be a knave, and as the consequence of it to walk off, so **Mr. Clayton** succeeds him, and has stepped into the whole business of that place, which is very considerable; and, if he have but prudence, he may thrive apace.

Mr. Knox, **Mr. Henderson**, and **Mr. Fallenge**. I shall dispense with myself as to their Characters; for I could never see through a *Scotsman* in a little time.

Mr. Norman. He is a middling squat man, that loves to live well, and has a Spouse who understands preparing good things as well as the best lady in Ireland. He has a hole in his nose, occasioned by a brass pin in his nurse's waistcoat, which happened to run in it; and, for want of a skilful hand to dress it, the hole remains to this day, and yet without disfiguring his face. He invited me to his house when I made my Auctions in Dublin; and, when I came, gave me a hearty welcome. I found **Mr. Norman** an excellent Florist (and he has this peculiar to himself, that whatever he has in his Garden is the most excellent of its kind). He is a very grave, honest man, understands his Trade extraordinary well, and has the honour to have been Master of the Booksellers' Company in Dublin.

Mr. Ray. He is slender in body; his head rather big than little; his face thin, and of a moderate size; a smooth tongue, and voice neither deep nor shrill. His countenance is ever intermixed with joy and sweetness. He is a courteous man in his Shop; and, being both Printer and Bookseller, has got a good estate in a few years. He is the best situated of any Bookseller in Dublin.

But I shall leave **Mr. Ray**, to ramble to Castle-street, where *Eliphal Dobson* with his wooden leg startled me with the creaking of it; for I took it for the *Crepitus Ossium*, which I have heard some of our Physicians speak of. **Mr. Dobson** is a great Dissenter, but his pretence to Religion does not make him a jot precise. He values no man for his starched looks or supercilious gravity, or for being a Churchman, Presbyterian, Independent, &c. provided he is sound in the main points, wherein all good men are agreed.

I might proceed to other Country Booksellers, and give you Epithets and Characters suitable for them all, and take in the rest of the Irish and Scotch Booksellers; but, for want of room, I must beg their patience till I come to the *Sixth Stage* of my Life, and there I shall meet them again by wholesale; but, though I cannot descend to particulars now, yet I will so far *lump* their Characters as to say, that of Three Hundred Booksellers now trading in Country Towns, I know not of one Knave or a Blockhead, amongst them all.

And now, Reader, having in these sheets given you the Character of the chief Booksellers in the Three Kingdoms, I hope you will pardon me if (in the last place) I allow *myself* a Character amongst the rest.

It is true, Cowley says,

“The voyage Life is longest made at home.”

However, from that small acquaintance I have with myself, I may venture to say, as to my Birth, I account it no small honour that I descended from the Tribe of Levi; and I find an ingenious Author of this opinion, who says, “I reckon it amongst the felicities of my life to have been a Prophet’s Son*.” And, if you have faith to believe a Poet, their Children

“Do all breathe something more than common air†.”

We see this eminently verified in the present Archbishop of Canterbury‡, the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England§, and in a late Lord Mayor of London; who are all, as I have been informed, Sons of the Clergy.

And as it is a peculiar honour to descend from the Tribe of Levi; so it is often seen there is a largeness in the souls of Ministers’ Children beyond the narrowness of other Men. “The Honourable Society of Clergymen’s Sons” do every year, in a literal sense, “set on the great Pot for the Sons of the Prophets||,” and, at the same time, make such a noble provision for Widows and fatherless Children as exceeds all Examples of that kind.

* See “The Character of a Good Woman,” p. 125.

† See the Poem dedicated to the Sons of the Clergy.

‡ Dr. Thomas Tenison.

§ Sir Nathan Wrighte.

|| See the Sermon on 2 Kings iv. 38; printed for Mr. Robinson.

So that I think myself more honoured in having a Minister for my Father, than if he had been a Duke.

From this account of my Birth, I proceed to a description of my Person, which is *so so*. However, two of the Fair Sex have been tempted to take it "for better, for worse;" and I do not hear they ever repented their bargain, for I am very *uxorious* by my natural temper, and can passionately doat on a Wife that has but one obliging quality.

Having given this account of my Person, I shall next tell you with what Soul it is acted. This House of mine is filled with a *rambling* Tenant, and, being born to travel, I am ever pursuing my destiny; so that you may call me "a Citizen of London and of the World:" yet, wherever I come, I love to be guessed at, not known, and to see the World unseen; and for this reason I am now learning "The Art of living *Incognito*." I must here (to my mortification) reckon myself among the number of *Scribblers*, for my present income would not support me, did not I stoop so low as to turn Author; but I find it was what I was born to, for I am a willing and everlasting Drudge to the Quill, and am now writing "A Farewell to Trade." My constant sickness and debts have rather made me an Author than Soldier of Fortune; and therefore I am very thankful to that kind Muse which assists the unfortunate: for, could I not compose a few sheets for the press, I might now starve; for it is not two years' rent of my whole Estate will repair the damage I received by the late storm; and therefore as I now scratch my head for a living (and, with the threadbare-tribe, live in rhyme), it is a comfort I am wholly at the mercy of that kind *Samaritan* the Rev. Mr. Wesley, who, being a man of true compassion and goodness, will never stain his Cloth, &c. for he knows in a few years "I shall pay him all, and every body else, to a half-farthing.

So that you see, Reader, a *scribbling* destiny is part of my present character, and what I can no way avoid; and what little service they do themselves that (like *She-Furies*) screw up justice to the pitch of an injury, and that for what they have treble security.—And so much for my Birth and Destiny.

As to my Religion, it is the same you find in my *Idea*

of a *New Life*; and, let my enemies say what they please, I will never alter it. I never matter abuses when I cannot avoid them; and therefore it is, in the midst of reflections, my countenance never changeth: for I know whom I have trusted, and whither Death can lead me; and, being not so sure I shall die as that I shall be restored, I outface Death with the thoughts of my Resurrection. "If I am found dead upon the spot, what matters it? for, not being able to govern events, I endeavour to govern myself." And I am advanced already so far in this rare art, that, I hope I may say, "just censures I deserve not, and unjust I contemn;" and therefore it is strange I have one Friend in the world, for folks do not love to hear of their faults, and I am downright, and call "a spade a spade;" and dare, when I meet a *Foe*, defend myself with a brighter weapon than a quill. It is true,

"I wear my Pen, as others do their Sword;"

and can take satisfaction in rhyme, when the affront is given in Verse. But I am no great Friend to a *paper-duel*; for, being come from behind the Counter, sure my estate will maintain a Sword, or where is the honour of being Heir to **Sampsil*? However, if any *Foe* or *Coxcomb* (for they are synonymous terms) should *draw* upon me, in Ink or Steel, I am ready to fight him at two weapons (which is enough for a trial of skill): yet, I will do myself that justice to own, I had rather sleep in a whole skin.

I also own, I am very rash in my actions; and scarce ever did any thing (save taking two women "for better for worse") but I repented of, one time or other. I have a great deal of mercury in my natural temper, for which I must have allowance; but the best men are the most charitable, and no man, if he considers himself, will blame that in me which I cannot help: but, abating this only fault, (though I say it myself) I am as fit to make a *Friend* as any man I know; for when my Friend falls to decay, I am ready to rejoice (I ask his pardon) that I have an opportunity to convince him that I loved in earnest; and though it were impossible he should ever requite me, while I have any thing, my Friend shall have

* The name of a Manor which was the property of his Wife's Mother. EDIT.

all. Nay, I have this peculiar to myself, that I love a Friend better for being poor, miserable, or despised : I confess this looks a little satirical on my *Summer-Friends*, but is so great a truth, that I can prove it by several persons now living in London.

So much for my Birth, Person, Temper, Religion, and Friendship. As to my *Trade*, I ever had an ungovernable itch after Printing; yet, all my Printers will own, I have ever been strictly just: in six hundred Books I have printed, I never swerved from the price agreed on, or made any Printer call twice for money; which practice I learnt from my honoured Master. I have twenty times in Trade restored the over-seen gain of a mistaken reckoning; and, being haunted with a scrupulous mind, have often paid a sum twice over, for fear of doing wrong; and I appeal to Mr. Wild in Dublin, to Mr. Wilkins in Boston, to Mr. Larkin in London, and even to Sam Wesley himself, for the truth of this scrupulous justice.

But, as scrupulous as I am in Trade, I was never wanting to my belly, nor a *wretch* to my back; and am the same enemy to Prodigality, as I am to a sneaking temper. And I think I am right in this part of my character, for Solomon says, "There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour."—To sum up my character in few words: I love travelling, do not love fighting; love Valeria, do not love money; love my friend, do not fear nor hate my enemy; love writing, do not love starving; love fair-dealing, had rather be called Fool than Knave; let people laugh while I win; can be secret if trusted (or woe be to Parson Grub); am owed more than I owe, and can pay more than that; make my word as good as my bond; will not do a foul thing; can live in a cell till I pay my debts, and bid the world go whistle.

Now, whatever the Reader thinks (or my Enemies may say against me), all that know me will own this is the "True Character of *John Dunton*." I write not this out of vain-glory, but as a necessary vindication of my life and actions against the abuses of such vipers that (sneakingly) injure my reputation.

Thus have I added my own Character to the rest of the Booksellers; for it had been an unpardonable fault, to pretend to know every one I conversed with a few moments, and not *know myself* with whom I have conversed so long. Besides, it is using them as I use myself; and that I did not remark their *faults* as I have my own is, that they concealed them from me.

There are many more eminent Booksellers in London and Westminster; but they must excuse my overlooking them, in regard I have not so particular a knowledge of them as to do justice to their *character*. However, I have here given a brief account of the lives and characters of the chief Booksellers in the Three Kingdoms, &c.; and I have done it with all the candour and impartiality that my conversation, &c. amongst them would admit of.

Having characterized the most noted men of my own Profession; perhaps those Printers, Stationers, and Binders, &c. of London, that I dealt with, may expect a character from me; and if any of my acquaintance deserve it, it is these men; for, when I was warmly engaged in Trade (and generally thought to be a *rising sun*), there was nothing but "Your humble servant, Sir," from the Printers, Stationers, and Binders, in London. They all put in for a share in my friendship, which was then reckoned a little necessary, in order to carry on the common design of life; for I dealt for several hundreds yearly, and cleared with all the Trade every six months; and, I must confess, there seems to be some sense of Gratitude remaining in them at this day; and upon that account they may justly expect to find their own names in a "Life" with which they have had so very great concerns.

In the year 1689 I had no less than thirty Printers, &c. that traded with me; and seeing the Printers, &c. in London are more generous to Debtors than other men, I will draw their *pictures in little*, but will draw them so much to the life, that their friends may know them at first sight. And here I will not, like Sam Wesley*, fling dirt in the face of my old Friends; but will treat the Printers, Stationers, and Binders of London, with

* In his "Satire upon the Dissenters."

all the respect that either gratitude, or their honest dealings with me, deserves.

I will begin with the *Printers*, in regard they seem to be a fundamental article in our Trade: and the Printers I chiefly employed were,

Mr. *Edward Jones*, in the Savoy. His soul is enriched with many virtues; but the most orient of all are, his large charity, his remarkable justice in trade, and great kindness to his aged mother. He has got a noble estate by *Authority*; and is deservedly famous for printing "*The True News*," and publishing "*The London Gazette*."

Deputy *Collins*. He is a composition so made up of justice and industry, that other Printers may imitate, but cannot exceed. He is a moderate Churchman; a sincere friend; and so expeditious in dispatch of business, that he printed more sheets for me in ten days than some others did in twenty.

Mr. *Roberts*. He was master over himself; when he had a storm in his heart, he made all fair-weather in his face. He would look big, but I never found he was passionate, proud, or vain. However, he had this particular in him, that he never broke his word to a Bookseller. In twenty Books that he printed for me, he never disappointed me once, or exacted two-pence; so that what he left to his Widow will wear well, for it was every penny honestly gotten.

Mr. *Milbourn*. He was no starter, having lived forty years in the same house in Jewin-street. He has done his duty in all relations, but most eminently in that of a Husband. Those rays of conjugal love, which are diffusedly scattered in other men, were all concentrated in Thomas Milbourn. He was fairly married to four Wives (for the good man had been shoeing the horse round), and was a tender Husband to all. He was free from flattery and affectation; and, being a nice Conformist, the best Churchmen did copy from him. His whole life was religiously tuned; but it made the sweetest music in the close, for he was patient under all his weakness, and wholly resigned to the will of God. He had a dutiful Child in Mrs. Onley, and was very happy in his Daughter Bruges. But he is gone to his long-home, and "the eye that hath seen him shall see him no

more." He died in his 74th year; and, having learnt all could here be taught him, he is gone to Heaven to see more.

Mr. Astwood. He was my near Neighbour and intimate Friend for many years. He printed for me near sixty books, and was constantly engaged in the "*Athenian Mercury*." If he had any failing, it was that of a little passion; but it was over in a word speaking; and, to make amends, he was almost perfect in Charity, Friendship, Humility, Justice, and every other virtue. What I speak is from the long intimacy I had with him. But I need not enlarge; for, since the death of his Son (*Mr. John Astwood*) he seems no longer to have any commerce with the world, and hath nothing so familiar as a life that is (by his retreat from London to a country village) as it were buried in death.

Mr. Larkin senior. He has been my acquaintance for 20 years, and the first Printer I had in London. He is of an even temper, not elated when Fortune smiles, nor cast down with her frowns; and though his stars have not been kind to him (he having had great losses) yet he has borne all with a great presence of mind. His conversation is extremely diverting, and what he says is always to the purpose. He is a particular Votary of the Muses, and I have seen some of his Poems that cannot be equalled. He formerly wrote "*A Vision of Heaven*," &c. (which contains many nice and curious thoughts); and has lately published an ingenious "*Essay on the Noble Art and Mystery of Printing*," which will immortalize his name amongst all the Professors of that Art, as much as his Essay will the Art itself. I ever thought my acquaintance with Mr. Larkin a special blessing; for, like the glow-worm (the emblem of true Friendship), he has still shined to me in the dark. In a word, Mr. Larkin is sincerely my Friend, and was ever so, from the first moment I saw him; and, which makes me respect him the more, he is the only Friend in the world of whom I can positively say, he will never be otherwise. So that Mr. Larkin is my *alter Ego*, or rather my very self in a better Edition. And, to sum up his character in nine words, "*What ever he does, is upon the Account Civil*." Mr. Larkin has a Son now living, of the same name and

trade with himself; and four Grandsons, which (humanly speaking) will transmit his name to the end of time.

Mr. *Leibourn*. He was formerly a Printer in London, and since has been a famous Author. He has, perhaps, done as much honour to the Mathematicks, as most persons you can name. There is something masterly in all he writes. As to his "*Cursus Mathematicus*," and his "*Panarithmalogia*," they will never be equalled.

Mr. *Grantham*. He swells not, like *L*—— his Neighbour, with looking big; but is courteous and affable to all, holding courtesy so main an ornament of a thriving Printer, as that he loaths any thing that is proud or starched. He is one that thinks what he does, and does what he says, and foresees what he can do before he promises; so that I have found his "if I can" is more than another's assurance. He is just and punctual in all his dealings, and wipes from Printing all the blemishes and imputations cast upon it by Ignorance or Malice. And, to speak the truth, he is the best Friend to a Bookseller of all the Printers I ever knew. He is a man of a large faith, and so very generous to those that live in his debt that none but a Villain would wrong him. For my own share, I have received so many favours from Mr. *Grantham*, that I should think it a sin to put away any thing that he can print; and for this reason he is my *Printer in Chief*. I never dispose of a *Copy*, but I make it the main article that Mr. *Grantham* shall print it; and all this is but what I owe him, for the favours I have received from him and Mr. *Darker* his Predecessor make me his debtor for ever. In truth, Mr. *Grantham* is so kind to me, the name of Friend is too narrow for him, and I want a word that is more significant to express him. And, which crowns his character, he is blest with a Wife that deserves him; for Mrs. *Grantham*'s prudence gives so many proofs of her capacity for domestic government, that the heart of her Husband does safely trust in her; and, like an Help-mate, she is willing to be ruled by him in all things, "even as Sarah obeyed Abraham, calling him Lord." Or, if any quarrel is, it is who of the two shall live most content; so that, as marriage has made them the same flesh, so love and sympathy has so united them, that it is very likely they will expire together.

Mr. Darby. Where is a man more careful of his words, or more pious in his actions? I might call him the *Religious Printer*. He goes to Heaven with the Anabaptists; but is a man of a general charity. He printed that excellent "Speech of my Lord Russel," and several pieces of Colonel Sidney, and is a true asserter of English Liberties. He is no Bigot to any Party, but can see the truth betwixt two wranglers, and see them agree, even in what they fall out. In a word, Mr. Darby is blest in himself (by being cool and temperate in all his passions), and is very happy in all his relations. His Wife is chaste as a picture cut in alabaster. You might sooner tempt a *Votary*, or move a Scythian rock, than shoot a fire into her chaster breast. Sir Roger*, on his bended knees, could not prevail for so much as a wanton look. His Son *John* is a very beauty of a man, and a finished Christian to boot. And for his Daughter in Cornhill, she bears away the *bell* from all the *Buke-sellers Wives* in London.

Mr. Leach. His forehead is high and majestic; his eyes full of fire and briskness, and tempered with an attractive languishing. His hair black and lovely; his person small, and of a curious shape; and is so neat, so free, so disengaged, that there are few like him. He has a great deal of wit; his tongue is composed of so much harmony, that, when his health returns, its own sound is only able to declare its perfection. He is also blest with a tender Wife; a constant trade; has printed "The Postman," &c. many years; and I may venture to say, that Francis Leach† is the handsomest Printer in London; or, if those good qualities which adorn his soul can admit of degrees, it is because his modesty is transcendant over the rest.

Mr. William Bonny. He has had great losses in Trade; but brave minds do, in despite of Fate, look greatest (like the Sun) in lowest state. The frowns of Fortune may make him poor, but never unhappy. He was always generous to those he dealt with (as myself have found in several instances); and, upon receiving a sum of

* Sir Roger L'Estrange. He died Dec. 11, 1704, in his 88th year.
EDIT.

† His Printing-office was in Elliott's Court, Little Britain. EDIT.

money, he would treat so nobly, that one could not forbear loving him. Mr. Bonny always professed a particular friendship to me, and printed for me "Mr. Baxter's Directions to the Unconverted," "The Trials of the New-England Witches," "The Pleasant Art of Money-catching," and several other Books; and had printed *treble* to what he did, had not *Robin Hayhurst* lived so near him. But, though good fortune seemed to forget him, he has now set up a press in Bristol; and had he not lost his sight (for I hear he is stark blind) would get a good estate in a few years.

" Good unexpected, Evil unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as Fortune shifts the scene :
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
Then fall so hard, they bound, and rise again."

Mr. *Onley*. He is a kind Husband; a tender Father; regular in his conversation; and, being a good Master, has the Journeyman Printers much at his beck. He will make a Book vanish into the World as quick as Spirits out of it; and bring it abroad as easily as *Leeson** draws a tooth, or as nimbly as a flash of lightning. He has a great respect for all that are related to the noble Mystery of Printing; and, being very ingenious, by his own Projections he keeps two Printing-houses constantly at work; one in Little Britain, and the other in Bond's-stables near Chancery-lane.

Mr. *Hephtinstall*. He is a modest, humble man, and very ingenious in his calling. *He makes the best Ink for Printers of any man in London.* There is a peculiar blessing attends him; for he does not only thrive in the world, but his whole life has been so unblemished, that even Envy herself cannot fix a blot upon him. His Religion is that of the Church of England; and he is a devout and constant hearer of Dr. Pead. But, though he is strict to his own principles, yet towards Dissenters he is compassionate and gentle; and humbly proud to be of the same judgment with his generous Sovereign, and therefore acquiesces in, nay, is extremely satisfied with, her Majesty's good intentions, and legal kindness towards her Dissenting subjects, and I do not

* This famous Operator is now no longer recollected. EDIT.

doubt but he heartily desires a closer union between all such as there is any appearance of accommodation withal; and certainly a "Bill of Comprehension" would conduce to England's strength and happiness, who must needs have frequent qualms and sicknesses, while little less than two Nations are struggling within her.

Mr. *Henry Clark*, chief Printer to Mr. Malthus; and through his persuasions I engaged him upon business. He was extremely civil to the Booksellers, and very diligent and dispatchful in what he did. He was a man of great openness in his temper, and was very seldom afraid to speak the very sentiments of his mind. After Mr. Clark's decease, his Widow managed the Trade, by Mr. *Sedgwick* first, and afterwards (to better purpose) by Mr. *Barber*.

Mr. *Francis Clark*. After he had buried his first Wife, he half ruined himself in a second Courtship. He printed for me "Dunton's Remains," with several other pieces; and I must say, his prices were reasonable enough.

Mr. *Darker* and Mr. *Newman* were Partners when I first employed them, and took some hundred pounds of me yearly while they continued together in Little Britain. But, Mr. *Newman* removing, I procured Mr. *Darker* the same business they had both engaged in before. He took me so much for his Friend, that, when he heard of my misfortunes, he told Mr. *Larkin* "that he would not have any concerns betwixt himself and me give me the least uneasiness." I have found the same favour from his Widow since his decease; and now, in her second marriage, Mr. *Grantham*, her Husband, has shewn himself the same Friend; and though I have been long in Egypt, his faith and his good opinion are not in the least disordered.

To return to Mr. *Darker*, he was my true friend, a kind neighbour, a generous dealer, and an enemy to no man except himself. His death did very sensibly afflict me.

"————— An Epitaph upon his stone
I cannot write, but I can weep him one."

As for Mr. *Newman*, he was very handsome, and had abundance of good-nature in him; he was something

out of order in his softer hours ; but I hope he died a religious man.

Mr. *Janeway*. I never employed him much ; but I have found him very ready to serve me, both before and since my misfortunes ; and kindness has always given me very deep impressions.

Mr. *Richardson*, an eminent Printer in Fan-church-street. He is pretty much up in years : however, his young inclinations are not altogether dead in him ; for I am informed his son and he have married two sisters ; but let Nature run as long as it pleases, so as it keep within bounds. The man is grave, and very just in Trade. He has done a great deal of excellent work, and printed much for me.

Mr. *Everingham* and Mr. *Whitledge*, two Partners in the Trade. I employed them very much, and looked upon them to be honest and thriving men. Had they confined themselves a little sooner to household love, they might possibly have kept upon their own bottom ; however, so it happened, that they loved themselves into two Journeymen Printers again. Their misfortunes do not take off my affections from them, for it will always be a pleasure to me to hear of their welfare.

Mr. *Tooke*. He is a pretty, modest, obliging Printer. His whole behaviour has been very innocent, and undesigning ; he is a man of great piety and moderation, and deserves the title of "an honest Printer." In this character of Mr. *Tooke*, you have the true Picture of Mr. *Larkin* junior, Mr. *Job How*, commonly called *honest Job*, Mr. *Bridges*, and Mr. *Barber*, first an apprentice to Mr. *Larkin* senior ; for these four Printers so exactly resemble Mr. *Tooke*, in piety, good-humour, and other obliging qualities, that is impossible to say which is the better Christian.

Mr. *Dawks*. He very often solicited me for work. I obliged him with it as frequently as I could. He is very obliging and diligent, and reasonable in his prices. He has a very rich invention : witness his *new letter* *, with which he printed his "News-paper." He printed several pieces of Salmon, and does excellent work.

* A Type resembling written hand, now called *Script*. EDIT.

Mr. Snowden. He was my very dear and intimate Friend for many years; a man of great industry, and composed much himself. He was a great admirer of Mr. Lobb. His Widow follows the same Trade; and though I was pretty deeply indebted to her Husband, yet she has not once asked me for it, which I take as a very great and noble kindness; and so soon as I can possibly compass money to discharge my debts, she, to be sure, shall not lose a farthing.

Mr. Rawlins, near Paternoster-row, has printed several Books for me. He works for very reasonable rates; and it would be a great hardship upon him, I am sure, should you pretend to offer less than he will ask you. He is an honest and a thriving man, and has an excellent choice of good letter: he makes great dispatch with any engagement he undertakes; and is very punctual to his word, for he will rather refuse work, when it is offered, than not be just to his promise.

Mr. Braddyll is a first-rate Printer, and has always been a very active, diligent man. He is religiously true to his word, and faithful to the Booksellers that employ him, of which his making no discovery of two thousand Books I once burned in an oven is, to me at least, a very pregnant instance. He was once a good Friend to Sir Roger L'Estrange, when matters looked a little dark upon him. But Mr. Braddyll has met with back-enemies, as well as other men; and upon that score he is very tender of giving wounds to others in the same place where he himself has suffered; which is certainly a good improvement of those ill practices. I dealt with him for many years, and have not only found him just, but as well accomplished for all the parts of his business as any other Printer I can name.

Mr. Beardwell and *Mr. Moxon* were partners all the time I employed them. The former is very generous and obliging; and the latter is, upon all accounts, a very fair dealer.

Mr. Brudenell deserves great respect for his dutiful carriage to his aged Mother. He has the unhappiness of a little heat in his temper; but, was he perfect, we should soon lose his company. It is but justice, however, to tell the Booksellers, that Mr. Brudenell is furnished with

a large faith, is a good Printer, and truly honest. I take his Brother, Mr. *Moses Brudenell*, Mr. *Clare*, and Mr. *Cocket*, to be the best Compositors in London.

Mr. *Croom*. Some would insinuate as though he favoured the Jacobites, but I take him for a man of more sense; however, that is no more essential to his character, under the notion of a Printer, than the recommendation of an Under-groom to Prince Rupert, which ran in such terms as these, "that he was a good Churchman; had a great value for the Common Prayer:" when, alas! Prince Rupert did not want his horses should be dressed according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. Mr. *Croom* is a fair dealer; understands his business; and these are the life of *matter*. He has always been obliging to me; and formerly printed for me "The Tigurine Liturgy," and of late several sheets of "The Post-Angel."

Mr. *Moore* was one of those good-natured Printers that worked themselves into debt; so that, had his business been less, he would have kept his legs the longer; however, I believe him a very honest mistaken man; and if he is yet living, I will drink his health.

Mr. *Wild*. He has a very noble Printing-house in Aldersgate-street. Whilst I employed him, he was always very civil and obliging. I brought him to be concerned in printing "The Present State of Europe," in which he is yet employed.

Mr. *Mead* is a man very fit for his business, and there is always great dependance upon what he says. He is a very obliging and sincere Friend; printed for me, a while ago, "A Step to Oxford."

Mr. *Ormb*. I never meet him but I make him my acknowledgments for the length and the patience of the credit he has given me, though he will scarce hear the mention of it; so that I am never apprehensive of Mr. *Ormb*'s relapsing into duns, unless it be "to take a bottle with him," which is a noble charity from Creditors to poor Debtors, when their spirits run low. Mr. *Ormb* is, without doubt, a Printer that is very faithful, generous, and obliging to the last degree.

Mr. *James* is a man that reads much, knows his business very well, and is extremely obliging to his cus-

tomers; and is something the better known for being Husband to that *She-State-Politician*, Mrs. *Eleanor James**.

Mr. *Robert Stephens*. And it is fit Robin should bring up the rear of the Printers, as he is "Messenger to the Press," as well as a Printer, and orders those *irregular things*, as well as they their own heaps of Letters. I know Robin has many enemies that *grunt* at him (and perhaps they have reason for it); but, if I will "praise the bridge that I went over," I must say, he never did me the least injury; for, if I printed a Book that had no *License*, I took such care to *dazzle* his eyes, that he could not see it; and Robin will be as true to his Friend (when there is a fellow-feeling in the case) as any man in the World, which is a rare quality in a man that lives by *informing*. And as Robin knows how to be just and kind to those that deserve it from him; so, were I put to my *oath*, I could not swear but Robin Stephens and his brother messenger, *John Gellibrand*, are both *very honest*, quiet men (I mean as to me). And when the World has believed this, I will endeavour to find out their other virtues; for as to Gellibrand, I never heard his honesty questioned; and as to Stephens, he is as much a Saint as the World thinks him, and that is as high as I can go in his praise; for if he alone is a wise man who hath a clear and certain knowledge of things, then I am excluded, for I mistake every thing. When I weigh the characters of men (whether friends or enemies), if I come near them, I am within a circle and straight-ways, as if conjured from giving a true verdict; yea, when I had *out-lawed* a person as one altogether unworthy of protection (and perhaps have thought him as black as "The Observer" has made Stephens), yet how hath the tender of some few courtesies been ready to make me reverse it! hath not only stopped my mouth (as is seen in my character of Robin Stephens), but muddled my sounder judgment of him—so that, now I have had enough to do to see the fault through my Friend, my very judging faculty hath been somewhat bribed to spare the sin, lest I should fall too foul upon the subject of it;—and how have I found out a weak brain, a strong temptation, or something or other to extenuate the offence;

* Of this singular woman, see Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," vol. VII. p. 195.

yes, an intent of getting a place myself, and some possibility of arriving to Robin's height, hath been such a Powder-mine, that I have been well nigh blown up in my own trenches, and my affections have been, like a Navy in a storm at sea, hardly kept together. So that, you see, Reader, if I have given Stephens too loud a character, it is so naturally the effect of those *conniving* favours I have received from him, that to have *lisp'd* in his praise had been very ungrateful. And for such who think I have mistook his virtues, or said too little in his commendation, I would have them consider that Robin has been a kind and honest Messenger to me ; and that is all I know of the matter.

I shall next characterize the several *Stationers* from whose Shops I supplied the fore-mentioned Printers with Paper ; and they were,

Mr. *Merreal*, at the Rose in Bread-street. He is rich, yet very humble. He has been put up for Sheriff ; yet this honour does not make him scornful and imperious ; but rather, like the fixed stars, the higher he is, the less he desires to seem. His face, his carriage, his habit, savour of humility. He was the first Stationer I ever dealt with ; and, in trading with him for twenty years, I ever found him just and kind. It is a question whether he is more his Chapman's Friend, or his own. And, to conclude his character, he is so naturally good, if there were no Heaven, yet Alexander Merreal would be a virtuous man.

Mr. *Sheafe*. Courtesy and affability can be no more severed from him, than life from his soul ; not out of a servile popularity, but of a native gentleness of disposition, and true generosity of spirit. He married Mr. Merreal's Daughter ; and is not only a Partner with him, but has the chief management of his Shop and Trade. His words are few and soft, never either peremptory or censorious. His trading is discreet and honest ; he looks not to what he might do, but what he ought. Justice is his first guide ; and the second law of his actions is Expedience. In a word, he is a wise man ; a true Friend ; a kind Husband ; and Mr. Merreal is very happy in his Son and Partner, Mr. Samuel Sheafe.

Mr. Dyer, lately deceased, was also Partner with *Mr. Merreal*. He was a fair dealer, and a pious man. He knew the falseness of the world; and, though he could see but with one eye, had learnt to trust himself always, others so far as he might not be damaged by their disappointment. I bought a great deal of Paper of him, and found, by his candid treatment, he had white hands and a clean soul; and I do not fear but *Mr. Dyer* is now in Heaven.

Major Hatley. He is the master of himself, and subdues his passions to reason; and, by this inward victory, works his own peace. He is well skilled in Military Discipline; and, from being a Captain, is advanced to a Major. He lies ever close within himself, armed with wise resolution, and will not be discovered but by Death or Danger. "Piety never looks so bright as when it shines in Steel;" and *Major Hatley* holds it the noblest revenge, that he *might hurt*, and *does not*. I dealt with this Military Stationer for six years, but left him, with flying colours, to trade with his honest Servant,

Mr. Samuel Hool. He is a far finer man than he knows of; for, being one of extraordinary modesty, he shews better to all men than himself; and so much the better to all men, as less to himself. The air of his face is a little melancholy, but (being very just and kind in his dealings) it always shines in his conscience. He walks according to the rules of Virtue, as the hours pass by the degrees of the Sun; and, being made of good-humour, his life is a perpetual harmony. But why do I praise particular virtues, when he excels in all? or, if those good qualities which adorn his soul can admit of degrees, it is because his compassion is transcendent over the rest. He is as kind a Creditor as if Nature had forgot to give him *gall*. I traded with him for many years; and can say, from my own experience, none can be more pitiful to the distressed, or more prone to succour the unfortunate; and then most, where is least means to solicit, least possibility of requital.

Another Stationer I dealt with was *Mr. Proctor*, in Bread-street. He is a fortunate man, being one of those that drew the five hundred a year in the Parliament Lottery. As he is rich and fortunate, so he is free and bountiful. He lives as a man of an estate should do, yet

(like his neighbour Merreal) he prefers conscience before riches, and desireth not to be great, but to do good. He is a generous Creditor, and will scarce think of the debt I owe him till I send it on my own accord. For this must be said of the ingenious Proctor, that his wisdom can distinguish betwixt Parasites and Friends, betwixt changing of favours and expending them.

The next I dealt with was Mr. *Sharp* (Brother to the Archbishop of that name). He acts in these worldly affairs as a stranger, and hath his heart ever at home. He is active in Trade, without disquiet, and careful without hurry; yet neither ingulphed in his pleasures, nor a seeker of business, but hath his hour for both. He thinks much, does what he says, and foresees what he may do before he purposes. In a word, Mr. Sharp is a person of great honesty; very obliging in his conversation; and thrives so fast in his shop, that it is very likely we may see him riding the great horse. And what a charming figure will the grave and majestic Sharp make, when attended with Sword and Mace, surrounded with Aldermen, bedecked with Jewels, and glittering with a Gold Chain!

I also traded (by chance) with Mr. *Littlebury*, in Newgate-street. He is a man of a composed and serious countenance, not set, nor much alterable with sadness or joy. His life is distinct, and in method; and his actions (as it were) cast up beforehand; yet he "uses this World as not abusing it," 1 Cor. vii. 31. And one would think, by his forgetting to dun a Debtor, that he traded for ready money.

And the same character fits so nicely to *Craill* the Stationer, Brother to the Bookseller of that name, that you could not know one from the other, save by their different phiz.

Having characterized the Stationers that supplied my Printers with paper, it is fit the Stationer to whom I sold all my waste-paper should bring up the rear.

And this leads me to characterize my neighbour *Tyson*, in Redcross-street, of whom I never bought, but sold (the more is the pity) many hundred reams of "Tigurine Liturgy," "Edict of Nantes," and other books that my Friends had forgot to ask for.

I might call Mr. Tyson "the Waste-paper Stationer of London;" for I believe he buys more of that *necessary* drug than all the City besides. He is generally seen in the same coat, though he has change of raiments; as if he thought men's hearts were rather to be changed than their garments. He is a man exactly made, even to a nail's breadth, and is a great pattern of humility and justice. He is firm to his word and bargain; and by his beard and dress you would take him to be one of the Antient Philosophers. He is very quick at forgiving of injuries; but for his wit and contentment (which has put him in the row of Christians) it is rather to be admired than commended.

Thus, Reader, have I given a brief character of the Printers and Stationers I dealt with for many years.

I shall next proceed to the *Binders*, and they were these seventeen:

Honest Dick Janeway. Like a second Democritus, he always simpered. He brought me the joyful news of a benefit-ticket in the Parliament Lottery, which he delivered in capers; but at other times his constant mirth was no more than a cheerful smile. He had a great loss by Alderman *H——l*; but misfortunes did but exercise, not dismay him. He could turn necessity into virtue, and put evil to good use. He was an excellent Binder, a tender Husband, a kind Father; the surest Friend, the easiest Enemy; and so much more happy than others, by how much he could abide to be *more* miserable.

Mr. Edmond Richardson. He was my kind Neighbour in Scalding Alley for many years, bound most of my Calves Leather Books, whilst I lived in the Poultry, and continued to bind for me as long as I traded. From this long acquaintance with Mr. Richardson, I am able to give him the following character.—He is an excellent Binder, and very just and punctual in his dealings. To all his promises there needs no other bond but his word, nor no other witness but God. He shuns jests in holy things, and abhors lies, though in jest. He speaks as near as he can to the capacities, and not to the humours of men. He so frames his talk, as one that is going shortly to give an account of his words. He detracts from no man but himself; speaks well of all men till he

knows otherwise ; and where he cannot speak well, he is silent. In a word, there is a purity laid so deep in his nature, that those that knew him the earliest have often said, that even then "Nature seemed entirely sanctified in him." So that, Mr. Richardson having thrived by his Binding trade, he is now a flourishing Bookseller in Newgate-street, and so will continue ; for he measures his wealth by his mind, not by his estate ; and then, to be sure, he will thrive, for a contented mind is ever rich.

Mr. Thomas Axe. He is a man of a great deal of wit and honesty. In any controversy, I would sooner choose him for an Arbitrator than any man I know in the world. He was my chief Binder for ten years : but honest Tom has met with losses ; yet his character is this :—No man is more contented with his little, and so patient under any disappointment : but, notwithstanding his losses in trade, I believe Mr. Axe will get money enough ; for he is not only a good Binder, but sells Books, Globes, Auctions ; and his hopes are so strong, that they can insult over the greatest discouragements that lie in his way to be honestly rich.

Mr. Simpson. This grave and antient Binder was recommended to me, by Mr. Roberts the Printer, for a curious workman and a very honest man ; and so I found him. He did not bind very much for me, but what he bound was done to a *nicety*. I suppose he is nearly related to Mr. Simpson the Bookseller ; for he nearly resembles him for sincerity, diligence, and in a fair character. And the same may be said of honest *Dodgins*, *Brotherton*, *Hawkins*, and my old acquaintance Mr. *Joseph Pool*.

Mr. Baker, in Warwick-lane. He lives in a crowd and hurry of business ; yet (as was said of *Mordecai Abbot*) he loses not his Religion in the midst of it, but keeps close to the private and public duties of Divine Worship. He binds so extraordinary well, that two of my customers gave particular charge that no man in London should bind the books that they bought of me but Mr. *Baker* and Mr. *Steel*.

Mr. Samuel Bourn. He was a man of a gay rambling temper, but was very just to those that employed him. He had his Religion to choose, which was a great grief

to his pious Wife. Bourn being seized with a dangerous fever, he made great protestations how good he would be if God would please to restore him ; but,

“ The Devil was sick, the Devil a Monk would be ;
The Devil was well, the Devil a Monk was he.”

After his recovery, he turned Projector, and then Picture-seller, and then Rake-hell ; and, I hear, came at last to an untimely end.

Mr. *Cox*, in Sherburn-lane. He was a grave thriving Binder for thirty years ; but is now retired, for his greater safety. He is very honest ; and, if his Creditors knew him as well as I, he might “ whet his knife at the Counter-gate.” He ever maintained an unspotted fidelity to the Church of England ; and, for all his misfortunes, is a bright example of piety and strict justice. Wherever he is, I heartily wish him well ; and would be glad to see him, if I could tell how, if it were but to thank him for old favours.

Mr. *Manhood*. From Book-binding he went to the Garter Coffee-house by the Royal Exchange ; and I hope he has thrived at it. He was a very obliging Binder, and I traded with him till I went to Boston. He is a true Son of the Church ; but, being so wise as to understand the difference between matters doctrinal and ritual, is not fettered with superstitious scruples ; but his clear and free spirit is for the union of Christians in things essential to Christianity.

Mr. ——— (I forget his name), but I think I can describe his person and qualities, so as any Bookseller may know him. His person is tall and slender, his eyes quick and sparkling, and his features flourish in an oval form. So much for his body. As to his qualities ; he is very pious, just, humble, modest, sincere ; and the care he takes of his aged Father will bring a blessing on all he has. But I need not enlarge ; for he that will read the character (Psalm xv.) of “ an Inhabitant of that Holy Hill ” will there read his true and most just character.

Mr. *Richard Baldwin*. He printed a great deal, but got as little by it as John Dunton. He bound for me and others when he lived in the Old Bailey ; but, removing to Warwick-lane, his fame for publishing spread so fast,

he grew *too big* to handle his *small tools*. Mr. Baldwin having got acquaintance with Persons of Quality, he was now for taking a Shop in Fleet-street; but Dick, soaring out of his element, had the honour of being a Bookseller but few months. However, to do Mr. Baldwin justice, his inclinations were to oblige all men, and only to neglect himself. He was a man of a generous temper, and would take a cherishing glass to oblige a Customer. His purse and his heart were open to all men that he thought were honest; and his conversation was very diverting. He was a true lover of King William; and, after he came on the Livery, always voted on the right side. His Wife, Mrs. *A. Baldwin*, in a literal sense, was an *help-meet*, and eased him of all his *publishing work*; and since she has been a Widow, might vie with all the women in Europe for *accuracy* and *justice* in keeping accmpts; and the same I hear of her beautiful Daughter, Mrs. *Mary Baldwin*, of whom her Father was very fond. He was, as it were, flattered into his grave by a long consumption; and now lies buried in Wickam parish, his native place.

Mr. *Gifford*. He and Mr. *Munhood* got acquainted with me at the same time, and bound to my Shop for many years. *Manhood's* Character you had before; and *Gifford's* in short is this: he is a downright honest Englishman; I never could hear that he was of any distinguishing party, but still owned the common cause of Religion and his Country. He is a very ingenious thriving man; and, without affecting praise, is content only to merit it. He now keeps a Shop in Old Bedlam; and, having printed several Copies that have sold well, he will, if he continues Fair-keeping, get a lumping portion for his Daughters, who are modest pretty women, and very serviceable to him in his Shop and Trade.

Mr. *Knowles*. He had a most particular respect for my Friend *Harris*, and for that reason I cannot but love him. He is an ingenious and constant man at his Trade; and bound for me that "History of Living Men" and "Athenian Oracle" which I lately dedicated and presented to the Prince of Denmark and Duke of Ormond with my own hand. I need not enlarge in his Character; for he was ever careful to preserve a good reputa-

tion, but more desirous of a good conscience; and for this reason he asks his own heart, and not other men's tongues, "What he is." There is downright honesty in him; and I heartily wish he may ever be as free from censures, as he is from deserving them.

Mr. *Dowley*. His face indeed is but rough-cast; but, if he is yet unmarried, the young Virgins can never enough admire the sweetness of his natural temper. Humility is his peculiar virtue, and justice and industry have a great share in his character. He is also a kind and dutiful Son to his aged Father. He published for me "The History of the Athenian Society," and was as zealous to oblige me as any Binder in London.

Mr. *Caleb Swinnock*. He served his Apprenticeship with Richard Janeway; and, being an active witty man, had he trod in the steps of his Reverend Father, had been an eminent Christian. But he fell a *purring* too soon, and met a She Clog that stuck faster to him than usual. He published for me "The Life and Death of that great Patriot, William Lord Russell;" and, had he not by working at under-rates turned himself out of doors, perhaps he had rode out the storm of Wiving. Caleb Swinnock was the only man that could ever tempt me to take Sheep's-leather Books at 14s. the hundred; and upon second thoughts, had he not broke nine pounds in my debt, I should have thought myself obliged to make some restitution, either to himself, or (in case of his death) to the poor; for Binders have a *right* to live by their hard labour. But they that tempt them to work for rates which they cannot afford (and the case is the same with respect to the Printers) do, as it were, *rob* the Binder with his own consent; and I verily think, without *restitution*, such *Shop-pads* can never be saved. It is true, the case between Caleb and I was a little different; for the *selling Thief* squeezes the Binder against his consent; but Caleb here was the *sole Tempter*. But I should not lash him for this crime, for Caleb has flayed himself with his own whipping; and, since his strolling into the country, is more altered with repentance than with age. But I shall not any longer aggravate Caleb's faults or my own; for, as De Foe tells us,

" Confession will anticipate reproach :
 He that reviles us then, reviles too much.
 All satire ceases when the men repent ;
 'Tis cruelty to lash the penitent."

Mr. *Mitchel*, in Christopher's-alley. He was a first-rate Binder, and got a good estate with a clean and quiet conscience. *Ben Alsop* and he were intimate Friends, and fellow travellers for many years ; and was wont to call him "his godly Binder." And Mr. Mitchel deserved it ; for he kept up the life and spirit of Religion in himself and family, was a constant hearer of Mr. Hall, and had a strict regard to the discipline and constitutions of the Church of England to his dying day.

Mr. *Steel*. I may call him my *occasional* Binder ; for, when I met with a nice Customer, no binding would serve him but Mr. Steel's ; which, for the fineness and goodness of it, might vie with the Cambridge Binding ; but, as celebrated a Binder as Steel is, he is a man very humble and lowly in his own eyes, far from insinuating his own praise, and very rarely speaks of himself or his own actions, but never of other Binders with contempt or disrespect ; yet he has a sudden way of repartée, very agreeable and surprizing, but every way inoffensive, within the rules of Virtue and Religion.

Mr. *Woodward*. He was related to Mr. Mitchel (whose character you had before). His body is little, but well set ; his hair black and lank ; and, take him altogether, John Woodward is a pretty, neat, agreeable man. He has about him all the tenderness of good-nature, as well as all the softness of friendship. He desired my custom as much as any Binder I know in London ; and, had I not been pre-engaged, had bound all my Folio Books. As for that small dealing I had with him, I always found it punctual, just, and impartial.

Having proceeded so far, in the History of the Stationers Company, as to characterize all those Booksellers, Printers, Stationers, and Binders, that I had any Trading with,—that no persons that have any dealing with this Learned Profession may escape my notice, I shall next characterize the Engravers in Copper ; shall next proceed to the Cutters in Wood ; and to these I shall add a

character of those that work at the Rolling-press ; for what do Pictures signify (either in Copper or Wood) till the Impression is made ? And I will conclude this general History of the Stationers Company with a brief character of all the Licensers ; for (if the Act for Printing passes) those men will be courted afresh, and are so necessary a part of the Stationers Company, that no Book can be printed but with their *Imprimatur*.

And here, Reader, that I may insert nothing foreign to the History of my *Life and Errors*, I shall characterize none, in the several Professions before-mentioned, but such persons as I had dealings with ; and I shall begin with my *Engravers in Copper*, who were Mr. White, Mr. Vanhove, and Mr. B——y.

Mr. *White*. He exceeds all I have ever met with, in “taking the air of a face.” He drew for me the picture of Mr. Doolittle, and he gained much reputation by it ; but his Master-piece may be reckoned “The Seven Bishops.” He takes faces so much to the life, that the real person may be said to be wherever you see a face of his doing ; herein imitating the famous Zeuxis, who died of a fit of laughter at the sight of a comical Old Woman’s picture, which he had drawn, to his thinking, as if she had been really alive—so that, if none but Apelles was permitted to paint Alexander, I think Mr. White merits the same honour with respect to the greatest King or Queen upon earth. Zeuxis would never sell any Picture, because he thought them *above any price* ; and therefore only made presents of them to Kings and Queens. I am ready to think, would Mr. White present (rather than sell) his Original Pictures, the English generosity would advance Mr. White to a coach and six, and exceed that which enriched Zeuxis.

Mr. *Vanhove* was another Engraver that I traded with. He drew for me “Don Kainophilus ;” “The Passing Bell ;” “Innocent the Eleventh ;” “The House of Weeping ;” “The Martyrs in Flames,” and Forty other Pictures. And though I cannot rank him with Mr. White, for he seldom draws from the Living Original ; yet, to do Mr. Vanhove justice, he is a very ingenious Artist ; a great enemy to sensual pleasures ; of remarkable justice ; and, though a Papist, has a most particu-

lar zeal against all severities and persecutions upon the account of Religion.

My third and last Engraver in Copper was Mr. B—y. He drew for me "The Persecution of the Duke of Guise;" but was such a scratching sot of a workman, I never employed him since; and I believe nobody else, for I hear he is out at the elbows. But he was always zealous to serve me; and I cannot but wish he may bear his poverty with the decency and submission of a Heathen Philosopher (for as such I count him) whose nakedness is too apparent.

I shall next characterize my *Cutters in Wood*; who were Mr. W—st and the ingenious S—.

Mr. W—st made all the Cuts for "The Man in the Moon*," &c. and S— such as I wanted for "Athens," &c. Mr. W—st did the curious flowers for "Salmon's Herbal;" and exceeds all the town for cutting in Wood. He has got a habit of melting his penny, and once a month is as great as a King; but, abating that reeling vice, W—st is an honest man, and has about him all that unaffected neglect of pomp in cloaths, lodging, furniture, which agrees with his grave and sedentary course of life.

My other Cutter in Wood is a very sober and diligent man, and saves a great deal of money; for S— is always at work, and has no relish for the idle and extravagant madness of the men of pleasure. He does not waste his time, nor dissipate his spirits into foolish mirth; but he possesses his soul in patience, and is full of that solid joy which his industry, as well as his sobriety, affords him.

Having characterized the Engravers in Copper and Cutters in Wood, I am next (as they are members of the Stationers Company) to mention the *Rolling-press Printers* that worked off the Pictures for me. And they were Mr. Hammerton in Newgate-street, and Mr. Vincent in Blackfriars.

Mr. Hammerton is a good workman for large Pictures, and there is honesty wrote in his face. For the things

* I printed a Book with that title.

of this world, he uses them, and blesses God for them, but avoids the vanity of them; yet denies himself nothing that is necessary, nor sometimes something that is extraordinary, for he sets no rules to himself of using or forbearing these outward things, but the just occasions; and in all, affects rather piety than strictness; yet Hamerton wears not his Religion as an extempore business, but performs the offices of Piety with as much ease and cheerfulness as if they had been ripened into Instinct and Nature in him. And Charity and Patience run through all the scenes and branches of his Conversation.

Mr. *Vincent* was another Rolling Printer, that worked off my small Pictures. The life of this merry animal was a various scene composed of brighter and more melancholy hours, but under all his crosses there is a secret charm that inspires his words. There is so much Comedy in his conversation, that a man cannot leave it in an ill humour. In a word, the serenity that runs through his whole life lays the very passions of his greatest enemy, and he is all filled with ideas that are calm and pleasant; so that Vincent has got the very hearts and souls of his Masters, and, I believe, had the more work for being Son-in-law to Mr. *Vanhook*.

I have now finished the History of the Stationers Company, save just concluding with a brief Character of the several *Licensers*. And here (that I may not ramble from my *Life and Errors*) I shall only characterize those *Licensers* with whom I have had concerns.

The first I shall name is *Sir Roger L'Estrange*. It is pity Towzer's old worrier *Harry Care* were not now alive, for no Limner can hit his features so well as he. However, Sir Roger is a remarkable person, and I will draw him as well as I can.—Then to come to his character: Sir Roger descended from an antient and worthy Family; yet I cannot make his Picture like him without telling the world his *sting* is gone, and, since his "Weekly Satire" is fallen asleep, is no longer a guide to the inferior Clergy. "Hark-ye, Sir Author!" comes a little piece of crape buzzing in my ears—"consider what ye say and do. There is respect due to the unfortunate, espe-

cially to those who have been great, and are still men of sense and ingenuity. And, besides, you know what he has done of undoubted value. He only has had the rare happiness of bettering some of the best Authors in a Translation; and his Seneca and Offices will live as long as the World." All this I knew before; but what is this to Honesty? There is the jewel. Wit is no more commendable in a Knight, than Courage in a Highwayman. A man that betrays his Religion and Country in pretending to defend it, and writes round to all the points of the compass; that was made Surveyor of the Press, and would wink at unlicensed Books if the Printer's Wife would but smile on him—How far this is the character of Sir Roger, I leave to his own conscience to consider; and the rather as he now stands on the brink of Eternity (for he is now above Fourscore), and has but a few minutes to repent in.

Mr. *Fraser*, commonly called "Catalogue Fraser," from his skill in Books, and constant frequenting of Auctions. He was our Chief Licenser for several years, and it was pity he had not continued longer in the same post, for his treatment was kind and impartial. He licensed for me, "The Athenian Mercuries;" "The Works of the Learned;" "The Royal Voyage;" and such a numerous company of other Books as advanced his Fees (for bare Licensing) to thirty pounds *per annum*, which I paid him for several years together, as appears by receipts under his own hand; and as Mr. Fraser was an impartial Licenser, I suppose other Booksellers were as forward as myself to have recourse to him, which made his salary very considerable; and he deserved every penny of it; for his compass of Learning was very large, his judgment correct and moderate, his imagination lively, and he was diligent and impartial in all the parts of his duty. But (notwithstanding these qualifications) the High-flyers were continually hunching at him, and at last he surrendered his Deputation.—There is little of happiness in high posts; they are attended with fatigue and trouble. Advancement exposes a man as the mark of envy, and the malice of others; every common mortal must be throwing in his censure, and meddling with the characters of those above him; and when neither the

man nor his management is well known, he must sit to every ill-natured Club, and have his Picture daubed with suspicion and prejudice. Mr. Fraser had his full of this hard measure, though no man was better skilled in the mystery of winning upon the hearts of Booksellers, nor were the Company of Stationers ever blessed with an honest Licenser. He has now a very honourable place in Chelsea College, where he has a noble Library, and lives in great reputation.

Dr. Midgley. He was a contemporary Licenser with Mr. Fraser, and had his Deputation from the Bishop of London. His humour was constantly kind and agreeable, his aspect cheerful and strangely obliging. He licensed for me "Mr. Jay's Tragedies of Sin," "Barlow's Treatise of Fornication," and other Divine Essays that were out of Mr. Fraser's province. He was a good Physician, and very *high* for the Church; yet (to do Dr. Midgley justice) censoriousness and speaking unhand-somely of persons, or believing easily any ill reports of those that dissented from him, were vices his soul abhorred. In a word, he was a man of singular modesty; and, living a pious life, when he lay on his death-bed, he expressed no concern to live, nor fear to die; he kept nothing in reserve for his last hours, and, being ripe for death, could not be surprized.—And the same may be said of his Brother Licenser, Mr. *D. Poplar*.

Edward Cook, Esq. He received his authority from the Principal Secretary of State, and was a fit Licenser to succeed Mr. Fraser; for he was no bigot to any party, but was true and just to Churchmen, Presbyterians, and Dissenters of all sorts. He was a good Lawyer, and furnished with a large stock of wit and moderation. He had no narrow thoughts, nor no superstitious opinions in Religion; and therefore, as he did not shut himself up within a party, so neither did he shut any party out from him, but was a Licenser generally loved and respected by all men. Many of our City Aldermen treated him with a respect so peculiar and generous, and he was so well known in London, that it was impossible that common artifice should defame and slur him. His character was unblemished; his virtue too bright to be soiled by the High-flyers; and his carriage was very sweet and

obliging, so that the natural kindness and serenity of his mind gave him the hearts of all the Booksellers. In a word, Mr. Cook was a very active, ingenious man; and had such an interest at Court, that he procured for me the Royal Privilege mentioned in page 153; and, had the Act for Printing continued in force, Mr. Cook had been Licensor to this day.

Mr. Heron. Our fifth Licensor was this Gentleman. He had a comely mien; an air of pleasantness in his countenance. He was furnished with a large stock of Learning, and a great master of his temper. While he was very young, he hit naturally on the true method of study, and contracted friendship with great men (particularly with the Earl of —); who, observing his great piety and zeal for the Church, made him a Licensor. His acquaintance at Court, and love to his Studies, contributed to the perfection of his mind, and were prophetic symptoms of his future eminence; yet no preferment or science could divert him from the study of himself, as the regularity of his conversation abundantly shews. A becoming modesty and conduct appeared in the first stages of his life, and continue, like a Guardian Angel, to attend him to this day. So that his life shines in every part, both private and public; and though he continued Licensor but few months, yet he left his place with a great deal of honour, and never justly displeased any man.

Our last Licensor, before the Act of Printing expired, was *Edmund Bohun, Esq.* He licensed for me that remarkable Book called "The Second Spira," and was wont often to visit me. He uses great freedom of speech, as one that would neither seek nor dread the power of any. He once took "the Shortest Way with Dissenters;" and was noted for a furious man against them. He has a wit so pregnant and prompt to every thing, that you would think it was formed for the very thing, whatsoever it was, he was about. He is sufficiently qualified to be a Licensor, for he is a man well skilled in most kinds of Literature. Besides (under the rose) he is a pretty Author himself; has written "A Geographical Dictionary;" revised and enlarged "Heylin's Cosmography;" and,

were it not for his former carriage towards Dissenters, I would call him the Phoenix of the learned *Licensers*.

I might next add the character of Mr. *Nicholets*, who was a man easy of access, and ready to license. And that is all I shall say of him; for I never desired his *Imprimatur*.

Mr. *Montgomery*. He is a Bookseller in Cornhill, and should have been placed among his Brethren, but, being of low stature, I happened to overlook him; but, for this omission, he shall now have the honour to bring up the rear of the *Licensers*. So that the Bookseller I am now to characterize is *Hugh Montgomery*. He was born a Scotsman, and served his time with *Andrew Bell*. He neither undertakes nor talks much; but, had his Master refused "The Athenian Oracle," he stood fair for the next offer, and I believe would have had the good luck to have bought it. He bid like a man for "The Athenian Spy;" and, from the little dealings I have had with him, I find his discourse is neither light nor unseasonable, and such as neither calls his virtue or his judgment in question. He commends no man to his face, and censures no man behind his back (which is a quality he learned from his Master Bell). He never speaks scornfully of his inferiors, nor vaingloriously of himself. He does nothing merely for gain, and thinks not any thing in this life worthy of the loss of the next. While some of his Neighbours compass sea and land to get an estate, he thinks contentment the greatest wealth, and covetousness the greatest poverty; and if he has not so much as others (though he thrives apace), yet he thinks how many are happy with less. He never thinks ill of his estate because another's is better; or that he has not enough, because another has more: for he measures his plenty by his condition and rank, and not by another's abundance; and is a little man, that (like aged *Littlebury*, grave *Scot*, honest *Strahan*, and witty *Chantry*) is always for doing the fair thing. I shall only add, he so highly obliged me by his great fidelity in concealing a secret I committed to him, that, to requite his kindness, I have prefixed his name to this *Idea of a New Life*, and have entrusted him with the sale of the whole Impression.

Thus have I, in brief Characters, run through the whole History of the Stationers Company (Authors, Booksellers, Printers, Stationers, Binders, Engravers, Licensers, &c.) so far as my Life and Actions have been any way mixed with them; and I hope these Characters of my learned Brethren, &c. will be of good use, both for caution and pattern; for we may learn by their failings (where we see any) to fortify ourselves against them; and by the regularity of their conduct to form our manners on the same model—so that, if we take it right, the reading of these Characters is as good as living over again by proxy, for they furnish us with a set of Maxims to steer by at another's expence.

Seeing excellent use may be made of this "History of the Stationers Company," methinks the Booksellers of London (except they are unreasonably bashful) should as willingly see the Pictures of their Minds as of their Faces; for by these Characters we shall begin to know one another a little; for I hope I have so well hit the features of every man (though I drew some of them by guess), as all that know them may say at the first glance, "*This, or that, is the Man for whom this Picture is meant;*" which, as bad as my colours are, is better drawing than there was in the infancy of Painting, under which (to be understood) they were forced to write, "This is a Bull, and this is a Horse." Or, suppose I have flattered a little (a thing very common with Limners), and drawn some persons what they should be rather than what they are (though I do not know of any such instance in this Book), yet it is excusable sure; for who knows but these, by seeing how charming Virtue would make them, may endeavour to practise it? It was this made Xenophon character his Cyrus not as he was, but as he ought to have been, making him rather the subject of a brave Romance than a true History.

Having characterized the Authors, Booksellers, Printers, and several Members of the Company of Stationers, &c. who write (or dress out) Books for the Publick; I should next salute my Customers and Benefactors; for my "Life" will appear an unfinished piece (and very ungrateful to boot) should I forget those bookish Gentlemen and Ladies who contributed so much to my well-

being, and with whom I spent some of the most agreeable minutes of my whole Life.

Those noble Friends, or Customers, that I would here characterize, are, The Marquis of *Swancastle*, the late Lord Wharton, Baron Eccling, Sir Henry Ashhurst, bart. Sir William Temple, Sir Thomas Pope Blount, Sir Henry Ingoldsby, Sir John Hartopp, Sir Henry Tichbourn, Colonel Colchester, Colonel Butler, Colonel Harman, Alderman Pilkington, Alderman Ward, Alderman Cornish, Alderman Hedges, the Countess of Ellesmere, the Honourable Lady —, the Lady Roberts, the Lady Sands, Madam Jeffries, Madam Brown, Madam Drake, Madam Rivet, Madam Judith, Madam Shute, Madam Witchurch, Madam Horton, Madam Skilling, Madam Nicholas, Mrs. Turner, Mrs. Dunton, Mrs. Hiland, Mrs. Chace, Mrs. Littlefield, Mrs. Biscow, the learned Daphne and the pious Climene, Counsellor Kairns, Counsellor Stephens, Counsellor Orlibar, Counsellor Owen, William Yates, Esq. Joceline Roberts, Esq. Thomas Wallis, Esq. E. Lum, Esq. Gervase Disney, Esq. John Little, Esq. Christopher Usher, Esq. Major Manly, Major Dudley, Major Gookins, Captain Pitts, Captain Davis, Captain Collins, Captain Philips, Dr. Torlis, Dr. Slare, Dr. Rolfe, Dr. Morton, Dr. Aires, Dr. Chester, Dr. Wood, Dr. Cole, Dr. Oliver, Mr. Burton, Mr. Thare, Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Stiles, Mr. Cowper, Mr. Smith, Mr. Mott, Mr. Clerkson, Mr. Argus, Mr. Singer, Mr. Hamlyn, Mr. Sprint, Mr. Catcot, Mr. Woolley, Mr. Gearing, Mr. Sands, Mr. Lassells, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Brumley, Mr. Thwaits, Mr. Batty, Mr. Mead, Mr. Bourn, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Chelsum, Mr. Lawford, Mr. Bland, Mr. Morin, Mr. Day, Mr. Pointel, Mr. Luffe, Mr. King, Mr. Hearn, Mr. Garrington, Mr. Harris, Mr. Child, Mr. White, Mr. Marriat, Mr. Abraham, Mr. Lake, Mr. Drake, Mr. Savil, Mr. Jones, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Prat, Mr. Reading, Mr. Woolhouse, Mr. Randal, Mr. Wells, Mr. Stokes, Mr. Hawkins, Mr. Fryar, Mr. Taylor, Mr. Kenswell, Mr. Lutwitch, Mr. Stanton, Mr. Fido, Mr. Chace, Mr. Aires, Mr. Biscow, Mr. Cock, Mr. Treacher, Mr. Gossam, Mr. Lathwel, Mr. Fenner, Mr. Dancer, Mr. Short, Mr. Dudley, Mr. Mathews, Mr. Dodsworth, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Deplow, Mr. Bullfinch,

Mr. Rude, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Stonnel, Mr. West, Mr. Wade, Mr. Russel, Mr. Nibbs, and my old and dear friend Mr. Patrick Crow.

These worthy Gentlemen and Ladies (with nine hundred more, whose names I omit) are the persons I would here characterise, had not the Worshipful Company of Stationers already swelled my Book beyond the bulk I intended. However, the Reader shall have a distinct Character of these thousand Worthies in the Second Part of my Life; for, as I had the honour to know them all (and to trade with the major part), and should I omit giving a Character of them, it would render the History of my Life imperfect.

I own it is a *nice* undertaking to write this History of Living Men; but it is so intermixed with my own Life, that I cannot avoid it; and, therefore, as no man knows but himself may come into the Second Part of my Life, I hope he will be as well pleased to see the Picture of his Mind as of his Face, and be as fond of making it worth the drawing.

I take this *new way* of writing my Life (by way of Characters), as I believe "A History of Living Men," besides the novelty of it, will be of great use to promote the *reformation* now on foot; for we are led by examples more than precepts, and "A History of Living Men" will invite us to transcribe their virtues into our own practice. No man need question my being impartial in these Characters, as the persons are living to whom I must answer for any wrong I do them. And for those I commend, which shall be only those that deserve it, my pardon is secured against all accusers, but only Truth, which condemns if injured. So that you see, Reader, if I will write an impartial and comprehensive History of my whole Life, I must give a distinct account of every person I have known or corresponded with. If these considerations will not prevail with my Friends to send me their true Characters, perhaps they will repent it when it is too late; for in this "Living History," which shall discover the secrets of my whole life, I will spare neither saint nor sinner. And, as I shall lash offenders without regard to their quality, so I shall be as forward to praise virtue wherever I find it, more especially in

those *hundred persons* I named before. I cannot say of one of these, "Black is their eye." They make the Word of God the Rule and the Pattern of their Actions. We need but look into their lives and carriage, to know how the primitive Christians lived.

There are many of them persons of great quality, but the height of their condition does not exalt their mind. Their Religion consists not barely in knowing or discoursing of what is good, but in practising what they know. They cherish no sin in themselves, and countenance none in another. Good doctrine is weakened much with ill life; and, therefore, he that will do good upon others, must (like Sir *Henry Ashhurst*, and Captain *Pitts*, &c.) go in the way of Salvation himself. But their pious care does not extend to themselves alone; for they are good to all, especially to the Household of Faith. Their moderation and their charity are of the same piece with their piety; it is universal, not confined to sects and parties. They are zealous promoters of the Reformation of Manners (especially Colonel *Colchester* and Mr. *Yates*); and their hatred of sin is sincere and impartial. They love nothing too well; no, not themselves. They think of the pleasures of this world either as sins, or occasions of it; and the other more necessary things of it, though they have their presence, yet they have not their heart. They let not the changes of this world make them either fond of life or weary of it. They count the goodness, and not the length, of their lives, as the measure of their happiness; and though their bodies are not yet in Heaven, their hearts are there. I am apt to think the pious Barker copied "Right Christianity" from their practice; for, by the short interview I had with them, I found them the living original of that Book. Christianity seems revived in their conversation; they walk as becomes the Gospel of Christ: and I do not think they have an enemy in the whole world; or, at least, none but the Devil, whom they renounced at their baptism, and have fought against all their lives.

So much may serve for a *general Character* of those hundred persons that were my Friends, or Customers, whilst I lived in the Poultry; and I hope I have hit their features. However, in the Second Part of my Life, I will

attempt a more *particular draught* of them (and of the nine hundred persons mentioned before); and, that none may tax me with being partial, I will draw every man as I found him, and not suffer so much as a wart or a blemish to escape my pencil.

By the general acquaintance I now had with all ranks and degrees of men, and which daily increased by the weekly spreading of "*The Athenian Mercury*," trade enlarged so much upon me, that I was quite cloyed with the crowd of business; and thereupon I began to bend my thoughts upon a quiet retreat from the world, that I might be more at leisure to get acquaintance with myself, and to devote my life more entirely to study, which has been one of the best pleasures I have met with. However, I could not reconcile myself to live altogether upon the *main stock*; and therefore I thought it the most prudent way to keep a Warehouse, which might be managed in privacy, without much hurry. After long searching, I found Mr. Shalcrosse's house in Bull Head Court, near Jewin-street, very fit for my purpose; and there (as the Athenians jocularly said) my *Raven* went to roost. My Friends, at least I will allow them the name for once, would have persuaded me to pursue the World with the same eagerness I had begun; but I thought I had got enough of the World to bear my charges to the grave; and what necessity of more? I was much of the same mind with the ingenious Cowley:

"I would have business, but exempt from strife;
A quiet, but an active life."

I had lived long enough, like the dog in the wheel, for others; it was now time to begin for myself. It was not long, after I had left my *Raven*, and come from behind the counter, but I purchased an *Owl* for my garden, which was a bird "dear to Athens, and sacred to Minerva and the Muses." My fancy ran so much upon this majestic creature, that the ingenious *Sappho* made me a present of one drawn very much to the life, which I have by me at this day: and I cannot forbear to tell the Reader, that I have an Essay in manuscript, in which I have taken up twenty sheets in describing the virtues of *poor Madge*. When I was over in Ireland, I received the un-

happy news of the death of my Owl, on whose memory I bestowed an Elegy. And if Erasmus could write in praise of Folly, and a Reverend Divine in the Established Church in praise of a Cow's-tail, I do not see why my Essay and Elegy, on *his Gravity the Owl*, may not be made public. Thus I sometimes unbended and entertained my thoughts, after I had left the world.

And they, methought, deserv'd my pity
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd and buz and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City.

I had a long time been making a choice collection of valuable Books, from Mr. Shermerdine's Shop, and at all the noted Auctions; which was much both for use and pleasure in this retired way of living. Now I was returned to my first Mistress, my Book; and made very firm resolutions that my future constancy should make satisfaction for my past neglects. My nights were now divided betwixt sleep and study; and, according to Honest Randolph,

"If I a Poem leave, that Poem is my Son."

I rose usually at four in the morning; and, shutting my closet-door upon the vulgar world, and being encompassed with so many learned and great men, I thought myself in the very lap of Eternity. Reading, methought, was an intellectual way of conversing with the souls of Learned Men; every notion and every thought I met with was like some glorious apparition of their very minds.

But, alas! the best state of happiness this World can afford is little more than an airy scene of vanity which we cannot keep from shifting, which makes Life itself but little better than mere Knight-errantry. My happiness was too spirituous and fine to continue long; and the conclusion of it was a wounding tragedy—the Sickness and the Death of Iris; with which I am now to entertain my Reader.

A COMPREHENSIVE VIEW OF THE LIFE AND
DEATH OF IRIS.

She was Daughter to the Reverend Dr. Annesley, which was both her honour and her happiness; and for that care of Providence, her papers (found after her decease) discover a very grateful sense. Religion had made very early impressions upon her mind; so that it cannot be said of her that her life had run in vain. The *new life* sprung up within her by such insensible degrees, that it was more than she could do to know the very time she was turned to the wisdom of the just. Her Bible was the great pleasure of her life; and she was so well acquainted with it, that she could easily refer you to the Chapter where you might meet with any passage you would please to mention. 1 Cor. xv. Heb. xi. and the xxxixth Psalm, were a great relief to her under her last illness. "Mr. Baxter's Saints' Rest," and "Mr. How's Blessedness of the Righteous," &c. were Books she extremely valued, which indeed are very lively descriptions of the Holy Land. Her mind was always full of charity and temper towards those who might differ from her in matters of opinion. She loved the Image of Christ wherever it was formed. She was no very ordinary proficient in the knowledge of Practical Divinity, which her own reflections do sufficiently testify; especially upon the Grace of God, the Will of Man, Original Sin, and the effect it has upon the faculties of the soul. "I will," says she, "obey God's revealed will, and adore his secret will, and rest upon his promises, and lay all down at the feet of Christ, still minding my present duty. The belief of God's foreknowledge, or decreeing whatsoever shall come to pass, should not hinder me from my duty, but rather provoke me to be more diligent. I should certainly do more for my soul than my body: though I do not know whether food will nourish me, whether physick will relieve me in sickness; yet I will not neglect any means." She freely confessed, that "repentance was the gift of God; and that sin could not possibly be pardoned any other way, than by the blood, and merit, and intercession of

Christ. I adore," said she, "the sovereignty of Divine Grace, that has made me willing to accept of Christ; I find a secret influence of his Spirit, that makes me serious and watchful in my duty. Whatever others pretend of the freedom of the will, I am sure mine is stubborn and averse to every thing that is good, and that I can do no spiritual action without assistance." She kept a Diary for near twenty years, and made a great many Reflections, both on the state of her own soul and on other things, that, as far as I could judge by the bulk, would have made a very considerable Folio. But she was so far from vainglory, or affectation of being talked of after death, that she desired that all those large papers might be burnt; though even much of what she wrote was in a short-hand of her own invention. That part of the Diary out of which Mr. Rogers extracted several things he published in her "Funeral Sermon*" was with great difficulty obtained from her by myself in her last sickness; in which, as she expressed it, "she thought it her duty to deny me nothing." The Divine Reflections she made in her health (but more especially those she wrote in her last sickness) would be of great use, had I room to insert them. Her "Reflection upon hearing of my loss at sea" shews what abundant cause we have to trust God, should he strip us of all worldly enjoyments. Her "Reflection on her receiving a Letter which she would have concealed" shews what a dreadful hazard that person runs, that will venture on the sin of lying, to conceal a fault. Her "Reflection upon her Dream of Death, and Recovery of a dangerous Fever," shews that sickness is no time to prepare for Eternity in; and that we should make it the business of life to get assurance of Heaven. Her "Reflection occasioned by her Father's Sermon of God's willing all things, &c." shews how God from eternity orders all things that shall come to pass in time, and yet man perishes for his own default; and that the belief of God's decreeing whatever comes to pass should not hinder us from duty, but rather provoke us to be more diligent. Her "Reflection on her being con-

* See "The Character of a Good Woman, being the Title of the Funeral Sermon occasioned by the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Dunton, preached by Mr. Timothy Rogers, M. A."

finest to her bed in her last sickness" shews us what it is to enjoy the secrets of God's presence on a death-bed, and how we should press for a conformity to the will of God in every thing. I have not room to insert her Reflections at large upon these subjects; but the Reader may find them in "The Post-Angel for February," and in "Turner's Folio," p. 37; but I have said enough to give him a taste of her heavenly chemistry: it would swell to a Folio, should I transcribe all the Reflections and Meditations she has left, and which discover more than a common acquaintance with the great fundamentals of our Religion.

She was a great lover of solitude, in regard it gave her an opportunity to converse with God and her own heart: however, that more retired way did not eat out duties of Public Worship. Sabbaths, and Sermons, and Sacraments, were the best refreshments she met with in her way to Glory. Upon Sacramental occasions, I have found many such Reflections as these: "Oh, how should the thoughts of Free Grace fill me with love to God! I am filled with joy inexpressible, and full of glory. O Lord, I solemnly resolve against all my sins. These are the murderers that would not have Thee to reign over me. I considered the love of God in parting with his Son to die for sinners—what an amazing love was it that God should become man! That He should be so poor as not to know where to lay his head when He came to enrich the World. Oh, to consider that I should be one that Christ had in his thoughts of love; it makes me cry out, Why me, Lord? why me? Oh, dearest Jesus, I cannot at this Sacrament take a denial of thy gracious presence; I come to meet with God, and I cannot be contented without him. Oh, blessed Jesus, here are my lusts, my pride, my unbelief, my want of love to Thee, the base sins of my nature, my disingenuous carriage towards Thee; here, Lord, I lay them before Thee, &c."

Her conjugal affection to myself was altogether as remarkable as any other part of her character. Who should love best, was the only contest we ever had. Her happiness seemed to be wrapped up in mine; our interest and inclinations were every way the same. When our affairs were a little perplexed, she never discovered the

least uneasiness; she would make use of means, and leave the issue to Providence and the will of Heaven. Whenever I was indisposed, then indeed she was much concerned, and would much rather impair her own health than I should want looking after, or than another should take care of me. She had such a stock of good-nature, that I never went home and found Iris out of humour. But Heaven and the blessed Jesus had a greater interest in her than I could claim: she was indeed the better half of me; but then my property in her was not absolute. And here, that the Reader may see our love was mutual, and continued so till death, I will insert the last Letters that passed between us.

“MY DEAREST HEART, *Chesham, April 10, 1697.*

“I shall ever rejoice in the intireness of thy affection, which neither losses in trade, nor thy long sickness, could ever abate; but, alas! the dearest Friends must part, and thy languishing state makes it necessary for me to impart a few things relating to my own and thy decease. My dear, we came together with this design, to help and prepare one another for death; but, now thy life is in danger, methinks I feel already the torments to which an heart is exposed that loses what it loves; yet, my dear, you may take this comfort even in death itself, that you can die but half whilst I am preserved; and, to make death yet the easier to thee, think with thyself I shall not be long after thee: but oh that we might expire at the same time! for, should you go before me, I shall pine like the constant turtle, and in thy death shake hands with the whole sex. If we look back into antient times, we find there was hardly a person among the Primitive Christians that sought comfort in a Second Marriage* (Second Marriage then was counted little better than Adultery); and in our days (though they have gotten a better name) they are a sort of ‘Who bids most?’ and therefore, if I should survive thee (which God forbid), I doubt whether I should ever be brought to draw again in the conjugal yoke, except (Phœnix-like) from thy ashes another Iris could arise; and then I cannot say what I might do; for I love to look upon thy Image, though but in a Friend or Picture; and shall ever receive thy

* He soon changed his opinion, see page 286. ERR.

kindred with honourable mention of thy name. But I need not enlarge; for the many tears I have shed for your long sickness have shewn (even while you are living) how much I shall grieve when you die in earnest. What a melancholy thing will the world appear when Iris is dead! However, it is my desire that we may be together in the same grave; and that my ingenious Friend Mr. Thomas Dixon preach my Funeral Sermon upon this Text, "They shall lie down alike in the dust, and the worms shall cover them." I desire to be buried with Iris for this reason, that, as our souls shall know each other when they leave the body, so our bodies may rise together after the long night of death. Dr. Brown applauds "those ingenuous tempers that desire to sleep in the Urns of their Fathers, and strive to go the nearest way to corruption." It was the request of your worthy Father to lie by his Wife in Shoreditch; and the Countess of Anglesey desired on her death-bed to be buried, as she expressed it, "upon the coffin of that good man, Dr Annesley *." As it is good to enjoy the company of the godly while they are living, so we read it has been advantageous to be buried with them after death. The old Prophet's bones escaped a burning by being buried with the other Prophets; and the man who was tumbled into the grave of Elisha was revived by the virtue of his bones. So that you see, my dear, should you die first, I shall, instead of seeking a second wife, make court to your dead body, and, as it were, marry again in the grave. I once desired to be buried with my Father Dunton in Aston Chancel; but love to a Parent, though never so tender, is lost in that to a Wife; and now, if I can mingle my ashes with thine, it is all I desire. I would, if possible, imitate the generous Hota, who followed her Husband to the grave, laid him in a stately tomb, and then, for nine days together, she would neither eat nor drink, whereof she died, and was buried in the same grave with her beloved husband.

"He first deceased; she for a few days tried
To live without him; lik'd it not, and died."

* One of the Earl's Sons reported this to a worthy Gentleman, from whose mouth I had it.

“ To thy very ashes I will keep a body pure, and troth inviolable; for separation can have no place in our union, if neither death nor the grave can part us: and it will be no small augmentation of our complacency, to find that friendship which we had contracted here below translated to the mansions above; when, if I get to Heaven, I shall see and know thee again, with whom I had lived so well, and slept so long in the dust. With what ardours shall we then caress one another! with what transports of divine affection shall we mutually embrace, and vent those innocent flames which had so long lain smothering in the grave—like men that have escaped a common shipwreck, and swim safe to the shore! We shall congratulate each other's happiness with joy and wonder: our first addresses will be a dialogue of interjections and short periods; the most pathetic language of surprize and high-wrought joy; and all our after-converſæ will be couched in the highest strains of seraphic love.

“ All this, my dear, is supposing you die first; but, if I happen to go before you, prepare me thus for the grave:

“ 1. Close my eyes with thy own hand.—2. Lay me out in a linen shroud.—3. Salute my hand and cheek when my body is put in the coffin. The Chinese always, before they bury their dead, (if he was a married man) bring him to his Wife, that so she might first kiss him, and bid him farewell.—4. Bury me the seventh day after my death, and not before, lest I come to life, as my Mother did on the day of her intended funeral.—Lastly. Let my body be carried to the New Burying-place, there to sleep in a grave that will hold us both. And then (if no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till the Resurrection) good night to you here, and good morrow hereafter.

“ My dear, having said what I thought necessary with respect to my own and thy decease, I come next to tell thee I have made my Will, wherein thou art sole Executrix, that I might give at the rate I love thee. Your sympathy with me in all the distresses of my life does make thy virtues shine with the greater lustre (as stars in the darkest night); and, to requite thy love, I am scarce contented with giving all, but could grudge my funeral

expences, my very shroud and grave, that I might add to your greater store. I need not press you to believe this, for men in their last Wills appear just as they are; they here grow open and plain-hearted, and dare not depart with their hands to a lie.

"I have kinder things to add, but have not time to write them half, so must reserve the rest till we meet again. I should also here consider the nature of our souls, and that other World we are hastening to; but here is enough to let you see that as in life, so in death, I am wholly yours. I shall return for London in three days, for this cruel absence has half killed me. I beg thy Answer to this Letter, for I will keep it by me as a dear memorial. I cannot enlarge, for you have my heart, and all things else in the power of

"Yours for ever,

PHILARET."

"I received, my Dearest, thy obliging Letter, and thankfully own that, though God has exercised me with a long and languishing sickness, and my grave lies in view, yet he hath dealt tenderly with me, so that I find by experience no compassions are like those of a God. It is true, I have scarce strength to answer your letter; but, seeing you desire a few lines to keep as a memorial of our constant love, I will attempt something, though, by reason of my present weakness, I can write nothing worth your reading.

"First, then, as to your character of me, Love blinds you; for I do not deserve it, but am pleased to find you enjoy, by the help of a strong fancy, that happiness which I cannot, though I would, bestow. But opinion is the rate of things; and, if you think yourself happy, you are so. As to myself, I have met with more and greater comforts in a married state than ever I did expect. But how could it be otherwise, when inclination, interest, and all that can be desired, concur to make up the harmony? From our marriage till now, thy life has been one continued act of courtship, and sufficiently upbraids that indifference which is found among married people. Thy concern for my present sickness, though of long continuance, has been so remarkably tender, that, were it but known to the world, it would once more bring into fashion men's loving their wives. Thy Will alone is a

noble pattern for others to love by, and is such an original piece as will never be equalled. But, my dear, had your Will been less favourable to me, I should perform all you desire, but more especially with respect to your death and funeral. As to your desire of *sleeping* with me in the same grave, I like it well; and as we design to be *ground-bedfellows* till the last trump shall awake us both, so I hope we shall be happy hereafter in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision, and in the knowledge of one another; for I agree with you, that 'we shall know our Friends in Heaven.' Wise and learned men of all ages, and several Scriptures plainly shew it; though I verily believe, was there none but God and one Saint in Heaven, that Saint would be perfectly happy, so as to desire no more. But, whilst on Earth, we may lawfully please ourselves with hopes of meeting hereafter, and in lying in the same grave, where we shall be happy together, if a senseless happiness can be called so.—You mention writing your thoughts of the nature of the soul, and that other World we are hastening to; but, seeing you did not send them, I shall wait with patience till those things are no longer the object of our faith, but vision. But pray, Philaret, be not afraid of my dying first: for I have such a kindness for you, that I dread the thoughts of surviving thee, more than I do those of death. Could you think I would marry again, when it has been one great comfort, under all my languishments, to think I should die first, and that I shall live in him, who, ever since the happy union of our souls, has been more dear to me than life itself. I shall only add my hearty prayer, that God would bless you both in soul and body; and that, when you die, you may be conveyed by the Angels into Abraham's bosom; where I hope you will find

Your tender and dutiful IRIS."

This is a true copy of the Letters that passed between Iris and myself in her last sickness; and Mr. Turner, the Minister, thought them such a rare pattern of conjugal love, that he did me the honour to insert them in his "History of remarkable Providences," p. 142.

Having given this short account of her conjugal affection, and those other graces in which she excelled; I shall next proceed, that I may give a comprehensive

view of her whole life, to a relation of her sickness, death, and funeral. In her last sickness, which lasted about seven months, she never uttered a repining word; and when God was pleased to call her home, she was very willing to remove. Through the whole length of her sickness, she said, "there was no doubt upon her spirit as to her future happiness." When her life began to burn a little dim, she expressed herself thus to one that stood by, "Heaven will make amends for all; it is but a little while before I shall be happy. I have good ground to hope, that when I die, through Christ, I shall be blessed; for I dedicated myself to God from my youth."

When I saw her life just going, and my sorrows overcame me, she said, with an obliging sweetness, "Do not be so concerned about parting, for I hope we shall both meet where we shall never part; however," said she, "it is a solemn thing to die, whatever we may think of it. O this Eternity! There is no time for preparing for Heaven like the time of youth. Though Death be never so near, I can look back with joy on some of the early years that I sweetly spent in my Father's house, and how comfortably I lived there. Oh, what a mercy is it to be dedicated to God betimes!" When her soul was just fluttering on her lips, she said, "Lord, pardon my sin, and perfect holiness; make me more holy, and fit me for that state where holiness shall be perfected. Accept of praises for the mercies I have received; fit me for whatever thou wilt do with me, for Christ's sake."

A little after this, she slept in Jesus.

She's gone, she's gone; and a small grave contains
Her breathless dust, Eliza's dear remains.
Safe on th' etherial shore, methinks, I see her stand;
And there she waits, and there she waves her hand;
She courts me up to bliss, and wonders at my stay;
Kindly, my dear, she cries, come quickly, come away.
Yes, thither, Iris, will my soul pursue,
When I, like you, have bid the World adieu;
There, if my innocence I still retain,
My dear Eliza I shall clasp again.
But, could the fair Eliza see me mourn,
From that bless'd place she would perhaps return.
But vain, alas! are my complaints; thou 'rt gone,
And left me in this desert world alone.

For, ah ! depriv'd, my dearest life, of thee,
 The World is all a hermitage to me.
 Let every thing a sadder look put on ;
 Eliza's dead, the lov'd Eliza's gone.

Upon this very sad occasion, I put about twenty of my own and Iris's relations into mourning ; and she was carried in a hearse, with several coaches attending, to the New Burying-place, where she desired to be interred ; and upon the tomb-stone I purchased for her are engraven,

Tears to the Memory of MRS. ELIZABETH DUNTON, who departed this Life, May 28, 1697.

“ Sacred urn ! with whom we trust
 This dear pile of sacred dust ;
 Know thy charge, and safely guard,
 Till Death's brazen gate's unbarr'd ;
 Till the Angel bids it rise,
 And remove to Paradise.
 A Wife obliging, tender, wise ;
 A Friend to comfort and advise ;
 Virtue, mild as Zephyrs breath ;
 Piety, which smil'd in death :
 Such a Wife, and such a Friend,
 All lament, and all commend.
 Most with eating cares oppress,
 He who knew and lov'd her best,
 Who her loyal heart did share,
 He who reign'd unrival'd there,
 And no truce to sighs will give,
 Till he die with her to live.
 Or, if more we would comprize,
 Here interr'd ELIZA lies.”

There I leave her till my life is run out ; and then I will lie down by her in the dust till the general resurrection ; and upon our marble blankets I would have my Executor write, “ Here lies (sleeping together) John Dunton, Citizen and Stationer of London, and Elizabeth his first Wife. She departed this life Friday, May 28, 1697 ; and he, &c. and being the last that died, his will was (as they had promised each other in their life-time) to be buried with her in the same grave ; and that on this tomb-stone should be engraven the following lines :

" I'm come to bed, having lost my pen and sight,
 To sleep with Iris in her cell this night ;
 And, leaving all for her, will never take,
 Another farewell till our ashes wake."

I have here said nothing of my dear Iris but what I can prove to be true by her own papers ; yet I had not discovered so much of our mutual endearments, but only to shew to Valeria (my present Wife) how happy we shall be when Providence brings us together. All that parted us was a misunderstanding about the trifles of this world ; and I cannot see why we should not equally pass an act of oblivion on both sides ; for to remember all the kind things that have passed between us, and forget all that is harsh and ungrateful (at least never repeat them, which is the best way to forget them), would be the true lovers' knot, to tie us together for ever. It is true there be some that strive to divide us, in hopes to wrong me of *Sampsil* : but marriage consists not so much in joining hands as hearts ; and therefore (as we sincerely love one another) such as these will never obtain their ends ; neither will any but Rogues and abandoned Women say any thing that shall lessen a Man's love to his Wife, or a Wife's love to her Husband.

I would here give a kind and obliging Character of my present Wife ; but the subject will come more properly under the Sixth Stage of my Life, which treats of my second Marriage ; yet this I shall say at present—that nothing can be so dear to me as a kind Wife (for such Valeria is, or will be), and that very minute she will assist me to pay my debts (for we married "for richer for poorer," or mistook each other in the marriage vow, and ought to be re-married), I will take post for St. Alban's, and live over all our absent years in that one minute I first see her, which I hope will not be long ; for, during her absence from me,

" The tedious hours move heavily away,
 And each long minute seems a lazy day."

And therefore, as marriage has made us but one flesh, whenever she centres our interest in the mutual happiness of one another (for a kind Wife, or Husband, should make provision for each other whilst they live, and, as far

as they are able, after their death), I shall think Valeria my first Wife revived; and that I have changed the person, but not my happiness.

For my own share, had I the whole world, it should be her's; neither should I think any thing too dear for the purchase of her company; and, to shew how desirous I was to have an accommodation made between us, I offered to refer my Case to the grave and judicious Dr. Cole, Archdeacon of St. Alban's, and have gone as low in my proposals as would make either her or myself happy: for, first, I offered to go to St. Alban's that very moment my Mother would promise to secure me against arrests; or, if that proposal was disliked, I told my Wife, "if she would throw herself upon me (as her duty is), and suffer me to take up five hundred pounds, upon my own estate, to pay my debts, and trade in the world, I would make it the whole business of my life to please her."

But, till these proposals are agreed to, cohabitation is no way proper, for an heir to my estate would cheat my Creditors: but, seeing my Wife's birth-right, in conjunction with mine, is valued at eight thousand pounds, I cannot but think my deliverance is near at hand; and the rather as Valeria has often said, "she had been miserable had she married any man but Dunton;" and I must requite this kindness so far as to say, Valeria's company, and to be out of debt, is all the riches I desire in this world.

But, if I must live a Prisoner to my Wife's jointure, I hope my Creditors will be patient under it; for, whenever the world smiles, they shall find me the same honest man they ever thought me. And I find Mr. Wesley, my chief Creditor, of this opinion; for, in his letter to me, he is pleased to say, "Sir, you may be assured I shall not do any thing to your prejudice, &c." But, as some Friends order the matter, this want of money has wickedness in it, and no man is honest or chaste but he that is rich.

However, to keep my Creditors in good heart, I this day received the following letter.

"SIR, *Chesham, January 10, 1703.*

"Ben Child is not yet of age, *per* two years. I suppose, if he dies before he is twenty-one years of age, his moiety of the Woods and Bottom-farm will be yours, &c."

This moiety is worth 1500*l.*, or, if this youth survive me, if there be any virtue in dead men's shoes, I have five other pairs that are making for me, the smallest of which would fit *R*——'s foot, and all the Creditors I have in the world, if they will have patience but two years; so that still "there is life in a muscle." However, I cannot but deplore my misfortune, that, chameleon-like, I live only on the idea; all the support of my frail life having been for these three years only from imagination; and I protest, Reader, though Cowley could feast on a kind word, I find it but a thin diet. However, it is a comfort to think that all the cold water that *G*—— has flung upon Valeria's affection and mine has not been able to quench it; for we both desire a re-marriage*; and I hope my honoured Mother†, whose wisdom and age enables her to distinguish the value of this world from the next, will think it lawful to make us happy before her death; neither can our re-marriage (which is a setting up again with a new stock of love) be happy without her consent, and for this reason the Hebrew's children made more account of their Father's blessing than of all their estate.

I have heard that the pious and learned Mr. Rochford, that did us that good office to join our hands in St. Peter's Church, has spoke very kindly of me, and did often press my Mother to take from her great abundance a small pittance to pay my debts, urging it would be for her own peace, her Daughter's honour, and good example to others.

And the same arguments were also used by my kind and reverend neighbour Mr. N. Blackstone; and in his letter to my honoured Mother he is pleased to say, "My printed Case comprehended all that need to be said for a total and lasting reconciliation;" and concludes with saying, "What God hath joined, no wise man dares put asunder."

I am likewise informed that Father Prentice, at whose house I courted Valeria, has been a mediator in my be-

* See my late Essay, intituled, "The Case is altered; or, Dunton's Re-marriage to the same Wife."

† Mrs. Jane Nicholas. See before, p. 196.

half, telling my Mother "that it was a braver thing to quit an estate for the good of a child, than to keep it; and that acting thus kindly would bring a blessing on all she had." I cannot prove that Mr. Rochford or Father Prentice said these words, for I only have it by hearsay; but, if they did, I own myself greatly obliged to them, and I am sure they have Scripture for so doing; for our blessed Saviour affirms, "that earthly parents will give good gifts unto their needy children."—"They should not," says Mr. Adams *, "put their children upon any sharking tricks to supply their wants, or keep more in their own hands than a handsome reserve of conveniencies for their own food and raiment." And therefore it is not unlikely but Father Prentice might give this advice to my rich Mother, for he freely gave me Valeria in marriage; has settled (as every good Husband and Wife should presently do) his Wife's life in his whole estate; and has nothing but kindness in his natural temper.

And as (by hearsay) I am much obliged to Mr. Rochford and Father Prentice, for being advocates for me on their own accord; so I am also obliged to my faithful and generous Friends Mr. Hiland and Mr. Boyse; for they told my Mother, "that her not paying my debts (nor suffering my Wife to do it) was enough to ruin me." I cannot say they pleaded my cause in these words; but it is clear from the Letters they sent me (and the discourse I had with Mr. Boyse in London) they are both of them of this opinion, which I count a piece of heroic justice; for they are both my Mother's particular Friends, and persons with whom she has lived a considerable time. And Mr. Hiland and Mr. Boyse did (as it were) beg my Mother to pity my case, so they have done eminent justice to my reputation; and I take them to be two of the best Friends I have in St. Alban's. This reconciling Man and Wife was esteemed such a duty amongst the Romans, that, if any difference happened between the Husband and the Wife, the Parents of both parties met in a Temple consecrated to the Goddess Viriplica, and

* In his Sermon, which treats of the Duty of Parents to their Children, printed for Mr. Cockeril.

there took notice of their griefs, and also reconciled them. But (though a poor three hundred pounds would re-marry her Daughter to the same Husband, and clear all I owe in the world) nothing that has yet been said, or done, could ever move my Mother to the least compassion. And for this reason I now have done creeping for nothing. Plain justice, now, is all I desire from Madam Nicholas; and, were it not to shew Valeria I love her, I would never speak of St. Alban's more; for, having sent fifty condescending letters to no purpose, my silence now is the only plank that is left to keep me from sinking; for sink I must without their assistance.

But, though all my endeavours for a cohabitation has been in vain, yet I here assure Valeria, that, whenever I shall be in a capacity to discharge my debts, I will send for her that very moment, and she shall be altogether as welcome and as dear to me as if my Mother-in-law had discharged my debts, and would now settle my life in Sampsil, to which I have a just title (both by her promise and letter) after her death. Could I say or do any thing that would convince her more of the sincerity of my love, I would. Green and others may give her what notions of me they please; I shall always request of Valeria, that "our mutual love may continue;" and I hope I may have once an opportunity, before I die, to convince her how much I am hers both by marriage and affection. I must confess, living so long in a corner, as if I was really dead out of the world, has brought many distempers upon me; however, I will endeavour to live upon the hope I have of being enlarged, and spending my last days with Valeria; and I do not fear but, that very minute my debts are paid, my health will return with my satisfaction. So that you see, Reader, as well as I loved Iris, that I loved Valeria as much; and I verily think we shall live like a pair of turtles whenever Providence brings us together; and till then she has no reason to think unkindly of our living asunder; for parting itself is a greater punishment than I am able to bear; and I am fully persuaded that nothing in this world can give me any ease till we shall meet again—but do I talk of meeting again, when I can scarce own that we live asunder?

No ; prove me absent first, and then
 I'll write apologies, or burn my pen.
 Planets are where they work, not where they move ;
 I am not where I live, but where I love.

Or, were Valeria and I parted, yet we have souls to be sure ; and whilst they can meet and caress, we need not repine ; for, till that welcome minute comes that I may enjoy Valeria again, in my busy thoughts I at this distance dwell with her ; and wherever I go, still her idea follows me. It is not London, where I now live, or any part of the Globe, that is a sanctuary against her virtuous image ; she eats, she drinks, she sits down, and walks with me ; and I see her (and her pious Mother) every night in my sleep. But, though my mind dwells with Valeria at this distance, and has a constant intercourse with her, yet our bodies (as the case stands) are a sort of *Noli me tangere*. Then let none reflect that Valeria and I do live at a chaste distance ; for whoever reads my printed Case (or Reasons for Sleeping asunder) will find this conjugal mortification a piece of necessary justice. But, whenever Valeria sees it her duty to knock off those heavy shackles that keep me from her, I shall then be as happy in my second Wife as ever I was in my first ; or, to use more endearing words, shall then think I have changed a dead Iris for one that is alive ; or rather that I have received Iris again from the grave, with all the advantages that the resurrection can give her ! And surely we that know this should deny one another nothing ; for who (in his senses) ever fell out with himself, or would not be kind to his own flesh ?

I shall only add, upon a review of this fourth stage of my life, I have forgotten to characterize the honourable and public-spirited Sir Thomas Travel ; ingenious and fortunate Major Churchill ; valiant Captain King ; the loyal and acute Isaac Manley, Esq. Post-master General of Ireland ; famous Dryden ; satirical Oldham ; Laureat Tate ; Dispensary Garth ; celebrated Congreve ; poetical Blackmore ; metaphysical Norris ; Understanding Locke ; Critical Dennis ; virtuoso Purvil ; Historical Eachard ; Court Wellwood ; Observator Tutchin ; the supposed Countryman, Truth and Honesty — ; skilful Dr. Fearn ; Popish H —, Stationer to James II. ; Pro-

testant Bill, Printer to our Sovereign Lady; noble Captain Roycroft, Printer to the Honourable City of London; orthodox Roystone; single-eyed Norton; thriving and happy Dorrel; Indenture Garret; austere and booted Clark (my grand master) or master's master; ruling and courteous Dring, of Paul's Church-yard; wiveing R——ns; genteel Pullen; spurious M——rn (deceased); rolling and honest Whitwood; Novel Bentley; grave Atherton; his projecting Servant; military Brooks; Heraclitus Tooke; unfortunate D—ve; Exchange Faucet; Purgatory Turner; rampant C—le (deceased); thinking Amery; Lord Fabian; tippling Br—ggs; modest Griffin; clandestine Boulter; post-house Rumbal; friend Northcot; Thee and Thou Clark; fortunate Meridith; Bridge Taylor; *fair* Passenger; noisy H—kins; solid and judicious Back; London (and sober) Kiblewaite; widow Widdows; sottish R—nolds (deceased); *rich* Herringman; learned Motte; virgin Holt; blunt Cademan; little Mory; honest Cumberland; Presbyterian (*alias* Minorities) White; snarling G—tham (deceased); philosophic Millon; nice Cruttenden; humble Leak; Church-unity Monckton; amorous B—set (deceased); slovenly Wire; plain Blagrove; beauish Abington; Resumption Osborn; Mercury Taylor (deceased); hoary Eggesfield; Yorkshire Everingham; Card Sampson; tetchy W——ms; smiling Feltham; Oxford Shirley; religious Gellibrand (deceased); working Calvert; tory Hindmarsh (deceased); Ballad Wright; Giltspur Deacon; industrious Wolf; independent Hiller; Country Sollers; Apprentice Wilkins (commonly called so from his being a good servant and a bad master); wise Thrale; Abridging Wild; Physical Thomas; familiar Helder; faithful Bancks; witty and active Dring, of Fleet-street (deceased); substantial (not *insolvent*) P—er; Westminster Partridge; *Zacheus* Clark (I call him so from the excellent Book he published concerning that just Publican); quiet Thackery; liberal Sims; travelling Tidmarsh; Williamite Barnes (so called from that good service he did the Church, by publishing the Form of Prayer used by King William of glorious memory); Pillory Thompson (deceased); Hue and cry White; thirsty B——nce; sincere Timbrel; Composing Marshal; Press Newcome; Almanack Partridge; revived Briscoe, who has printed

for Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, &c. and, by contracting a friendship with Tom Brown, will grow rich as fast as his Author can write or hear from the Dead, so that honest Sam does, as it were, thrive by his misfortunes, and I hear has the satisfaction and goodness to forgive those enemies who are now starving, as a judgment upon them, for attempting his overthrow; candid Jackson; grave Powel; hospitable Kitfield; sea Thurstone; cheerful Christian; pious Lyddel; generous Bowtel; fatherly Grisstock; ingenious and grateful Serjeant Porter; the short-set and spruce Wade of Ireland; lovely and courageous Carleton, of Hull; dimpled Norton, of Fleet-street; neat and poetical Ben Harris; musical Thorncomb; the pious and soberizing Joe Hamlen; divine Astell; refined Lady Masham; that angel in flesh and blood, Madam Gwillim; the conscientious and dutiful Maxfield; heavenly Richards; unknown Almira; beautiful Tempest; discreet Whitechurch; good-humoured Shute; chaste Bolton; gay and witty Mrs. Johnson, of Kensington; rhyming Stacy; polite Davis; diverting, and always new, Mrs. Wavil; charming Gill; the modest and beautiful Mrs. Grace Cheek; Madam Tipper, who is a Philosopher, a Poet, and a good Christian; the Irish Lady; the Widow indeed, or Mrs. Johnson of St. Alban's; agreeable Hammon; Wax-work Goldsmith; the reverend and bountiful Fairclough; relick Palmer; brewing Sanders; dame Wire; Calligraphy Duckett; limping Bowley; Spelling Hawks; Grammatical Bayley; sociable Hayes; charitable Desborough; the *Man* Cook; kind and punctual Lea; Farming Stone; Holborn Thurston; the affable and just Peirce; Essex Marshal; indulgent Wright; peeping More; Dairy (*alias* widow) Edwards; hooping Wilson; Teneriffe Goodyear; Balsamic Latham; intriguing C—ry; joining Goddard; obliging Cray; affectionate Eliot; accomplished Ireton; good-acquaintance Baddow; noble Serjeant; diligent Hall; ingenious Foster (*alias* Father Jacob); the chaste heart-keeper; the meek Lamb; the matchless Waller; contented Douglas; prudent Gardner; sweet Anderton; obedient Tr—t; *gude* Fleming; kind Lorrain; sincere Bowman; Jamaica Middleton; sh—ing B—ford; Robin Hayhurst, who lived by printing of false news, and

(though he dreaded to lie alone) it was thought in time would out-sham the Devil.

And to these Characters I will add, in the last place, Colonel F—— G——. He had been formerly a Privy-Counsellor in Ireland, and was the next in blood to an Earldom; but his Misses had drained his purse, and he left Ireland upon suspicion of debt. The Colonel coming to London, sent for me to the Dolphin in Lombard-street, where, pretending to help me to "The Secret History of Ireland," he did me the honour to do me the kindness to ease me of Twenty Guineas. It is true Mr. Darker and I got him arrested, but it was to no purpose; for he produced a protection from the Lord ——, and, at the request of Sir J—— S——, I freely released him, upon his bare word "that he would pay me as soon as he could." A month after this, the Colonel came to my house; and told me he could not pay me in less than a year, but he was well acquainted with the Marquis of ——, and if that would be any kindness to me, he would engage Mr. B—— should be his Chaplain. I was always glad to oblige this Reverend Gentleman; and told the Colonel, "if he would make good his word, I would own it as an extraordinary favour;" upon which the Colonel introduced B—— to the Marquis of ——; and the next time I saw him it was with a Doctor's scarf, which may be said to have cost me Twenty Guineas; for the Colonel never came near me after this, and died in my debt. His Reverence never had the gratitude to thank me for his Chaplainship to this day, though it makes such a flourish in the "Term Catalogue;" but, instead of requital, has done me all the secret mischief he could. But I have said enough to give myself satisfaction on this head, except B—— should dare to provoke me again, and then I will write like a man that has been ungratefully, as well as injuriously, treated.

Having given this account of my acquaintance with Colonel F—— G——, I will next proceed to his Character. He had a general knowledge of Persons of Quality; but, living a wicked life, he was always unhappy, and ever in debt. To do him justice, he would not tell a lie to procure a place, much less to do a wrong. He hated no man's virtues (no, not his enemies'); and cared for no man's faults but his own, which were so

unnatural and singular, as if he had a mind to go to Hell by himself. He was a secret trader in sin, and kept a Miss to his eightieth year; but yet he was no Atheist, for I have heard him say, "he looked upon all the things of this world as under a Providence, and that (though he had many afflictions) he believed nothing happened by chance;" which if he had considered as he should, he had the same reason to be patient in an ill condition, as to be thankful for a good. But, for all this, the Colonel was always dissatisfied and restless: so that he was a mere contradiction to himself and others. And *P—F—cut* and he were the two worst Customers and greatest Knaves that I ever met with.

These Hundred Persons, &c. are such as I forgot to insert in their proper places. Indeed I had but a slender acquaintance with them; but I hope this short draught of their minds will suffice, for I have here, in a few words, given the distinguishing Character of every one I have named.—I might have added a Key, as there is a *latent* meaning in every word; but I hope I have hit their features as well as if I had drawn them at length, which I will not attempt, for fear (to use my Printer's obliging compliment) I should "swell my Book into waste paper." So that these short Characters (with my service to Mr. Wesley, &c.) conclude the Historical Part of my *Life and Errors*; for the Fourth Stage of my Life.

Perhaps my Reader may expect I should now proceed to the remaining Stages of my Life—*Widowhood*—*Second Marriage*—and my present unhappy Life of *Incognito*. But, alas! these have been all of them waste paper. However, if I can persuade myself to review them, the World shall have them, with their respective *Ideas*, in a "Second Part of Dunton's *Life and Errors*," where I shall have occasion to characterize Dr. Timothy Hall, late Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Bowber, Mr. Keith, Mr. Gerrard, Mr. Hayes, Mr. Kingston, Dr. Wild, Mr. Barker, Mr. Crow, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Sprint, Mr. Catcot, and Mr. Dixon (my sincere Friend), and those other Ministers (both *Cons* and *Noncons*) as I am personally acquainted with, or have ever known (either by their Works or preaching), which the Reader will find to be the principal Divines in the Three Kingdoms. And as these last Stages of my Life are to

be continued and perfected by way of Characters of Living Ministers, so I shall find it necessary to intermix it with the Characters of such School-fellows, Fellow-apprentices, Domesticks, Familiar Acquaintance, Lawyers, Physicians, Ladies, Poets, Booksellers, Traders, and Lay-Friends, as have here been overlooked. So that the Second Part of my Life * will present the Reader with a View of the World, in Characters, &c.; and will be a sort of General History of all the eminent Clergy and Laity now living in the Three Kingdoms, transcribed either from the personal knowledge I had of them, or from the observations I have made on their Works and Preaching.

I shall close this First Part of my Life with a *New Idea* how I would live over again this Married State, and upon which I would dare to venture my Heaven and Future Happiness.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IDEA OF A NEW LIFE : OR, THE MANNER HOW I WOULD THINK, AND SPEAK, AND ACT, MIGHT I LIVE OVER AGAIN MY MARRIED STATE, WITH DEAR IRIS.

I FIND myself here under an unkind necessity of bespeaking the Reader's Patience; for, as I design this *Stage* shall wind up my *New Idea*, I would not, for a World, omit any thing essential; for should my *New Life*, through such an oversight as that, become imperfect, I might thereby fall short of Heaven, which would be infinitely unhappy for me. What Additions I have yet to make should be far removed from Childishness, and well suited to the grown state of Life, in regard

* This SECOND PART Dunton never completed. In Chap. IX. are, however, given brief Characters of some eminent Persons whom he meant more fully to mention in "The Second Part of his Life;" and they are farther continued in Chap. XI.

but Pilgrimage to Heaven is the most serious engagement; it requires our most waking thoughts, and the best performances of our active powers.

The nature of this *New Idea* for the *Stage of Marriage* seems to throw itself into this easy method. First, I am to manage myself as cloathed with the relation of a Husband. Secondly, As the Government of a Family is lodged in me*. Thirdly, Under the notion of a Traveller. Fourthly, Under the character of an Author, I shall prescribe myself some stated rules. Fifthly, I shall more expressly treat of my Behaviour; as I am, first, a Mortal, and secondly, a Religious Creature.

First, I am to manage myself as cloathed with the relation of a Husband. Here, I confess, the task is difficult and perplexed; and what may seem most reasonable to myself may not possibly hit the humours of other persons. I am now to consider myself as being *double* all the way; my joy and every happiness I can meet with is but half my own; and indeed, on the other hand, it is altogether as reasonable we should go halves in all the troubles and disappointments of life, which is the only method to make them less intolerable. But a *geometrical proportion* in the case before us may not always be prudent; our tempers and the strength of our spirits should be considered, which may very reasonably make a difference in the burthens which we bear. But, to leave off talking so far upon generals, I shall consider Marriage, first, with reference to its last intention, which is the end of its institution; secondly, I shall be particular upon the means which have their natural tendency to the end of Marriage, and without which it cannot possibly be attained.

The last design of Marriage, beyond all question, is "the glory of God, and the mutual happiness of Men and Women." As the last and the chief end of the reasonable creature is God's manifestative glory, and its own final happiness; so every state and circumstance of human life has its last intention that way. The glory of

* The World might expect I should here regulate my Life under the notion of a Bookseller; but this I have already finished in my "New Idea to the Stage of Bachelorship."

God and the happiness of men are so indissolubly linked together, that there is no parting them; if we miscarry with reference to the one, we infallibly lose the other; so they are not so much to be considered as two, but as one united *end*. The glory of God's wisdom is very bright and shining in the formation of the Sexes, and adapting them so admirably for each other; in giving them so many charms, and such mutual inclinations as are necessary to hand down the species, and continue the race on foot. I cannot but admire the Divine Wisdom, in laying a restraint upon the criminal inclinations of Men; in making Whoredom, Adultery, and Polygamy, become so many sins; and, to provide against them, the same Wisdom has thought fit to entail upon the commission of them so many flaming punishments. Had Mankind been kept at large, what jealousies, what infinite bloodshed, and many other unhappinesses, would have followed! There would neither have been that respect, nor provision, for Posterity, and the religious education of Children; they might have wandered through life under ignorance and senseless stupidity, and, like so many offsprings of the brutal nature, have had no higher aims than to gratify their senses, and pursue their pleasures. The dominion of lust, upon this supposition, would have prevailed over all the human nature. Mankind would have been but a pack of Robbers, going about to plunder the Creation, and to make every thing their own. The World would have been uncivilized; the strength of nerves and sinews would have been the universal Law; and, what is worse, the knowledge of God and his Dispensations would in this case have been a stranger among men. And I would gladly be informed what glory the Divine Majesty could have had from such a monstrous set of creatures. But now the wise Law of "One to One" has provided against every inconvenience of this kind. The respect of Parents to their Offspring is secure, and so is their religious education; at least within the compass of the Christian world, Family Government is set on foot, from which all other Governments are derived. There is now an opportunity to cultivate the Arts and Sciences, which otherwise would have been neglected. Men have now nothing to do but pro-

vide for themselves and Families, and prepare for the better World. If Marriage was necessary when the human nature was innocent and sinless, it is much more so in the state of Rebellion and Apostacy, when Morality is so much banished, the law of Reason so ineffectual, and now that Desire and every other passion are broken loose, and become so extravagant. It would furnish out a Volume to be particular how the glory of God is secured by the institution of Marriage; but, as that is an unquestioned truth, so the matter is as plain, that the design of Marriage is "the mutual happiness of Men and Women." They are the words of God, "It is not good for Man to be alone;" and, had more companions than one been necessary to make the life of Man more happy, without doubt the Divine Goodness would not have denied him the satisfaction. Man alone would have been a solitary uncomfortable creature; and the very formation of him so and so would very evidently have been in vain. But the matter being so abundantly plain, that God's glory and our own happiness make up the last end of Marriage, I think it would be unnecessary to make any formal proof of it.

My next business is, to lay down those means and methods I would make use of, that my own state of Marriage might not miss of this great end. First, I will shew what methods I would take, to secure and continue the mutual happiness of myself and Iris. Secondly, I shall lay down the measures I would take, in order to glorify the great God, that our Marriage may not come short of its last and chief end.

In order to secure and continue the mutual happiness of myself and Iris, I would endeavour, 1. To discover how far our humours would agree. I consider how much the satisfaction of a Married Life depends upon this particular; all possible discoveries in this kind should indeed be made before Marriage: but then the unhappiness lies here; so long as the Courtship lasts, the inward humours of the parties are very seldom unmasked. Persons are overborne upon such occasions by the softer passions; there is nothing but Stage and Theatre; and they are usually as much transformed from their native selves as are the *Dramatis Personæ*. However, a little

time will undress them ; any thing that is unnatural is sure to be uneasy ; their old humours will begin to flow, and get uppermost. This matter being certainly so, I would be very observant of every little alteration, how the pulse beats upon every new occasion, and how much different from my own. I consider how very rarely Nature has furnished out two persons in every case alike ; an universal harmony in every humour and inclination is not to be expected ; for indeed we are too inconsistent with ourselves. I think it is scarce possible to meet a man, could we but look within him, exactly in the same humour this, that he was the last hour : in this sense, every man is no less than a Proteus to himself and to all the world. We are so much governed by the laws of Mechanism, by every new tone of the blood and spirits, that there can be no consistency in ourselves ; how much less can we always harmonize with another person !

My only method should be, to make remarks upon the humours and inclinations that are most lasting and most prevailing ; for those will be sure to give us the greatest happiness, or the greatest trouble. I would not only take this method with dear Iris, but I would use the same severity upon myself ; and, by running the comparison, either the agreement or obliquity might more easily be discovered. So soon as the complexion and sudden turns of my own humour were well observed, it were easy for me to give Iris some stated rules of behaviour upon such particular emergences. I have very frequently found it true, that a single hint, or a word, would recover me, when I was just a sinking into ill-humour and the spleen ; and I do not question but a prudent management this way might always keep me on my feet*.

* This notion of maintaining a constancy of good-humour between Man and Wife by the help of some stated rules is not, methinks, altogether unlike the conduct of Ulysses, as Homer has been pleased to manage him. Ulysses, in his return from Troy, was foretold the danger he should meet with from the vocal harmony of the Syrens ; he thereupon sealed up the ears of all his Crew, and caused himself to be fast bound with cordage to the mainmast, with this farther caution, that, if he gave any signs to be set at liberty, they should bind him faster ; which happened accordingly ; for, so soon as the musick stung him, he was impatient to be enlarged ; but the deaf Crew being insensible of the song, they tied their Master more secure. Such agreements before-hand betwixt Man and Wife would be of mighty use.

The judgment being made upon our humours, how far they would symphonize, and where they would disagree, my second business should be, to compound the matter, that both of us should make mutual abatements in our opposite humours. An agreement of this nature might very easily be made, especially with a woman so very reasonable, and so much a Christian, as dear Iris was. I have known the peace of many families broken and disjointed, in regard neither of the parties would resign an inch of their own humours and inclinations; but, alas! how easy is it for them to gratify a passion, and indulge themselves a little for the present, at the expence of their peace and happiness for all their after life-time! It is much more happy to meet at the middle, as we say, and reconcile the matter; and how much would it contribute to their mutual satisfaction, when, with an air of cheerfulness, they are ready on either hand to make abatements, and to sacrifice their own humours upon the altar of Peace! These two particulars, well looked after, would lay a good foundation for something which is yet behind.

Thirdly. My next business should be, to confirm our conjugal affection. I consider that it is usually imprudence, more than any other reason, that murders this best of passions. Conjugal affection must, on either side, be treated and humoured like a child; the one requires to be nursed and smiled upon as well as the other. There is a number of little arts and prettinesses, which Love will easily suggest, and which none can tell the meaning of so well as those in the same condition with ourselves; and when these are a little tinctured with wit and good-humour, they will infallibly please, for there is no resisting them. There is a deal of sense and significancy in such little sentences as these: "My Dearest," "My Love," &c.; or, as the married folks in the Country express themselves, by "Honey," "Love," or "Come, my Love." These are innocent enough, when the Parson has done his office; and, perhaps, were they less frequent, they would wound the deeper.—I consider farther, that nothing is a greater friend to the love of Wedlock than a mutual confidence in each other. I know, indeed, that where Love is attended with any warmth, it

will be difficult to keep down some secret jealousies and suspicions; but then it is an essential article of their mutual happiness, to avoid the least occasions that look that way. Some are so officious to make themselves disturbance, that they will create occasions of suspicion when none are offered; their Love in such a case may be warm enough, but then their Prudence is out of order! On the other hand, when occasions are offered, the resentment is but reasonable.

There are some private methods upon this head, which, though they may be innocent, are not yet altogether fit for the public view. Matters of this nature have always made me a lover of Friendship, which gives an opportunity to unbosom one's self with freedom, without calling up the blood into one's face, and without the expence of being laughed at. However, I may venture to go this length, that, in order to confirm the conjugal affection, it is a little necessary that some things be overlooked, which might, if too narrowly observed, create some turnings of aversion and disgust. There may possibly be some natural unhappinesses, which make it reasonable the Lover should be a little troubled with the dimness of sight. These hiats are no more necessary for the one, than they are for the other Sex. The Reader may take them, and make his best of them. After all, I cannot say that the humours of myself and Iris could possibly be better adjusted than they were; for, abating the common infirmities of minds in flesh, there was an universal harmony betwixt us. Our inclinations and our sentiments were the same; and, were it true that human minds shall turn at last into one common soul, to be sure dear Iris and myself would be contiguous. Would Heaven (and I dare not pray for it) but indulge me the opportunity of living over again this state with Iris, I could not hope to be more happy the second time. However, there would be no *Error* in the strict observance of the methods I have mentioned.

Having now acquainted the Reader with the methods I would take in order to secure and obtain the mutual happiness of myself and Iris; my next concern shall be, to lay down the measures that are most effectual to glorify God, which is the chief and the last end of Marriage.—I con-

sider the Divine Glory, the great end of Marriage, cannot possibly be provided for without Religion. It is true, indeed, an Almighty Sovereign is far above the loss of any glory—it is infinitely remote and secure; there is no bold Sinner can stretch forth his hand, and pull off some essential attribute or perfection from the Divine Being. Though rebellious Sinners may, in a common way of Providence, draw a veil over the footsteps of Divine Glory, as they are impressed upon the Works and the Word of God; yet, when matters come to their final issue, the glory they endeavoured to suppress will break forth in their everlasting ruin. My meaning is, the manifestative glory of God in a way consistent with the exercise of his mercy, and our mutual happiness, cannot, without Religion, be secured. I might lay the best measures within the compass of human reason to provide for the mutual happiness of myself and Iris; yet, were our minds all the while unimpressed with grace and holiness, they would all prove useless and abortive. What harmony betwixt two ungracious hearts? what mutual peace and satisfaction, when there is none within? And indeed, were the one of us religiously inclined, and the other a condemned Sinner, full of enmity against God and Goodness, which is the habitual temper of the Unregenerate, where would the satisfaction of it be? We should do nothing but counter-strive, and one of us endeavour to break the interest and inclination of the other. If a Husband had a Wife, or a Wife a Husband, under sentence of death; do you think they could enjoy themselves with all the agreeable transports and mutual satisfactions which they might, were the sentence dissolved, and a pardon granted? Why, the case is not only the same, but infinitely worse, where the one is condemned by the Law of God, and the other set at liberty by the Law of Grace; and satisfaction, I am sure, may with more reason be expected in the former, than it can in the latter instance. This being a matter of so great importance, were I to live again this state of Marriage, Religion should be our early care; and dear Iris, I am well assured, would be as forward as myself. I am not insensible, that to impress Religion with efficacy upon the mind and heart is the work of the

Blessed Spirit; and it is unspeakably happy where the gracious beginnings of the *New Creature* are mutually formed before Marriage. How well suited then would Iris be for her *New Ideal Companion*! Her will was early directed towards God, and disgusted with vanity and sin. I would be well satisfied with a heart that is prevailingly devoted to the blessed Jesus; for, without question, I should share in the affections of it, so far as the Divine Image should be impressed, and so far as my own heart pointed the same way with hers.

I shall now mention a particular instance or two that relate to the exercise of our Religion, considered apart from the stated worship of the Family; and the first is Prayer. In this we would very frequently and cordially join together; we would frequent the Throne of Grace, double the strength of our desires, and, in the powerful name of Jesus, endeavour the same blessings for us both.

Prayer is the first voice of the *New Creature*; and as it is strengthened and confirmed, the cries of it are more loud and earnest. The *Divine Life* is maintained and supported from above; and where should our eyes and our desires be fixed, unless upon the place whence our subsistence comes? A Christian without prayer, and a living man without breath, are equal contradictions; the one as much in Grace, as the other in Nature. Wherever there is the state of Marriage without Prayer, methinks I can see the Curse inscribed upon it. And as Prayer should be the first and the great instrumental duty of our Religion; so we would never bend our knees, but this fourfold sense should be worked upon our minds: 1. That we are altogether unworthy and undeserving of the blessings which we beg. Were we convinced that we deserve the things we want, we would turn all our prayers into so many demands and challenges: God, upon that supposition, would be obliged to supply and fill our capacities without supplication or intreaty. We do not go to make formal prayers for that which is our own property, unless it becomes desperate; or be lodged in the hands of a lawless Tyrant; and the great God can never come under such a character of disadvantage. This humble sense of our own unworthiness would give life and spirit to our prayers; it would fill

and swell them with affection; and, under the gracious merits of our Redeemer, they would be more effectual.

—2. We would endeavour to impress upon our minds a deep sense of God's sufficiency to answer Prayer. Were we unconvinced of this, we would not spend our breath so much in vain and to no purpose, as go pray to a Being so much in poverty that he cannot answer our requests. — 3. We would also endeavour to keep this sense alive upon our spirits, That God in a Mediator is willing to supply us. We never send a petition to any person when we are convinced before it will be in vain: without Hope there could be no Prayer. The Fallen Angels never go upon their knees; and whenever you see a Sinner at his prayers, the sense of it comes to this, that there are at least the glimmerings of hope within him. How much would such a sense as this give encouragement to Prayer! — 4. In order to secure against impatience and distrust, we would endeavour to keep this satisfying sense upon our minds—that, whether our prayers be answered *in specie* or no, it is in mercy to us. It is very frequently more necessary for us that our prayers be denied than granted; for, unless our Prayers be always under the infallible guidance of the Blessed Spirit, we should be very apt to mistake the fit matter of Prayer.

Being thus furnished with these directions, we would proceed with all religious cheerfulness, and maintain a constant commerce and correspondence with Heaven. I would have made a distinct head of *Praise*, as one very grateful employment of our lives, but that I take it as included in the general notion of Prayer; and as it refers to Psalms and Hymns, it belongs more to Family-worship, and shall be considered in its place.

And as I have fixed upon Prayer as the first and leading exercise of our Religion, wherein we are mutually to engage; so the next shall be,

2. Religious Converse. This kind of intercourse would mutually engage us to God himself, and to one another: It is the best method to enlarge our knowledge, and to kindle our devotion; our hearts and affections would beat time, and rise by sympathy to the same pitch of Divine love and zeal. With what height of satisfaction

might we talk over the great foundations of our Religion; see what dependance there is for Faith, and, where our reason falls short, resign ourselves entirely to the sacred authority of Revelation! What pleasure would it be, to discourse with all imaginable freedom upon the wonders of Redemption, the ways and the compassions of God! Our hearts would at once swell with love to the Holy Jesus, and with a fixed abhorrence of sin, when we should talk over the many passages of his Life; the many instances of his Love, the dangers to which he was willingly exposed! His Agony and his Sweat of Blood, his Crown of Thorns, and his Sacrifice for Sin, are rich subjects of religious conference. His Rising from the Dead, his Ascension to his Father, and his interceding there for the lives and happiness of Sinners, would furnish enough of matter to dwell upon. How might we represent him standing in the midst of his Father's Throne in the point of vision, in the very centre of Heaven, all the eyes of the heavenly Inhabitants attentively gazing on him, as he makes the appearance of "a Lamb that had been slain," Rev. v. 6. How the Four Beasts, and the Twenty-four Elders, are falling down with their harps and their golden vials! How the song is handed round, "Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the Seven Seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood, out of every Kindred, and Tongue, and People, and Nation." By our joint assistance, and by the instrument of Faith, what real views might we obtain of our Glorified Redeemer, how he shews himself in Heaven with the scars and the wounds of Death upon him; which will for ever refresh the memories of the Saints, and fill them with such blessed transports as are peculiar to that state. This Religious Converse would be of mighty use to us against all the unhappiness of human life; we might talk ourselves almost insensible of such low concerns, and be quite wrapt up with the affairs of this future World. Temptations would make little impression when we are thus at hand to relieve and reinforce each other. They would find us either out of humour, or not at leisure to entertain them. By this means the *New Creature*, the wonder of Free Grace, would grow apace in consistency

and strength, and the interest and the power of sin would grow less and less prevailing, and the draught of the Divine Image be more perfect and distinguishable. We should constantly be open and free to receive the Blessed Spirit, to submit ourselves to his forming and sanctifying hand. With what tenderness should we administer relief to each other under doubts and fears! We could unbosom ourselves without restraint, talk over our *evidences*, and draw such comfortable conclusions as our case would bear. But the advantages of this Religious Converse are so great and many, that here is no room to be particular. Only I hope Christians that are religiously disposed will take the hint of what I have offered, and make a trial of the matter.

3. Another method we would take, in order to glorify God, should be the fixing a remark upon every uncommon providence that occurs. I am very sensible the Christian life is less comfortable and more unhappy by disregarding the course of Providence, either as it respects the returns that are made to prayer, or the affairs of common life. When the memory of them is lost, we forget to send up our acknowledgments and our praises; and how is the Glory of God provided for by such ingratitude as this? In my *Real Life*, the Goodness of Providence has taken many uncommon and unexpected ways to serve me, and to work my deliverance, and never more than when all other dependencies were giving me the disappointment; and were I to live over my years, and this state of Marriage in particular, I would observe this matter with the nicest diligence.

Having finished my *New Idea* so far as it concerns me under the relation of a Husband, I am now to regulate and reform my conduct as I consider myself the Head and Master of a Family. In this regard, a domestic government is principally lodged in me, the discharge of which, as it becomes a Christian and a prudent man, is a great matter of weight and moment. I shall offer something under this head: 1. with reference to the constitution of the Family, what characters they should have who are admitted members of it; 2. with reference to necessary provision, which cannot here be overlooked;

3. I shall say something of my own behaviour in a common and in a religious sense.

1. With regard to the constitution of the Family, I consider the Members of it are chiefly to consist of Apprentices and Common Servants*. As to the first of these, if possible, I would enter into articles with none unless there were some appearance of Religion upon them, at least they should have passed under the Christian endeavours of good Parents. I know it is not impossible that an ungracious person should have some blind principles of common honesty; but I am always for those who are not barely honest, but can tell me *why* they are so, because they have got something within them which inclines them that way. I consider, farther, that a Family should answer the character of a little Church; and was there but a person in it that is unimpressed with Religion, he might do a great deal of prejudice, be a clog upon Family Devotion, and, like a limb that is mortified, would be in danger to spread his death over others that are unconfirmed, and upon whom the Spirit of Grace and conviction has yet made but slight wounds and traces. A religious person is one upon whom there is some dependance, and would unburthen a Master of many fears and jealousies, which otherwise might be an unhappiness to himself, and a distraction to the Family.

As to Common Servants, the case is much the same. A liar or prophane person should not come within my doors; such an one carries a curse with him, let him go where he pleases. I would give no entertainment to those who are enemies to my God. I would enlarge upon this; but what I intend is already so very plain.

* Children are here omitted, seeing it was the Divine pleasure to deny me those pledges of the Married State in my *Real Life*. And I can now, methinks, in my present circumstances, admire the Divine Goodness in withholding from me what I once imagined, if not with some sinful impatience, would have been a mighty satisfaction to me. As the world stands affected to me now, I could make no comfortable provision for Children; and my misfortunes would have pressed me with double weight, to have seen those second-hand parts of myself under unhappiness and want. It would be unkindness in God to answer every prayer *in specie* we send up to him, in regard we frequently supplicate, being ignorant of the fit matter of Prayer, for what in the final issue would prove a misery to ourselves.

2. As I am Master of a Family, the burthen of the care lies upon me to make necessary provisions for it. All lawful-endavours for subsistence, with a thankful dependance upon Providence, are my indispensable duty. The advances I have upon supposition made in my *Ideal Life* would, under the gracious inclining influence of the Spirit, keep me from over-loving the present world : but Grace does not destroy or lay any embargo upon the concerns of common life, if we do but manage ourselves within the bounds of our Christian liberty. It has not hitherto, and, I am pretty confident, never would be any temper of mine, to dispense provision to my Family with a too sparing hand ; and there is some difference to be made betwixt things that are purely necessary, and those that are comfortable. Indeed, the most prudent method I have met with, in all the *Œconomicks* I have read, is this—that expences do not exceed the incomes ; and where persons live above their circumstances, it is the ready way to bring them and theirs into wants and miseries. It would be a great uneasiness to me at present, were my narrow circumstances owing to any mismanagement of this nature ; but, upon the most impartial reflection I can make, I find nothing to charge, either on my own management, or that of dear Iris, upon this score. I only want that the methods of Providence may speak instruction to me, and, by every condition, prepare and form me for a better and a fixed state, where there are none of these ebbs and flows.

3. I am now obliged to consider my behaviour in my Family ; 1. in a common way. It has not hitherto, along my *Real Life*, been any part of my ambition to carry myself at a mighty distance and under the mystery of reservedness to any one ; and it cannot be supposed that more grace in my *Ideal Life* should much alter my temper for the worse. This kind of behaviour, for which I am much indebted to the God of Nature, would well dispose me to carry it cheerfully and agreeably to all my Family, that they should find themselves altogether as easy and as unrestrained in my company as when I was absent. It is a little difficult, I confess, to manage matters at this rate, and not to drop the governing authority ; but a little knowledge of the humours one has to deal

with makes it easy. Masters of Families that are fond of governing by the utmost extremity of their power, that refuse to make the least mild abatements upon occasion, are no better than domestic Tyrants, and are perfect enemies to peace within doors. Their manner of behaviour is strangely unobliging; it destroys all mutual confidence, and the little freedoms that are necessary and extremely pleasant. The Private Society is ready to disband upon such management as this. I know, indeed, there are allowances to be made for natural temper, which is rather the unhappiness than the crime of many persons. As for my own part, I was never inclined to be too severe and over-governing; and it was never any pain, but a pleasure to me, to see my Family at ease; and might my *Intelligible Life* be clothed with the same kind of circumstances, and I can as easily furnish out an *Ideal Family*, as a Life of that nature for myself; I would study all the measures of obliging, that I might not sit uneasy upon those I govern; that they might wish for my return when I was abroad, and be better pleased with my presence than my absence. This method of behaviour would have a mighty influence to dispose my Family for what I yet intend; which is,

4. A religious government of the Family over which I am placed. Should I neglect the discharge of Christian duties with my Family, I could have nothing to expect but the wrath and curse of the Almighty upon me and mine. Ezekiel's flying roll, which was full of curses, might justly break upon my head. I might be troubled with uneasiness at home, and meet with nothing but losses and disappointments abroad. Domestic Worship, I consider, does chiefly consist of Prayer and Praise. Prayer is so very necessary for a Family, that I should dread to become Master of one, if I might not pray with it. Prayer is our best relief under the most pressing miseries of human life; and in Families, there are many cases to be opened out to God. How heavy would the afflictions and complaints at home sit upon my spirit, was there no method to discharge myself. But, besides the common unhappinesses that might occur, there is a constant necessity to make confession of sin, to plead with God for pardon in the Mediator's name. It was

a good sign of Job's integrity, that, when his Children were feasting, he himself was solemnly engaged in the Divine Worship of that Dispensation. He had his fears lest his Children might have sinned. It was his pious care to deal with God for them. And as there are Domestic Sins, there should be Family-Confessions, in regard one cursed branch may pull down judgments upon the whole Family. I would take particular care that none of my Family should be absent at Prayer-time; and I had much rather secure such a point as this by rational argument than by positive commands. Masters of Families may indeed oblige their Servants to give attendance; and to bend their knees, twice or thrice a day; but if they have no higher motives than this comes to, their Prayers will be heartless, and want affection. I would endeavour all I could to impress upon their spirits the necessity of the duty, how very much they may get by it, and how sinful the neglect would be. Did they once feel a sense upon their consciences of their misery and their sin by Nature, they would from that time turn lovers of Prayer; they would not know how to be easy without it; they would dread to let go their correspondence with Heaven. It is a blessed pleasure to join in Prayer with a Family who have got a warm sense of Religion upon their hearts. And as it is well for Families they have liberty to pray, so it is also well for thankful Christians they can breathe up their thankfulness in praise. There is abundant occasion, in our way through life, to make our acknowledgements both for Providence and special Grace. Providence, if men are faithful to remark the methods of it, does administer a large field of matter for praise. And the divine wonders of Grace, though men may want those high joys which however are attainable, do furnish us with matter of solemn and cheerful praise; an "Emanuel," a "Mediator," a "Gracious High Priest," and a "Faithful Advocate;" an "Everlasting Covenant" built upon the Faithfulness of God, upon which Believers may cast the anchor of their hopes. These are arguments for praise, or nothing can be so. Families, especially where Grace and Providence are so necessary, and where they spend themselves so much, should have their hearts filled and over-

flowing with harmony to the great Fountain of Goodness. Heaven may very reasonably expect our praise, seeing we share so many of its blessings. It should be one of my endeavours, in my *Ideal Life*, to make those who should become my charge very sensible of their dependance upon God, both for their life of Nature, and their life of Grace; which would be at least the ground-work of praise.

As for Private Devotion, I would never abridge any of their time to perform it, because I could not answer it at the Bar of God. They should have their times to read, and upon occasion I would over-hear them. On Lord's-days I would examine them very strictly concerning the Sermons they hear, and give them all the directions I knew, to enlarge and improve their memories. I would be sure to make as certain remarks as the nature of the thing would admit, how their understandings open, and grow more capable withal; telling them, with the greatest tenderness imaginable, that Religion is intended for life and practice, to turn the posture of the heart and spirit towards God, to make living impressions on them, to stamp them with the image of God's holiness, and thereby to seal them over to the day of Redemption. I would be very cautious to impose no piece of my own service on them, that might either oblige them, or give them any colourable excuse, to neglect the duty which they owe to God. Taking these measures, I should expect the Divine Blessing upon my Family and affairs; without which I might labour in vain, neither meeting with peace within doors, nor with success abroad.

In the next place I shall fix myself some rules to be observed under the character of an Author. In my *Real Life* I have been so wretchedly inclined to scribbling, that I can scarce imagine my *New Life* should be altogether freed from an itch of that kind. I shall here suppose all the foundation of Knowledge, which the best of Books, and a Christian life, may reasonably be thought to lay for me.

1. I consider that hitherto I have not been a little unhappy in the choice of subjects for the pieces I have written. And though I have always had an inward regard that Religion and Good-manners might not suffer

by any thing of mine, yet there is not time enough in human life for trifling. When all the subjects of weight and consequence that want improvement, within the compass of useful Learning and our Christian Religion, are donè with, then I would begin to write purely for the diversion of the age, and to make my fellow creatures as easy and as cheerful as I could, under the various unhappinesses of human life. Though, for a composition of this nature, Religion and a good life can furnish us with the best ingredients, I do not suppose the very genius of my *Ideal Life* would lead me to write upon those things that are the least necessary; however, I would oblige myself to the greatest circumspection upon this head. I have always been of the mind, that an impartial conveying down the History of the Times we live in is a debt we owe to posterity that lies yet unborn; and had I a *life-time* yet upon my hands, I would endeavour to discharge this debt with all the conscience and sincerity that becomes an honest man, and one that is entirely disengaged from all sects and parties which men are now so fond to distinguish themselves by. But, in regard my days are now far run, I can but just begin to *live* before I shall be called home; and though I am much indebted to mankind and the ages yet to come, yet I am more engaged to secure myself as well as I may, and to make sure of the good man's lot, mentioned 1 Epistle General of John, ii. 17. "The World passes away, and the lust thereof; but he that does the will of God abideth for ever." An ill man shall, as it were, be lost out of being, when matters come to the last great trial, and the Christian shall be the only abiding man. That I may get my last and best interest so well secured, that I may never be lost, never divorced from my God, and the blessedness on which my heart is fixed, must be the great remaining business of my life and days. However, I will leave this *New Idea*, as the best *Legacy* my circumstances do permit me to bestow, to the ages that are coming on. If some should say, "How come you to be so vain, as to imagine the world will know any thing of this scribble a hundred years hence? Why, in answer to this, I am possessed of as little vanity as you please; and if the present age, and that of those to come,

will not receive what I would leave them, I cannot help it. I shall have the satisfaction to have done all I could for them; and if it is a dishonour to die *intestate*, I shall avoid that in the best manner I can, though it is no more than a trifle I can leave; however, it is such an one as I may call an *original in its kind*; and upon which I dare venture all the hopes and the happiness I expect.—As to the Books I may yet possibly trouble the world with; they shall, in some sense or other, serve the great ends of Christianity and good living among men; this will be the way to settle matters of importance upon my own spirits; and if I can *think out* any thing for the good of others, they shall have it.

2. I consider the pieces I have wrote—that whatever subject I have applied to, I have generally *over-done* it, and so wrought it, that I have run it out of breath: by this means having made the thing so excessive plain, that the publick has admired it less than they might have done, had I but just fleshed the hints, and left them undissected, in order for others to apply the game home themselves, and to take the pleasure of doing a little more than was already offered to their view. This, I am at last fully convinced, is the vice of an Author; for he must not *devour* his subject, if he would leave any relish in it for his Readers. This fault, of never leaving a thought until one has worked it to death, I would by all means avoid, as I would expect that any performance of mine should be well received.

In the third place, might I begin my *Ideal Life*, I would take an early care to reform my style; which though it is no more than the outside of an Author, yet, being the most exposed to the Reader's view, the whole performance usually stands or falls according as he is pleased to determine with reference to the style. I know this is but too much the vice of the present age; however, men must be humoured upon this head, if you intend they should take any notice of you. It is here a matter in debate, whether a young man should first apply himself to furnish his head with good learning, or to polish his style. It is plain, on either side, that the best Scholar, without a tolerable talent at writing well, will now-a-days be laughed at as a learned blockhead;

and he who wants good thought, and the strength of reason, to bottom the harmony of his lines upon, will soon be discovered by men of good sense, and he will presently be reprov'd with

“Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.”

I am well convinced, by a great length of experiences that, unless a man engages upon this study when he is young, and finds a peculiar relish in it to invite his further application, he will make but very little of it. However, there are different grains of allowance to be made; according to the turn and capacity of a man's genius; there are some, let them set never so early to this study, if they want a good ear they will find hard work of it. Reading of good Authors, remarking their peculiar beauties, and writing much, are the best means to refine a man. After all, this study should take up no more than a third part of my time; the rest I would devote to the improvement of my mind. I could enlarge here with some pleasure; but these particulars, well observed, would sufficiently reform me under the character of an Author.

The method does now oblige me to fix myself some standing rules, in order to make the best improvement of my Travels. In the first place, before I engaged upon a course of Travels, I would apply myself for some time to the study of History and Geography, that I might be acquainted beforehand with the most remarkable things I should expect to meet with either in Nature or in Art. He that goes abroad, and has not travelled the World over in his Closet, or by the assistance of his Tutor, may gaze indeed at matters, but cannot make those rational inquiries which are necessary in order to be well informed. As for instance: suppose a man should make a visit to Jerusalem, and had read no accounts of the antient glory and importance of the place; if he knew nothing of the revolutions it has suffered, had heard little of the *Temple*, and less of the Mountain on which the City stood—in short, was he unacquainted with that *Land of Vision*—he might return home just about as wise as he went, and perhaps scarce so well accomplished for conversation as before. The History of “Cities for-

tified," to whom they belong, how often and by whom they have been besieged, and lost, and won, is a piece of Learning very necessary for a Traveller, and without which he can make none of those curious remarks that are expected from him upon his return.

I would make a Collection of the best "Travels and Voyages" that have been published; and if they were all too many to take along with me, I would make choice of a few that were recommended to me for the best. By having some good Author at hand, I might look farther into the curiosities in my way; and I should miss fewer of them than those must of necessity do that are unfurnished with Books to direct them. It would be something necessary for me to inform myself about the manners and customs of the Nations I designed to visit; what temper the inhabitants are of: this I would do in order to my own safety.

As to the various sentiments in the world about Religion, the object and the manner of Divine Worship; I would be sure to learn as much as I could from the accounts we have here at home; by this means I might know whether, and wherein, we have here been imposed upon by the Narratives of others.

The last preparation I would make, in order for my Travels upon the Continent, should be as perfect a knowledge as I could get of my own Native Country, our civil constitution, and the history of the Kings and Queens of England; and to be sure I would take a particular view of Great Britain and Ireland, before I would venture any further. A gentleman is not looked upon by men of letters, let him come where he pleases, unless he can give a pretty tolerable account of the Country where he was born; and it is expected a man should give something in return for the information and the civilities he meets with. Being thus furnished for the purpose, having secured the matter by Bills, &c. that I might not be reduced for want of money, and taking God along with me, I would set forward with as much cheerfulness as that circumstance could afford me. With reference to a Diary, digested by way of common-place, which is absolutely necessary to relieve the treachery of my memory; I can advance little more upon this head,

than any man of tolerable parts and learning may easily think out for himself.

I am now at length come, through ways that have been rough and unpleasant, to give my Readers a particular account of my behaviour in my *Ideal Life*, as I am a moral and a religious creature.

1. Under a moral capacity, I consider myself bound by the Law of Nature, which is made up of the several dictates of right reason, that shew a man what he must do, and what he must avoid. The Law of Nature points a man his duty, as he is a moral creature, both to God, his neighbour, and himself. And in regard my duty, and the manner of the worship which I owe to God, is so plainly told me in the Gospel of his Son; I shall only take notice of the obligations that lie upon me, as they are summed up in the second table of the Decalogue. 1. The Law of Nature does oblige me to pay a cheerful tribute of honour and duty to my Parents and Superiors. This obligation comes along with the very nature which, as second causes, my Parents have bestowed upon me. As the right of Universal Sovereignty in God is founded upon Creation, and natural generation being some sort of a similitude of Creation itself; therefore Parents, upon this bottom, have a right to govern their own Children, and to expect a reasonable tribute of honour and duty from them. Other arguments might be drawn for this purpose, from that obliging eagerness which Parents entertain for the safety and the happiness of their Children; and from the labour and the care they are often put to, in order to maintain and support them. For my own part, might I live over my days again, I would be particularly studious of all possible returns of gratitude, though the last end I would profess in doing it should be the glory of God. As for Civil Governors, I could never observe myself to be disaffected upon that head, nor was I ever made for a Plotter. I must confess, I have much to say against the decision of the learned Dr. Cudworth, "That Religion and Conscience oblige Subjects, in all lawful things, actively to obey the Sovereign Powers; in unlawful, not to resist*" but this is no

* Intellectual System, p. 899.

proper place for it. In things lawful, none should pay a more cheerful active obedience than myself; but as to things in themselves unlawful, whether I must obey God rather than man, I dare make my appeal. 2. I consider that every man holds his life by immediate tenure from God himself, and therefore I have nothing to do with the lives of others. I take it to be absolutely unlawful to kill another, unless it be in cases of extremity, and in self-defence. As for casualties, where there is nothing of design, they do not lie within our compass to prevent. I am well satisfied that Civil Sovereigns have taken it upon them to look after the lives of their Subjects, and that the life of the Murderer should become a forfeiture into the hands of Justice. 3. Adultery is a most crying sin; it is the pollution of the parties immediately concerned; it is a wrong done to a Husband or a Wife, who are, by the Marriage-covenant, become each other's property; and it is a breach of the Christian Law. The guilt of the sin is manifold, and the offspring, in such cases, has but little religious care taken of it, upon which score the Civil Society becomes a sufferer. 4. As we are born within formed societies, so every man has his own property, and it is unlawful to break in upon it; not to mention how displeasing it would be to God, the natural tendency of theft and violence is the ruin of all government. 5. Lying, and false testimony, is the abuse of the faculty of speech, which the God of Truth has given us; it is the destruction of all natural justice, and of commerce among men. 6. An intemperate appetite after the enjoyments of other men is leveled against the government of God, and the distributions of his providence, which comes to nothing less than secret rebellion against the most just and right Sovereign of the world. In short, whatever duties the second table recommends, whatever sins it prohibits, I would make it the first care of my *Ideal Life*, to form my practice accordingly. This would lay a good foundation for Religion to build upon. Morality and Christianity, in conjunction, will lead us to happiness; but, taken apart, they are both of them spoiled.

In the next place I shall consider the obligations that lie upon me from Revealed Religion; and how my *Life*

should be formed, that I may not only wear, but deserve the Christian name. With reference to Revealed Religion, which is the only bottom I dare venture my peace and hopes upon, I consider it as "a Discovery of the Mind and Counsels of God about the Recovery of a revolted Race of Sinners." How to restore a single Sinner, and to put him into any capacity of taking up his happiness in God, both as to the possibility and the manner of it, was a contrivance altogether worthy of God himself: manifold wisdom was employed upon it. Upon the first apostacy, which was a breach of the Divine Law, and a bold contempt of God's government and authority, there appeared neither help nor hope for Sinners. Should God have forgiven them without more ado, and dispensed with the penalty of his Law, his own honour, and the rights of justice, had not been secured. However, notwithstanding this mighty difficulty, God was unwilling the whole race should finally miscarry, and that his own worship and homage should perish from the earth. His infinite Wisdom, therefore, moved by Mercy and Compassion, contrived a method how matters might be reconciled. God the Father commissioned his own eternal, co-essential Son, to take upon him the office of Mediation, that he might deal with both parties as a middle Person. The Mediatorial Office contains under it the particular offices of Prophet, Priest, and King: with all these he was solemnly invested by his Father; and, in order to discharge them, it was necessary he should take upon him our nature, that, as a Prophet sent from God, he might treat with Sinners in the most familiar terms, without the terror and amazement which the naked Deity must have given us; and as a Priest, that he might bleed and die a sacrifice for sin, that Divine Justice might receive an equivalent satisfaction for the forfeited lives of Sinners, by the vicarious sufferings of our surety. And farther it was necessary he should assume our nature with reference to his Priestly office, that, being touched with the feeling of our infirmities, he might become a tender and compassionate Advocate for Sinners in the Court of Heaven. And in regard Sinners were taken captives by the Enemy of their peace and happiness, and become the willing slaves of Satan,

it was necessary the Redeemer should discharge the office of a King, that he might "lead Captivity captive, and subdue Sinners to himself;" that he might govern and defend them. This great Redeemer appeared upon this earth above 1700 years ago, that he might accomplish this glorious design, and discharge these offices so far as was required of him in his humble state. The great errand which brought him down into this World being finished in all the parts of it, he returned to his Father, and there pleads and advocates the cause of his own purchase; the Holy Spirit being now commissioned down into this World from the Father and the Son, in order to move upon the hearts of Sinners by a gracious transforming efficacy. This is a comprehensive account how the salvation of Sinners became possible. It is here worthy to be remarked, that, should matters stop here, not a single Sinner could be saved. It will not satisfy at the bar of God, to plead the Redeemer's sacrifice, and the infinite value of his satisfaction, unless men can shew their personal appropriate interest in the Redemption that is purchased. Sin has not barely thrown us out of friendship with God, but it has made us unlike him; it has distempered our spirits—filled us with disaffection to our last end; these must all, in measure, be removed out of the way before there is any security to be had for us. God has therefore thought fit to insist upon terms with Sinners; to tell them plainly what must be wrought within them, and done by them, in order to their happiness. Till Sinners are assisted to come up to the merciful demands of God's "requiring Will," they are not within the compass of the Redeemer's saving power. I would therefore, with the utmost concern, endeavour a discovery of what God is pleased to insist upon. And I find, 1. That God requires the sincerity of the *new Nature*, under pain of everlasting punishment from himself. "Amen and Amen, Except a man be born from above," as the Greek Text should be turned, "he cannot see the Kingdom of God." So far is he from an entrance, that he comes not within sight of it, unless the New Creature be formed upon his heart. This New Nature, which God requires, is made up of an entire collection of all the saving Graces of the Spirit; therefore; the same gracious Will which requires the nature

be sincere, does also insist upon the sincerity of its gracious principles; such as Repentance towards God, Faith in the Blessed Jesus, and Love to God in Christ. "Except ye repent, ye shall likewise perish. He that believes not is condemned already. He that loves not the Lord Jesus, let him be accursed."—2. God has been pleased in wisdom to insist upon all possible improvement of this New Nature, and the gracious principles of which it does consist, that the desires of the Heart, and the endeavours of the Life, should constantly beat and point this way; that is, towards a more exact conformity to the blessed image of God's Holiness. Thus I have brought the whole of God's requiring Will into a narrow compass, that I may keep a more distinct view of it so long as I live. I know, indeed, the impotency of my nature, in the circumstances which Sin has brought upon me, to be so great, that I am well satisfied the wise God, who never laughs at the unhappiness of his creatures till they oblige him to it, did never intend that, by my own powers, I should ever bring my Heart and Life into a due conformity to his gracious Will. However, it is in mercy to me that he makes demands of duty at my hands; that, being sensible of my own insufficiency, I might apply myself, in the Redeemer's name, to the Father of all Things for a divine spirit, which he has promised, to relieve the sinful impotency of my own. I shall never quarrel with God because the terms of his requiring Will lie quite beyond my compass to perform, so long as there is the purchase and the promise of an Almighty Spirit, to take me up when I can come no farther. In short, the whole business of my *Life and Days* should be, might I have the opportunity to live them over once again, to bring my mind and heart to the nearest conformity possible with reference to what God requires of me, in order to my happiness; to work my spirit into a due temper and correspondence, to be sealed up for Heaven by the impress of the Divine Image, that God's holiness and the workmanship of the Spirit on me might answer each other, as face answers face in a glass—as feature corresponds to feature—and as the impression upon wax bears an exact similitude and proportion to the seal that made it. But, seeing my time past is beyond recovery, all I have to do is, to form

my *Life* according to this *New Idea*, and to labour for farther light from the Sacred Scriptures; that, when my days are finished, and my breath withdrawn, I may sleep in Jesus, having my life hid with him in God; and when the general Resurrection comes, "I shall behold his face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with his likeness."

Thus have I shewn, in general terms, how I would live over my days as a Religious Man; but, seeing more particular directions may be thought necessary, I will here lay down a few special Rules, which I would strictly observe, *might I be trusted with a New Life*; as, 1. Because fear hath torment, and no torment greater than the fear of Death, I would make the thoughts of Mortality familiar to me, and habituate myself into a capacity of dying: this would prevent the great amazement a fit of sickness many times begets. I would make Self-denial a great part of my study; a resolution sometimes (upon occasion) to deny myself some satisfactions which my appetite pursued, though they seemed very reasonable, would be found necessary; for then disappointments and cross accidents would be easy. I would endeavour never to value the censure of others, in the performance of what I apprehended to be my duty; neither would I suffer Ceremony, or Civility, at any time to hinder business. I would never be discouraged in my duty by the foresight or opinion of unsuccessfulness. If I happened to be of a complying and of an easy temper, I would never be hasty and lavish of promises: the performance might be troublesome. If I found myself of a grateful temper, I would never accept of unnecessary favours; the thoughts of requital are afflicting. If I was good-natured and full of compassion, I would not be unwarily free to Strangers, or Relations of mean fortune, lest they craved too much, and thought all I had their due. If melancholy, I would labour against it, as the parent of fears and scruples, which are vexatious and endless. If proud, I would consider it would create envy, contempt, and design, and is really the greatest folly; and yet we are marvellously subject to it. If passionate, I would study the prevention of the obvious occasions, consider the indecency and the many disturb-

ances of it, and be always on my guard. If given to Women, I would consider the shame, and scandal, and slavish fear of discovery. If malicious, I would consider the enmity and danger it begets; and that I must forgive, if I hope to be forgiven. If disputatious, I would consider how disobliging and uncivil it seems. Again might I live the years that are past, I would not be inquisitive into Secrets, or meddling in other men's affairs I was not concerned with. To be always asking of questions in company, is ill-breeding. I would never name or reflect on persons in promiscuous company: I know not their Relations, or whom I disoblige. I would not believe every man I conversed with as honest as myself, upon a friendly and complaisant address: the World is a great cheat, and we are strangely mistaken in one another. I would never be ashamed to ask pardon of whom I had injured, and make what restitution I was capable of. I would be a strict observer of the Golden Rule, and in every thing "do as I would be done by." I would not hastily think any man my enemy; it might make one; a man may be angry with me, and not hate me. I would expect, and resolve to bear with, many offences and indignities; and consider that no condition of life can be free from all disquiet; for aught I know, it would be dangerous. I would not easily believe reports concerning myself, nor one in forty of others. I would be cautious of undertaking greater designs than what were just, and suitable to my condition; then, if I miscarried, I should not be contemned. I would be careful to treasure up the remembrance of all God's mercies to me and mine; for gratitude is a good guard against sin. [Gen. xxxix. 9.] In time of great crosses and affliction, I would be sure first to pray for pardon of sin, and then I might, with earnestness and hopes, beg pity. [Matth. ix. 2, 5, 6; Isaiah lix. 1, 2.] When I prayed for pardon of my sins, because I often forget many sins I would repent of, I would be careful to mention "secret and forgotten sins." If I had any tenderness for the Fair Sex, I would resolve to marry; for to leave the management of my Family to Servants only, is neither for credit or profit; and to undertake all the little things of Housekeeping myself, would be gasping. Besides,

the dull converse of Servants only will either give scandal, or tempt me to ramble abroad. If my circumstances would permit, I would put myself into that state of life which most agreed with my temper.

I would never accustom myself to be too nice, curious, and fantastical, in Diet, Habit, or Attendance. In a word, might I "live o'er my days again," I would be grave and modest in all my actions, and would "serve God throughout the whole course of my life;" and to that end, every day, the first thing I did, and the first word I spake, should tend to the worship and acknowledgment of Almighty God. Upon our first thoughts commonly the thoughts and actions of the whole day do depend; and therefore, when I first awaked in the morning, I would spend some time in secret Prayer, remembering what Randolph says,

"First worship God: He that forgets to pray
Bids not himself 'Good Morrow,' nor 'Good Day.'"

When I had finished my Closet Devotions, I would read a Chapter, and pray in the Family; which ended, I would go and use any lawful recreation, either for my profit or pleasure; and from all these exercises I would reserve a time to sit down to some good study, and would use that most that would make me greatest, I mean Divinity; it would make me greater, richer, happier, than the whole World, if I could possess it. "If any man serve me," saith Christ, "him will my Father honour." John xii. 26. Therefore, if I desired Honour, I would serve the Lord, and I should certainly have it. If Riches was my aim, St. Paul assures me that "Godliness is great gain." If I did covet Pleasure, I would set David's delight before mine eyes: "I have had more delight in thy testimonies than in all manner of riches." Psal. cxix. And in Psal. iv. he saith, "Thou hast given me more joy of heart than in the time that their corn and their wine increased." And by reading Psalm xci. I should see what manner of blessings they are that God makes his Children merry withal. And when I had once fixed my heart to this Divine study, it would be so sweet to me, that I should study nothing but my Duty; that is, (might I be trusted with Life again) I would pass every

day in such employments as might be most meet and agreeable to that condition wherein God had placed me. I would not come to the place where Sin dwelt, and would "fly all appearance of evil;" Religion hath no greater enemy than conversing with wicked persons. Neither my actions nor discourses should be vain or frivolous, but should tend either to improve my judgment, or to better my affection. I would be a constant frequenter of the Morning Exercise; would make conscience of hearing two Sermons every Sunday; and would catechize my whole Family. I would remember that I was continually in the presence of God, and ought to live in obedience to all his commands. I would exercise my Charity upon all occasions, and let not one day pass me without some good work done by me, either of real honour to God, or of real charity to them that want it. When I had thought upon all the day past, how I had spent it; that is, what good or evil actions I had done (asking God pardon for all the offences of that day); after this I would retire to my closet; and, having secretly conversed with God, I would sing a Psalm, and pray again in the Family; and after that I would repair to rest; and, seeing my bed is a representation of the Grave, and sleep an image of Death, I would close my eyes with saying, "Lord, have mercy upon me, that I sleep not in Death; suffer me not to be overcome by any Phantasies, Dreams, or Temptations; and be my Defence against all the dangers and perils of this Night."

In this manner I would spend every day of my *New Life*; and when I received the Sacrament (which should be every Month), I would examine myself, "How I stood in the faith, profession, and practice of the Christian Religion, both before God and the World." The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper is the nearest and visiblest communion that can be had with God, and Christ, upon Earth.

Then what hopes could I have to see Christ in Heaven, if I never remembered his dying Love in the Eucharist? The Primitive Christians received it every day, and some amongst us* every Sunday; and for this reason (might I live over my days again) I would neglect no oppor-

* At St. Andrew's, Holbourn, and other Churches.

tunity of going to the Holy Sacrament; and the day before I received it, I would "lay aside all my thoughts of worldly affairs, and give myself to retirement." And though all are fit to receive the Sacrament that do not "live in a known sin;" yet, seeing "he that eats and drinks unworthily eats and drinks his own damnation," before I went to the Holy Communion, I would prepare myself thereunto, 1. By a clean and pure Conscience; 2. By a clear and assured Faith; 3. By a full and perfect Charity. Lastly; were I to live over my years anew, I would be sure to follow my Father's counsel*; that is, "in all things, and in all times, I would so think, speak, and act, as I might be willing to appear before God at Death and Judgment." But, above all, I would study and pray for a perfect resignation of my will to God's will; and with all imaginable application of mind say, "Not my will, but thy will be done;" and then (let the World either smile or frown) I should be as happy as I need desire.

These are some of those pious Rules (might I be new-born) should influence my Life and Practice, so far as I have yet lived: and how I spend that remaining time I have yet left, I shall here discover. In order to the better conduct of myself, I often call to mind that saying of St. Jerome, "I think I continually hear the voice of the Arch-angel sounding in my ears: 'Arise, ye Dead, and come to Judgment.'"

And that this may have its due effect, I thus, in my meditation in retirement, fix it in my mind. I consider the Lord of Heaven as "actually come to judge the Quick and Dead," and demanding of all an exact account of the several talents committed to the care of each, and of me in particular; namely, how I have employed—1. The Gospel, the faith in his merits. Whether I believe him to be Jesus my Saviour.—2. Whether I have been converted, *i. e.* turned to love him with all my heart; preferring him to all things, Honours, Pleasures, Riches?—3. Whether I have used all the other talents as one thus entirely devoted to God, and remembered each of them a trust only committed to me,

* In p. 46.

altogether unworthy, but not a propriety, to be used or not as I please; but, 4. in Obedience to him. 5. And in hopes of Future Glory, in proportion to this obedience, due to it by his promise only; and particularly, 1. Whether I have used my understanding to know God and his will, and not employed it in vain and useless speculations; or such studies that are absolutely necessary for my direction, support, or, at farthest, necessary refreshment of my mind. 2. How I have employed my Senses? first, have I used my sense of Bodily Pleasures only to judge of the health of my body, and the fitness of the things conducing thereto; secondly, my Eyes, to view God in his creatures; thirdly, my Ears, to hear all good, but stopped them against evil. 3. How I have employed my Speech, my Time, my Wealth, my Understanding, and my Reputation. Then I consider, what answer I can make to each of these; and as I know that no manner of excuse will then at all avail me, so I encourage my conscience to speak out, and to accuse, and to rebuke me sharply, if I have not done my duty.— Thus I spend those few sands that are yet running in the glass of my life; and as I am careful not to fall into sin, so, being fallen, not to lie in it; and, being surprized, not to stand in it. Confession is some part of satisfaction; by denying a little sin, I make it great; and by truly confessing a great sin to God, I make it none. I do not live in a known sin, or do any thing which may shut me out of Heaven: yet I will not despair if I should transgress; for though I think every sin great, yet none so great but may be forgiven. “Forgiveness of Sin” is an article of my faith; I deny the Creed if I deny that; I cannot wrong Jesus Christ more, than by making any sin bigger than his sufferings. But “shall I sin, that Grace may abound? God forbid!”

But, if my sad experience tells me that I have kept any reserve, any darling sin, any beloved lust; I hence am to conclude, I am not sincerely converted; I am not the faithful Servant who fully performs his Master’s will: I have not that “charity,” 1 Cor. xiii. “without which, all is nothing;” I do not love God with all my heart. And, for want of this perfect Love, I must conclude against myself, that, though I may say I believe, yet, since

Works (the most certain effect of a true faith) are wanting, I have not yet this true faith, and therefore I am left in a sad condition.

But, on the other hand, if I find never so many falls by inadvertency, or want of attention, or by sudden surprize, I think I should not so severely censure myself on this account; but may hope my faith is true, and my conversion sincere, though I am still but a babe in Christ. However, both in this and the former case, I do my utmost to reconcile myself to God. I humbly address our Mediator; I beg of him, on my behalf, to plead his Merits to his Eternal Father, and to Himself as God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost; the Three Persons in the One Infinite Essence. I beseech Him, that as He, being very and eternal God, took upon Him our nature, and therein suffered for me all that was due to my sins; so he would not now exact the same of me again, but give me leave to esteem myself wholly reconciled to God the Father through Him; and that He would grant me "the Seal of this Reconciliation," his most Holy Spirit, to enable me to love Him without reserve, and to obey Him entirely. This done, as the task of every day, I cheerfully return to my station, and depend upon Him, that He will now assist me by his Grace, and hereafter give me such degrees of glory as He shall see fit for me.

In this manner (by the grace of God) I will spend that remaining time I have yet to breathe. And as I have shaken hands with my *Old Life*, methinks I am already so near Heaven, I am as it were launched into a *New World*, and do already breathe the air of the Heavenly country.

How have I ravel'd out my life's first thread,
And fondly thrown my precious hours away!
For which my heart wears sable, though my head
Begins to turn the black it wore to grey!
Welcome grey thoughts; adieu, black youthful crimes:
'Tis time to change, in such a change of times.

It is true, I cannot *un-sin* the *Errors* of my past life; but (if that may recover my innocence) I do heartily repent of them; and if my affections are changed (though I cannot live over my days again) I am a new

man; in a spiritual sense; for the true penitent seems to breathe in another air from other men, and is as sincerely dead to this vain world, as a Stretton, Reynolds, Stenmet, or the humble and pious Guy. Oh; how glad should I be to go to Heaven in such company! And though I pray against sudden death, yet, when I am dying (if it be God's will) I desire a speedy passage; and I have no encouragement to hope that my glass hath many sands; for I find, by the many distempers that follow me, that I have almost acted my part, and that the curtain must quickly be drawn; but, "Lord, grant that, as the last rays of the setting Sun are the fairest, so I may die assured of Heaven;" and, if I spend my remaining time according to this *Idea*, I hope my sincere (though late) repentance will be accepted.

I own there are many that are called Christians, that can crowd a whole Week's Devotion into one Prayer; yea, some think it enough if they sum up their lives, and expire their last breath with "Lord, have mercy upon me." But, if I backslide into this number, this very *Idea* will be a witness against me at the Day of Judgement; "which God of his infinite mercy prevent, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

I have now finished my *New Idea* for the Stage of Marriage; and have also shewn (though I cannot live over my days again) how I will spend the remaining time I have yet left. Thus, with the Pelican, have I dissected my breast, to shew the Reader where the defects of humanity reside; and as I have given a true account of my past life (to the death of Iris), so I have been as sincere and open in my confession and repentance of all the *Errors* I could think of; and hope the *Idea* to each Stage of my Life is so full and impartial, as I might (were I to live over my days again) venture my Heavan and future happiness upon it.

Having now made the whole world my Confessor, I shall here hang out a flag of defiance to all my Enemies, to prove me either better or worse than I here declare; and therefore (as I shall shew anon) if any by these features of my confession imagine others to my prejudice, let them look to it; for I intend to fire a whole broad-

side among the Criticks; and, if they please, they may take this for a challenge to do their worst.

I thank God, I am prepared for the attacks of *Know-post* and *Vinegar*, and the worst enemies I have in the world; but they never considered this, when the Devil put it into their hearts to assault my name in the dark, and to whisper their *Enfeld lies*, with "Pray say nothing you had it from me;" by which it is impossible to find out the cut-throats. But, it seems, slandering is become the fashionable vice of the age; and I observe that most slanders owe their rise to the Fair Sex; but this is none of their fault, but the fault of the men, who make it their sport to abuse that virtue they cannot de-bauch. Lampoons and satires so much in fashion (in this witty age) are a ready way to murder any person's reputation; and I have reason to speak here, for Madam *Taudry* was pleased to slander the most pious Widow I ever knew (and for no other reason but) for her care of me in a dangerous sickness, though I must have perished without her assistance. I have not boarded at a place since I left my house where their diet, &c. has agreed with my crazy body; and if I am under a necessity to board myself, can I shew a greater regard to virtue, than to have a person provide my food (and tend my sickness) that is eminently pious; that makes conscience of public and secret prayer; that is very strict in observing the Sabbath, and who receives the Sacrament every month; and if any are so uncharitable as to question this, I can prove it by twenty witnesses; but sure no person can be so vile as to doubt my sincerity in this matter, for none but an Atheist would worship God in that constant and solemn manner *Climene* does, and yet live in a known sin. I bless God I live above such treatment! But, seeing we are commanded to be "wise as serpents, and innocent as doves," I have, on purpose, discovered my lodging to two eminent Divines, who honour me with their constant friendship; and, were it not that my debts oblige me to live *incognito*, I am very sure would publicly testify in what innocent manner I spend my life; and whoever asserts the contrary, deserves the name of a wilful slanderer; for which (were I his Judge) he should be thus punished: *Slander* should be inscribed upon his

forehead ; and on his back he should wear a Vulture in a gnawing posture, and before this Devourer should be inscribed *Reputation*. Thus he would appear in his own colours, and wear his own hieroglyphicks on his livery. Then, for his treatment in Conversation, the vilest inhumanities should be laid at his door, on purpose to teaze, and let him feel the uneasiness which he has given others without cause. And secondly, whenever he begins to nibble at the reputation of others, the quite contrary should as often be believed, and asserted to his face ; this would either reform him, or make him weary of conversation, so that he would be in no capacity of hurting people for the future. This would be a just punishment for *Knave-post*, *Vinegar*, and *Madam Taudry*, who were all the (private) Enemies I had in my *Old Life* ; but what they are to my *New*, I am not yet informed. However, it is some honour to me, that I was never reviled by persons of any credit ; neither does it more trouble me, what is talked of me when I am absent, than what will be talked of me when I am dead. An ill report (which I do all I can to avoid) doth not make me an ill man ; if I am careful to do nothing that deserves to be ill spoken of, it need not trouble me to be slandered undeservedly. St. Basil being asked why we should love those that speak ill of us, answered, " Because for their sakes it is that we are blessed, according to those words of Christ, ' Blessed are ye when men speak evil of you.' " I do not expect to have better luck than the great Sherlock, who could not pass through the world without a weasil nibbling at his reputation. " It is easy to dress up (even) an Apostle in a fool's coat, and to laugh at him ; " and therefore I perfectly contemn slander, which operates no farther than you make it ; and which nothing but an unmasculine timorousness, or slavish ambition of popularity, makes considerable.

Reader, if you measure yourself from abroad, you must be the cheapest thing alive. I will teach you the true way to popularity. " Let a sincere design of honour and justice be at the bottom of all your actions : let an exemplary piety and devotion make the world gaze upon you : let no base words, actions, or acquaintance, lessen the mention of you wherever you come." Then may you

defy censure: the good will honour, and the bad will fear you; you will be applauded by the wise, and then fools need not be courted. Whereas, on the other side, "If you shall forbear an action fit and reasonable; merely upon the account of the censure you are likely to undergo, you will often find it very hard to be honest and just;" and for this reason, I now live in a *Cell*, and study the Art of living *Incognito*.

It was here I projected "The Athenian Catechism," and "Poetic Chronicle." It is here, I am free from slander, and all impertinence. And if (as the Athenians say*), "my head is pregnant with agreeable and everlasting inventions;" it is (only) in a *private Cell* I have time to finish them.

Nothing looks in my retreat
Discontented, or unsweet;
Solitude dissolves the mind,
Makes it pleasant, free, and kind;
'Tis in shades and silence given,
Ev'ry extacy is Heaven!

I ever thought it unhappy and dangerous for a man to die full of noise and business: and men of action cannot so soon prepare for another life, as sedentary men of thought and study may. I have ever pitied those men whose necessitous employment and fortune have put them under an obligation of making even, at one time, the accounts of this world and the next. I therefore now fully resolve to *narrow* my thoughts, and take the advantage which age and experience give, of thinking strictly, and reviewing my past life; and, being freed from fancy, which often cheats the younger judgments, to consider how far the rules I have gone by, how specious soever to others, and pleasant to myself, may be consistent with a severe expectation of an account above, where pleasure, interest, and passion, must disappear; and therefore I never value myself by the good (or bad) opinion of others, but by the applause of my own conscience.

JOHN DUNTON.

* In their Letter dated October 11., 1704.

CHAPTER IX.

BRIEF CHARACTER (WRITTEN IN 1704) OF SOME EMINENT PERSONS, WHOSE VIRTUES OR ERRORS I SHALL HAVE OCCASION TO MENTION IN THE SECOND PART OF MY LIFE.

THE first person I shall here more fully characterize is our Sovereign Lady QUEEN ANNE.

The most illustrious Princess ANNE, our present Queen, was born Feb. 6, 1662. She was second Daughter to the late King James, and only Sister to the late Queen Mary. Many and conspicuous were the prognostics of a true piety, that shined forth in the early dawn of her life. She spent her childhood in those studies by which generous and illustrious souls are raised to the expectation of great fortunes. Having furnished herself as well with Christian as Royal Virtues, she began to write Woman. In her 15th year, her least perfection would render another most accomplished. She was no other than an union of superlatives. Charity, piety, virginity; all were in her at height. Her singular humility adorned all the rest; and all this while she continued a Subject, and had only the government of her own little inward Commonwealth. But a private Court was not a Hill high enough for the notice of a Virgin so exemplary; for her spreading fame reaching the Danish Court, Prince George of Denmark petitions for her Royal Heart (the only man in the world that could merit so great a Princess); and they have lived so lovingly since their * Marriage, that sure enough "The Banns of their Matrimony were asked in Heaven." The very Angels clap their wings when two such Lovers marry, and make the heavenly roof sing with joy. But, should I trace this glorious Princess through all the perfections in which she shined (either as a Wife or Christian) in a lower orb, I should not know how to begin, nor where to end. Neither was she less accomplished in the Art of Obedience whilst she was a Sub-

* Which was July 28, St. Anne's Day, in 1683.

ject, than that of Government since she has been our Queen ; as appears by the Letter she sent to her Mother (then Queen of England) upon her Husband's going over to the Prince of Orange ; for in her Letter is this expression : " Madam, never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty and affection, to a Father and a Husband ; and therefore I know not what to do, but to follow one, to preserve the other." Having proceeded thus far in the Princess's Character, and briefly shewn how she lived as a Subject, I shall next consider her as Queen of England. And here I find, that the lustre of a Crown was not able to dazzle her. As she was always like herself through the whole course of her life ; so neither did she swerve from herself at her Coronation. Our pious Queen, the more she was graced and dignified, the more she was humbled ; and was so little fond of wearing a Crown, she told the Parliament, " that nothing could encourage her to undertake the great weight and burden a Crown brings, but the great concern she had for the preservation of Religion, and the Laws and Liberties of England." Though the Queen had these modest notions of her own perfections ; yet her Subjects admired her, and thought none so fit for the supreme dignity as Anne, late Princess of Denmark. And whereas other women, had they risen to a Crown, would have studied nothing but rich tissues and embroideries to wear, and the most costly carpets to tread on ; she meditates plainness in dress and apparel ; and, if I may believe my eyes (when I was last at her Majesty's Chapel), is a great instance of self-denial in her train and look. Never was Majesty better tempered. She knows how to be familiar without making herself cheap ; and to condescend without meanness. She has all the greatness of Majesty, with all the virtues of conversation ; and knows very well what becomes her Table, what the Council-board, and what the Chapel. The perfection of a Prince may be comprehended within these five qualities — Piety, Wisdom, Justice, Goodness, and Valour ; Piety fits him for God, Wisdom for himself, Justice for the Law, Valour for Arms, and Goodness for the whole World : and all these are eminent in the Life and Reign of her present Majesty. Then it is no wonder that Queen

Anne should have the love of all her Subjects; for such is the condition (and, as it were, the destiny) of good Princes: "They have a heart and soul in every one of their Subjects;" their blood and veins disperse themselves throughout all the parts of their dominions; and their least wounds are followed by public symptoms and popular maladies. Thus have I given a brief account of the Life and Character of Queen Anne, from her Birth to her Coronation; and have mentioned those five perfections of a good Monarch, that have been so eminent in her since she was Queen; by which it appears, she is the best of Queens, and best of Women. Her heart is *entirely English* *. She is kind and indulgent to all her Subjects; recommends moderation in all her Speeches; would have us entirely united at home †; and makes Religion the principal jewel of her Crown.

To conclude, all our Votes shall pass, "that her Sacred Majesty may long, long, long, reign over us." To which, no doubt, all true Protestants will say, "Amen. God save the Queen."

In short, she is——

The fairest daughter of the fairer kind,	
In form an Angel, and a Saint in mind:	
Wise without fear of danger and deceit;	}
Amidst the business of the Court, sedate;	
Watchful, yet without care, without ambition great.	}
The living standard of a Consort's love,	
Flaming as Angels, spotless as the nuptial dove;	
Oh, may she deathless as her fragrant memory prove!	

Having given a brief account of the Life of our Gracious Queen, I should next characterize the Royal Consort of her bed, PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.

To begin with his Birth. PRINCE GEORGE is second Son of Frederic III. late King of Denmark, and Uncle to

* The motto on Queen Anne's Coronation medal; on which Swift grounded his satirical lines on the Union with Scotland, beginning,

"The Queen has lately lost a part
Of her *entirely English* heart;
For want of which, by way of botch,
She piec'd it up again with Scotch." EDIT.

† See her Speech to the Parliament, Oct. 24, 1704.

Christian V. the present King. He was born at Copenhagen in April 1653; and in 1668 he went to travel into several parts of Europe. As he came into the world with all the advantages of a Royal Birth and Education; so he has rendered both yet more conspicuous by his matchless virtues. By these, though he is not crowned; he hath a title to all our hearts. Thus the morning of his life was clear and calm; and ever since, his whole life has been a continued series of heroic actions. While he practised but the rudiments of War, he out-went all other Captains, and has found none to surpass but himself alone. He fought several Battles in Denmark, Sweden, Ireland, &c.; and wherever he charged in person, he was a conqueror. Having traced this illustrious Hero through his dawning years, and followed him through fire and smoke in the gaining of victories; I will now start back from the roaring of cannon, to consider Prince George as Husband to our Sovereign Lady. This makes him the second person, for place and dignity, in the three Kingdoms; and may he live long to enjoy this deserved honour! As the Queen and Prince are equally matched as to their birth and fortunes, so their mutual deportment is always becoming the dignity and dearness of the conjugal state. The Queen is one of the kindest of Wives, as appears by the revenue she *erected* for the Prince after her death; and a pattern of fidelity to all her sex: and the Prince is such an instance of conjugal love to the whole Court, where once it was a jest to admire a Wife, that he never strays from his Spouse (now his Sovereign Lady) in thought, word, or deed. As this Royal Pair, to the shame of those Courtiers that keep strumpets, have been ever true to their marriage-bed, so God has blessed them with several Children; the last which died being *William Duke of Gloucester*, who gave great hopes of his Princely parts and virtuous inclinations; and, had he outlived his Mother, had come in as next Heir to the Crown. Thus we see the Prince fears nothing but God, and loves nothing on earth like the Queen, and the Kingdoms she governs; and, if ever any, Prince George of Denmark is a good man. He ventured his all in the late Revolution, and did all that was possible to deliver us from Popery and Slavery. Valour is so essential a part

of his Royal Highness, that it is part of his being; and the happy effects of it, for the support of "his native Country," for he so calls England * by the endearing tie of marriage, are never to be comprehended but by admiration. In him alone are to be found all the virtuous qualities of the best Princes in the world, without the vices of any of them. To sum up his character in few words, "He is the pattern and standard of conjugal love; a universal gentleman; and, if we view him as Lord High Admiral of England, we shall see him as the soul of the Royal Navy, acting vigorously, and regularly, every particular member in its several place and office." There has always been in his Royal Highness a most tender regard to the honour of England; and this kindness to England is a love common to him with a Wife the most excellent of Queens. He is married to a Queen who only could deserve him; and they *equally reign*; her Majesty, by the Laws of the Land, and by the joint desire of all her Subjects; and his Royal Highness, by a continued series of great actions, has erected him a Throne in every heart, the noblest Seat of Empire; and may he reign and govern there, as *King*, till he is crowned with immortality; and when their *mutual reign* is ended, for they love so tenderly they will go near to expire together, may they have nothing to do but to die and be *crowned* together above! And as his Royal Highness has adorned the Crown on her Majesty's head by his *ruling* in her subjects hearts, so it shall be our daily prayer that he may further make the Nation happy, by a *legitimate* Prince of Wales, who may succeed him in his Royal virtues, and continue the Crown, *entirely English*, to the end of Time.

The Royal Tide teems in his Princely veins,
 And Virtue still the kindling life maintains;
 Chaste Love and Courage blazon o'er his fame,
 And with meridian beams write down his name,

THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF ENGLAND †. She ever had the character of being a very merciful, just, and

* In the letter he sent King James, upon his going over to the Prince of Orange.

† Catharine, the Dowager Queen of King Charles II. characterized as "Kate, our Sovereign's Mute, of the Royal House of Lisbon." EDIT.

peaceable Queen, never intermeddling with State matters. For her Religion, it is that of the Roman Catholic; but she still lives in our Litany; and who knows but the many prayers that are made for her may prevail with the Almighty to accept of the sincerity of her heart, notwithstanding the errors of her Religion?

Amidst the comely ruins of her face,
Some strokes of Majesty her aspect grace;
Her Royal Virtues not more brightly shone,
When, with her Charles, she bless'd the British Throne.

THE PRINCESS SOPHIA. The Succession of the Crown, after Queen Anne, and her Issue, is settled on this Lady, and the illustrious House of Hanover; who is a most accomplished person for Piety, Justice, Charity, and Moderation.

From Royal Loins her bright extraction springs,
Whilst she reflects more than her Lineage brings;
A shining host of Virtues round her wait,
And vindicate her name from Time and Fate.

The victorious *Duke of Marlborough*, Captain General of her Majesty's Forces in Flanders, &c.; and, for his great victories obtained this year in Bavaria, is now made "Prince of the German Empire." This great General has an antipathy, by nature, against Popery and Arbitrary Government; and seems made for that very end to fight a Frenchman. He has a Life at the service of his Queen, his Country, and all Mankind. The very name of Cressy or Agincourt charms him; and he would much rather be buried there, in the Bed of Honour, than tamely die at home in his own. And indeed, what need a General fear, who, like the noble Marlborough, has the very hearts of his Soldiers, by his valour and generous nature? And I had almost said his Soldiers are as brave as he; for there is not a man in his whole Army knows what it is to murmur at or dispute his commands, any more than "to fly while he in person leads the battle;" which he will, if the Enemy will stand long enough to be killed, "through a sea of blood." Our valiant Marlborough had rather get new wounds, which he wears, as great men Stars, than boast of his old; and be in a new battle, than talk of those he has

formerly seen. Nature itself he can fight with, though perhaps not overcome. Rocks, Mountains, Rivers, Deluges, and Winter, never make him afraid*. He may retire, but never runs away; and his retreat is like the Sun, which mounts so low in Winter, only to take the advantage of wheeling about, and rising again in Summer, when saucy Fogs and Mists must all fly before him. This gives us hopes that the *Wild Beast* of France all this while keeps the World at a bay, only to bring more glory to the *English Mastiffs*, in tearing him to the ground. The victorious Marlborough rises in the Spring, like a snake that has lost his cloathing, all fresh, sprightly, and vigorous, calls for "New Bavarias, new Armies, new Kingdoms to conquer, and an Enemy that dare fight him;" and, if he falls in the battle, knows his cause is well worth it, and desires no better an Epitaph than these few words,

"——HERE LIES AN *ENGLISHMAN*."

But I shall not here recite all those heroic actions of this great General, which all Europe have celebrated, and none have equalled; nor can we doubt but the memory of his great actions will last, when Time shall have devoured the places where they were performed. When Donawart, Hockstet, and Landau, shall be a heap of rubbish, and the names might otherwise be swallowed in the ruin; they will be remembered by the greatest actions in the world, done there by the greatest Hero. Thus we find in the noble Marlborough the true spirit and bravery of Old Rome, that despises all dangers; nor can the manly roughness of his martial temper (fierce to none but his Country's Foes) destroy the engaging *sweetness* of his natural temper. Neither do these excellences puff him up; for, to complete his character, he is the brave Marlborough I have here described, without the least tincture of Pride or Vanity:

The noblest purple swells his generous veins,
Which yet he bravely spends in long campaigns:
A thirst of fame his gallant breast inspires,
And only Albion's peace can quench the fires.

* How exactly does this describe the immortal WELLINGTON; as the *Wild Beast* does the overwhelming Tyranny of Napoleon! EDIT.

See! how in comely dust and smoke he stands,
 Whilst nodding Fortune flies where he commands;
 Nor is his conduct, or his victories less,
 Amidst the fields and softer scenes of Peace:
 He is accessible, as are the skies;
 Whilst his tongue wounds us, as his Duchess' eyes.

The generous and noble *Duke of Devonshire*. His Grace is Lord of the Manor where my estate lies*; by which means I have had an opportunity to know his character. I shall not here take notice of the nobleness of his extraction, and the greatness of his descent. These are little things, not to be named with the admirable endowments of his mind. He merits all the deference that can be paid to a man of honour; for the noble blood that has filled his veins has not swelled his heart. His Grace is as humble as he is great; and though Lord Steward of her Majesty's Household, &c. he uses such an obliging mien to all, as if he thought the only thing valuable in greatness is the power it gives to oblige. Designing but a short character of this worthy patriot, let us look for him next, where he appears best, in the Noble House of Lords, if it be not a sort of sacrilege to approach that little less than holy ground; settling the concerns of such a Nation as, perhaps, requires the wisest Heads in the World to do it; righting the Oppressed and Innocent, and promoting such good and wholesome Laws as Fifty Ages hence may bless him for. He had ever a mighty zeal for the Protestant Religion, for the interest of his Country, its Laws and Liberties. In the late time of difficulty and persecution, he was a strenuous defender of them. To conclude his character, his Honour he wears decently and easily, as if he rather condescended to, than ambitioned it; more for use than ornament; and for his Country's sake rather than his own.

The learned and noble *Duke of Buckingham*. He has all the powers of the soul in the highest perfection; a piercing wit, a quick apprehension, and an unerring judgment. He understands, critically, the *delicacies* of Poetry; is as great a Judge as he is a Patron of Learn-

* At Chesham, in Bucks.

ing; and were there any merit in Greatness, the Duke of Buckingham would be adored; for he has such a noble House in St. James's Park *, as may properly be called the Elysium of England; and, were not his Grace better principled than to forget Heaven for the sake of a *perishing glory*, he would little think of Mansions hereafter, who has such a Paradise as this to dwell in; but the generous man, like this illustrious Duke, is little affected with empty Greatness; but fixes himself in the hearts of the most valuable part of mankind, where proper merit only is esteemed; and the man, not his equipage and accidental appurtenances, respected.

The noble and loyal *Duke of Leeds*. He is lord of himself. His Passions are so many good servants, which stand in a diligent attendance, ready to be commanded by Law, Reason, and Religion. He is a great Statesman, and a true Son of the Church. And where shall we find strict morals, unaffected Devotion, refined Loyalty, or that old English Hero that made France and the World tremble, if not in the great Leeds? Neither can I forget his useful and noble Charities; and, as he is liberal to the poor, so he is courteous to all. Neither are any of his graces and virtues blemished by vanity or affectation.

The pious and illustrious *Duke of Newcastle*. He has the distinguishing love of his Queen and Country; is arrived in Titles next to Royal, the highest; and is blest with a Princely Fortune. If we search into his Life and Character, we shall find it a noble pattern of Piety, Learning, and Moderation; and, which yet makes him the greater blessing, he is a zealous promoter of the *Reformation*. And, if it be not *ill-manners* to follow him so far, let us look into his well-ordered Family in Clerkenwell †; and there we shall see him exercising that hospitality which, like Astrea, might seem to have left the World, were there not some good houses, like his, where she is so well entertained as to oblige her continuance amongst us.

* Now the Queen's Palace. EDIT.

† Newcastle House, in Clerkenwell-close, was then esteemed a very fashionable residence; as indeed were several other places still further Eastward. EDIT.

The truly noble and illustrious *Duke of Bedford*. We must travel many ages back in the leaves of Time, to discover the Spring of his very ancient and renowned Family. He is Son and Heir to the great Lord Russell, who died a Martyr for the Protestant Religion; and there is no reason to doubt but that his Grace, by his own personal worth and merit, will add lustre to that of his Noble Family. He succeeds, not only to the Honours of his Ancestors, but also to their Virtues. The long chain of Magnanimity, Courage, Easiness of access, and Desire of doing good, is so far from being broken in his Grace, that the precious Metal yet runs pure to the newest link of it; which I will not call the last, because I hope and pray it may descend to late Posterity; and his flourishing Youth, and that of his pious and excellent Duchess, are happy omens of this wish. I heartily join with Dr. Freeman, in his Prayer for him, "that his Grace may outlive the years of his Grandfather; and, if it be possible, outshine his Virtues." Who can sufficiently admire, or fully imitate, the sweetness of his temper? The greatness of his Birth makes him the more humble: even a Crown might be refused with pride, and worn with humility; so that Heaven has taken care to form his Grace for an Hero. He has all the advantages of mind and body, and an illustrious birth, conspiring to render him an extraordinary person.

James, Duke of Queensberry. He had an eminent relation to our late glorious Monarch, when he represented him in the station of High Commissioner; and his great merits did again prefer him to the same character under his excellent Successor; so that he has been twice High Commissioner; and it further heightens his character, that he is a *Williamite Duke*, if I may so speak; for he early embarked on the Revolution bottom (was one of the first of the Noblemen in Scotland that declared for the Prince of Orange), and was eminently zealous and constant to the ends and measures of his late Majesty. And no man will doubt this, that reads his Speech to the Scotch Parliament, wherein he says, "While Religion and Liberty are in any value, King William's memory must be in perpetual honour." I might enlarge in his Grace's character, but that his Fame, by the

many services he has done the Crown, has made it needless.

His cares are pressing, as his post is high;
He wins not honour by Court policy.
Long may the laurels on his temples spring,
Counsel, and all the conduct of a King.

The illustrious *Duke of Shrewsbury*. He has a fine and just taste of what is great and honourable; a turn of soul, and depth of judgment, which distinguish him from the Vulgar in every thing he speaks and acts.

The pious *Marquis of Hartington*. His goodness is as diffusive as his greatness is illustrious. The name which he has acquired by his Merit is as great as that which he took from his Family; and he will transmit more lustre to his Posterity, than he derives from his Ancestors.

The wise, valiant, and charitable *Earl of Galway*, formerly Lord Justice of Ireland, and now General of her Majesty's Forces in Portugal. I shall not here take notice of the nobleness of his extraction, and the greatness of his Descent. These are little things, not to be named with the sweetness of his temper, his love to England and Ireland, and his sincere and unaffected piety. Nothing but Sin has his frown; the good actions of men have his praise, their weakness his excuse, their afflictions his pity, and their distresses his succour.

The loyal *Earl of Rochester*. He is Uncle to Queen Anne; and Brother to the Earl of Clarendon. King William III. finding him qualified for a high post, made him Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. His Excellency seemed to be set in this conspicuous place, on purpose to guide the people into the path of love and obedience to their God and King. He is a person of extraordinary sense, and very close thinking; a refined Politician, and was ever a firm adherer to the Royal Line; but his zeal for the Church is the most remarkable quality in him, and so perfumes the actions of his whole life, that it makes him whatever is brave, generous, merciful, just, and good. Take him in all his stations, as Ambassador, Privy Counsellor, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, &c. there is still the same vein of English bravery, true courage, due moderation, eternal truth and fidelity, that run through

him without distinction. But I will stop here; for what greater proof of all these virtues, than King William's choice of him to represent his Royal Person in Ireland?

His Sires deceas'd in ancient Annals shine;
And he the brightest of the Princely Line.

The learned *Earl of Pembroke*. And here I am proud that I cannot flatter. Greatness is indeed communicated to some few of both sexes; but Learning and Wit are confined to a more narrow compass. They are not shared by many, and their supreme perfection is in this noble Earl.

The noble *Earl of Warrington*. He has given early proofs of steering the whole course of his life by the correct and almost perfect example of his noble Father. In this respect, brave men never die; but are like the Phoenix, from whose perfumed ashes one or other still doth spring up like them.

The magnanimous *Earl of Essex*, Son to the noble *Capel*, who was barbarously murdered by Popish cut-throats. He is a bright pattern of Virtue and Courage; an Ornament to the Nobility; a Patron of Liberty, and honoured and beloved by all good men.

The Right Honourable *Earl of Dorset*. I have not room, or would treat at large of his matchless Poetry, and shew how good a master he is in the most substantial and valuable parts of Learning. It is to him we owe the birth of several ingenious Pieces. And all he advanced is well bottomed, solid, and yet lively and grave, as well as shining. His Discourses are the living mirror of his mind and temper; and shew some secret charm that inspires all he says. A man cannot read his Writings a minute, and leave them in an ill humour. The serenity that runs through them lays the very passions of the peruser; and he is all filled with ideas that are calm and pleasant. The Statesman, or Poet, appears in all he writes; and every line is a vein of Oratory. His style is manly and fine; and should a man venture to give the least sentence a turn, he would perfectly spoil it. In a word, he is a complete Statesman, a first-rate Poet; and a Peer of great Honour and Learning.

The loyal *Earl of Nottingham*. I shall not speak of the wit and parts of this great Man, or of those exemplary virtues that shined so bright in his youthful days: To give a character of all these, would require a volume. He was Principal Secretary of State for several years, and was always faithful to his great Trust. All the *Finches* have been famous for their wit and learning; and this noble Earl is a master of eloquence; yet his Speeches in Parliament were never known to falter with the secret glosses of double or reserved senses; and when his name is traduced (as has been the fate of the best Favourites) his innocency bears him out with courage; so that, come what will, he either triumphs in his integrity, or suffers with it. His Loyalty and Honour have cost him much; and he does both keep, value, and employ them; and, which crowns his character, he is a Peer of strict and remarkable justice, an excellent Paymaster, and a most accomplished Gentleman.

The *Lord Godolphin*, Lord High Treasurer of England. He has a great and noble fortune; but it is chiefly so to him, because he has a great and noble mind to employ it to the best uses. When Popery invaded our Established Religion, he was one of those Noble Patriots that defended it with an upright zeal. He understood our Constitution entirely, and that made him the more hearty in asserting it upon all occasions. He is a Statesman of a profound and orthodox judgment (with a happy cool temper), which deservedly gains him so great reputation with all loyal and good men. In the Public Worship of God, he is a bright example of solemn and unaffected devotion. He is great in all valuable excellences, nor greater in any than in his most condescending goodness; and, which crowns his Character, he performs all the duties and relations of human life with sincere piety.

The polite and noble *Lord Halifax*.—I will not here pretend to give the world the Character of this great Peer. That would be as if an unskilful hand should presume to draw Sir Godfrey, and then present him with the Picture. Great Wits and great Painters are ablest to draw themselves. He has done it for himself so gloriously, by the extraordinary graces and particular fire in his Poetry, that he who will not take him for a great

Poet by what he has said in King William's praise (if there can be so stupid a wretch), will hardly believe it upon what I can declare; and he who will not believe him a judicious Critick upon his own *Remarks*, will hardly believe it upon mine.—Thus far the ingenious Motteux, in his Dedication to this Noble Wit, whilst he was one of the Lords Commissioners of King William's Treasury. I shall add to his Character—His Fancy is brisk and beautiful; and his Poems witness he knows how to soar to a pitch of transport and ecstasy whenever he pleases; so that those who read any of his Works must be very intent, if some beauty of expression, or stretch of reason, do not escape their notice, among that throng of delicacies which embellish his productions. He is also well read in Humanity, and familiar with the politer branches of Literature, as Morality, Oratory, &c. so that the only difficulty here is, which Faculty is his master-piece. Neither does the softness and harmony of his soul prejudice him against the knots and intricacies of the Schools; and yet he is such a Votary to Reason, that he does disrelish the notions of the ablest Philosophers, if inconsistent with the measures of good thinking. Yet all these Studies do not divert him from the Study of Himself: he repeats this lesson with constancy and severity, as the evenness and regularity of his conversation abundantly shew. To conclude his Character: He is affable, easy, and obliging, candid and ingenuous; and all these qualities are so well tempered, that he is almost without precedent.

The learned and noble *Lord Haversham**. His penetration and deep knowledge in the affairs of Europe (as appears by his excellent Speeches) supply him with expedients in those intricacies where most other Politicians are at a stand. He is a Patriot of a public and discerning spirit (was against passing the Occasional Bill); and asserts the Rights of the Church of England, without persecuting the Dissenters. He has about him all the *tenderness* of good-nature, as well as all the *softness* of friendship. He carries himself with wonderful conduct

* Sir John Thompson, bart. having been active in the House of Commons for the Revolution, was created Baron of Haversham 1696, and died 1709. EDIT.

and loyalty ; and has a quick and generous sense of the miseries of mankind.

The charitable *Earl of Thanet*. He is made up of compassion and goodness (I could name several Families he has kept from starving) ; and his whole conduct may be safely followed, as the perfect standard of Piety and Virtue.

The grave *Lord Paget*. To do justice to the merits of this antient Peer, is a task of more weight than my time will allow, or indeed my abilities ; for, to draw him to the life, one must speak like him (that is, with all the softness of the fair sex, and all the fire of ours). When a traveller like him appears, all are inspired with wonder and delight.

The noble *Lord Wharton*. He descended from a pious and antient Family ; and, being a true Patriot and generous Man, is universally admired.

Sir Nathan Wrighte, Knight, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England. He is deservedly advanced to the highest pinnacle of State Preferments ; and his conduct is so wise and loyal, as convinces the world that it is only religious and real Goodness establishes Greatness. He knows, and deserves, all the respect due to his high place ; but he does not suffer empty Titles to puff him up, or permit inequality of state to work strangeness of countenance. My only Brother* had an honourable post by his recommendation ; and he is kind and generous to all his Relations. He was faithful to his great trust when King William reigned, and is now as loyal to Queen Anne ; and, should his Country call him, would refuse no hazard, think much of no charge, to preserve it. In a word, he excels in every grace ; but his great Humility is the most shining character of all his actions, and his large Charity the most useful—

The cares of counsel o'er his aspect reign ;
Though great, he's just : nor, midst his honours, vain ;
His life's an equal thread, correctly spun ;
Secure his interest, when his days are done.

Sir John Holt, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of England. He is so impartial in his administration of Justice, that we may call him "a second *Hale*." He makes the Laws and true interest of England the standard and measure

* Mr. Lake Dunton.

of all his actions. Wherever he sits as Judge, we behold Justice with her Sword and Balance equally dividing, and impartially weighing out, the Rewards of Virtue, and Punishment of Vice ; Poverty never excluding the innocent, nor Power absolving the guilty. His eminent Piety, as well as his high place, has ever set him above Bribes. Like the first *Hale*, he esteems them venomous though they come gilded over with the colour of gratitude. And as his Justice is blind to all Offenders, so his hands are continually open to receive the Petitions of the meanest. To conclude his Character : He is exactly honourable, pious, and faithful to his great trust ; and, if ever that character belonged to any man, it does to his Lordship—"that he lives universally beloved ; and whenever he dies (he is such a public blessing) will be as generally lamented."

The sovereign power he poises in the scale
With common rights ; nor that, nor these prevail :
He frowns on Vice, on Virtue casts a smile ;
And Albion now turns a reforming Isle.

The valiant *Sir George Rooke*. He is Admiral in Chief of her Majesty's Fleet ; and if all under him do but follow their Leader, they need do no more. How many valiant Seamen does such a courageous Captain make ! The late Victory at Sea was wholly owing to his conduct and valour. The cannons which shattered his Fleet could not move his courage. And what wonders did he do at Gibraltar ! It was here he chased bright Fame with the roaring cannon.

See, see, the volleys ! Hark ! the cannons roar,
And stop his dreadful passage to the shore !
Yet, midst the hostile noise, the power attends ;
Amidst their flying squadrons he ascends,
And now, like lightning, all their breaking ranks he rends.

"Cheer ho, Seamen ! clap on more sail, and never fear, for you carry Rooke (a braver man than Cæsar) in the boat." In a word, Sir George is patient of all hardships and fatigues ; if he may not be said rather to enjoy than endure them. He knows his business at Sea is not so much to eat as to fight. It is not Money, but Honour, he ventures his life for ; and whoever consi-

ders his matchless Bravery in the late Victory at Sea, will call him the *Invincible Admiral*.

*Robert Harley, Esq.** His merit is greater than his Fortune, though Fortune has partly reconciled the Man of Wit, her strongest Enemy, to her, by the honourable post she has judiciously conferred upon him: He is both Principal Secretary of State, and Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons. In this high place, he is the same good man that he ever was. The honour which he has received from the Queen and Parliament has made no alteration in his former engaging temper and carriage. He is still as free, and as affable to his meaner friends, as he was before; whereas we daily see many persons whom a little honour, or advancement, changes from all the good qualities they once possessed, to loftiness and pride; and though this may not cause them to lose some outward civilities from those that are dazzled with their shining grandeur, yet they do thereby lose all that reverence and esteem in the minds of men which otherwise they might expect; but this worthy Patriot never forgets the duties of his high place, the ties of friendship, or the practice of generosity. He knows the Constitution of the Government in which he lives; and knows that it has entrusted him with a high station on purpose to trim the Vessel of the Commonwealth—if Prerogative sways too far on the one side, to step over to Property; if that should be troublesome, to lean again to the other; and by his great prudence and moderation to keep all things steady and even. But, though his Honour comes to his high places with this long train of virtues, and with a purpose of doing good to all (I will not except the Dissenters themselves); yet he must expect that his high preferment will contract an envy upon him from Jacobites and Papists, whose dim eyes cannot see, or whose cankered spirits will not weigh his zeal for the Church and State in a righteous scale. "The Hill of Honour is dangerously trod, though by never so fair and meritorious feet;" and envious men hate to acknowledge a worth beyond their own; the Promotion that falls not on their own heads grieves their hearts, and is spoken against: but sure his Honour is an exception from this rule; for,

* Afterwards Earl of Oxford. EDIT.

if ever any Minister of State had every body's good word, it is Mr. Secretary Harley.

Sir Thomas Lyttleton, Knight and Baronet. His person is of the middle size; his temper even and agreeable. He loves Religion, but he hates extremes. His Piety and Devotion are unaffected, and yet as remarkable as his love to the Church of England. He was formerly Speaker of the House of Commons, and is in the Parliament-house a true Englishman—"still the same:" you know where he will be; for, the good of his Country being always in his eye, he never moves. He is a strenuous assertor and defender of his Country's Religion and Rights against all opposers, and that in a lawful and Parliamentary method: being a person of great judgment. He is free from faction, and noise, and anger; and is a true lover of his Queen and Country—

Fair Albion's Senate, once a listening throng,
Confess'd the wondrous beauties of his tongue:
His Country's Patriot, and the Land's defence;
For this, as well as that, shares the kind Providence.

Sir Henry Ashurst, Knight and Baronet. He is blest with an inquisitive genius, a noble freedom of thought, and a generous love of Truth; his public spirit and shining virtues are too conspicuous to be concealed from general observation, and his Charity is not confined to Sects and Parties.

The Right Honourable *John Howe*, Esq. He is advanced to the honour of a Privy Counsellor, and is deservedly famed for his Wit and Loyalty. He agrees to a hair with the Doctrine of the Church of England, and conforms to all her Rites and Ceremonies; and yet his zeal for the Church (whatever the Dissenters may say of it) has nothing of phrenzy or passion in it. He speaks fine things in the House of Commons, dressed up in a clean and charming vehicle; and his Knowledge is of so large an extent, that, if it were not for the variety of Vouchers, I should be afraid to say all I have heard. In a word, he is a complete Gentleman, and discharges his high post with great Justice, Honour, and Conscience.

Sir Humphrey Muckworth. He is a true Son of the Church, as appears by his learned Writings; and his zeal

against Occasional Conformity has endeared his name to all true Dissenters. He is a man of a clear head, and a great ornament to the House of Commons. In most things he is a pattern worthy to be imitated; and in many things it will be difficult for most I know to resemble him. His conversation is frank, as if he had nothing else to recommend him, and as pleasant and innocent as you can suppose an Angel's. He always expresses a great deal of modesty and humility in his carriage and conduct; and his Charity is very remarkable. Censoriousness, and speaking ill of persons, or believing easily any bad reports of others, are vices he has a great aversion to. Loyalty and Kindness are his peculiar virtues. The pleasures and vanities of the World are his burthen rather than objects of his desires; and in the midst of Temporal Honours and Plenty, he preserves a mind mortified to these impertinencies.

Sir Edward Seymour. He is the Standard of Wit and Loyalty. He has considered exactly the beauties and true mystery of style; and when he speaks in the House of Commons, it is with so much reason and eloquence, he is listened to as an Oracle. His sentences never run a man out of breath, but are short and clear; and whenever he speaks to the House, he says no more than is just necessary to convey the ideas of things with force and evidence; so that his Audience is always well entertained, and surprized with something new, and out of the beaten road. This learned Patriot was lately Comptroller of her Majesty's Household; but the pomp of Greatness, attendance upon Courts, and a high Station, had something in them contrary to his humble Genius. To conclude: His Life shined in every part (both public and private); his Character is unblemished; and his Virtue too bright and exemplary to be soiled by any ordinary artifice.

Sir Thomas Roberts. He is a Patriot that pays a deference and respect to all that bear the image of Christ, under what denomination soever they pass; and has a most particular zeal against all severities and persecution upon the account of Religion. The Lord's-day particularly he sanctifies, by shewing a good example at Church, and taking care at home that his Family is

employed in hearing and understanding things which belong to the everlasting peace. The Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist he has learnt to prize at a very great rate; and his preparations for it, by fasting and prayer, and holy exercises, the Week before, are such, that he convinces those about him, that receiving worthily is a thing of the highest consequence. Great prudence and discretion also appear in the management of his secular affairs. He always keeps within the compass that his estate will bear; and, when chosen a Member of Parliament, he serves his Country with great fidelity.

Sir St. Andrew St John. He is an exact pattern of true Piety, Learning, and Moderation. It is in his Family, wherein not an oath nor a prophane jest can be heard, where sobriety is habitual, where Virtue and Religion triumph, and the worship of God is daily and devoutly performed.

The generous *Sir Owen Buckingham*, the present Lord Mayor of London. The inhabitant of his beautiful fabrick is a soul that far excels it; like a fair intelligence in a glorious Planet, it informs and directs each organ to the exact performance of their proper functions; and, which crowns the rest, Sir Owen is endued with moderate principles, a discerning judgment, and is a true friend to English Liberties.

Sir William Humphries, our new Sheriff. He was my opposite Neighbour for many years; and I can say, of my own knowledge, he is a person of a generous and open temper, an easy and free conversation, a constant and devout Churchman, and master of the art of obliging.

William Fazakerley, Esq. the present Chamberlain of the City of London. I confess, I never did, nor ever shall, vote for any man to this honourable post but the loyal and ingenious *Dockwra*; for I think the Citizens of London are obliged in gratitude to take all opportunities to reward Mr. Dockwra's chargeable and useful invention of the *Penny Post*. But, seeing the choice of Chamberlain has fallen on Mr. Fazakerley, I shall do him that justice to say, they could not fix (Mr. Dockwra excepted) on a fitter man; for Mr. Fazakerley is a Citizen of great experience and honesty; and is so

impartial in hearing the complaints, both of Master and Servant, that he generally gives sentence to both their content. One would think, by the winning terms our Chamberlain uses to quiet domestic feuds, that he was able to *reconcile antipathies*; and, sure I am, *Little-case* * is a fit place for that Apprentice (or Master either) that will not follow his good advice.

Sir Salathiel Lovel, Recorder of London. His impartial Charge to the London Juries shews his great respect to Justice and the Laws of the land, and his Religion is all of a piece; for he is strictly just, as well as sincerely devout. He distributes his favours (both to Churchmen and Dissenters) with so equal hands, that JUSTICE herself could not have held the Scales more even, and with a natural propensity to do good. And he is thus devout, just, and bountiful, from a principle of conscience; choosing rather to be good than great.

Alderman Clayton. He is a rich and eminent Citizen; and, upon the account of his great age, may be called "The Father of the City;" yet the height of his condition does not exalt his mind. His devotion in his Closet and Family is constant, uniform, and regular; and he is very much for unity and peace in the Church; but his opinion is, that they might be preserved by a mutual forbearance in matters of Ceremony, without a rigid imposition of them; for he knows it is equally superstitious to shew too much zeal, either for or against them.

Alderman Stamp. He is a loyal subject, and true Englishman. He endeavours to encourage Piety and Virtue, and to oppose and discountenance all vice and wickedness. His beneficence and his alms are of the same piece with his piety. He is a true friend to mankind, and a benefactor to the human nature.

Alderman Ashurst. He is a man of a brave and generous soul; a true lover of his Country. I had the honour to dine at his table when he was Lord Mayor; and I could not imagine any good quality that is requisite to the accomplishment of a Gentleman which was not conspicuous in him.

* A temporary place of *close confinement* for refractory Apprentices, formerly in use, under the Giants in Guildhall. EDIT.

Alderman Lane. He is sincere in his piety, pleasant in his conversation and a faithful Magistrate.

Alderman Abney. He is a most accomplished Citizen; a man of universal charity; nor has any Lord Mayor, these fifty years, kept a more generous and noble Mayoralty.

Alderman Houblon. None of his actions carry any symptom of vanity; and he is so nobly free in his whole conduct, that he is admired of all parties.

Alderman Levett. He is a great encourager of the Reformation, an humble man, and a finished Citizen.

Alderman Heathcote. He is a person of as known prudence as integrity; a good Christian, a complete Citizen, a wise Alderman, and a zealous Church-of-England-man; and all that know him must own he is very much a Gentleman. Neither is he less remarkable for his great zeal to suppress debauchery, and for his noble favours to the Sons of the Muses; which, though the most unworthy, I am able to testify from my own experience. It further heightens his Character, that he is no Bigot to any party. He loves and respects his Fellow-citizens, not as Churchmen, Presbyterians, Independents, but as honest men; and for those Hot-heads that think otherwise, they can be no Friends to a good Magistrate, or their Native Country.

“ Unblemish'd in his life, as light's pure beams,
 Dispassionate, nor ruffled in extremes:
 Our hopes begin to bloom, we bless the day
 That cloath'd his merit with a Patriot's sway.”

To these *Lay* Characters, I might add some that move in a lower Orb; as,

The ingenious and courteous *Arnold*.

Orthodox and modest *Rymer*.

Athenian Mills.

Unriveted Dr. *Milbourn*.

Roger Clavel. His passions are so moderate, Fame and Glory cannot exalt him, nor unjust censure deject him; and if he leaves his Trade for a Country Life, it is that he may get to Heaven with less interruption.

Mrs. Anne Annesley. She was the first (and happy) occasion of my being acquainted with dear Iris; and

therefore to drop her pious Character would be ungrateful. She is a Wit for certain ; and, however Time may have dealt by her, when I first beheld her, I thought Art never feigned, nor Nature formed, a finer Woman.

Mr. *Arwaker*. It is here we see the highest pitch of perfect wit ; but to know his Character, read his matchless poem, intituled " Queen Mary's Ghost."

Industrious and thriving *John Marshal*. A man conscientious in his dealings, and a punctual observer of his word ; and for that reason, I heartily wish him success in his new purchase of " The Western Martyrology."

Mrs. *Bingham*. All her expressions, both from her tongue and pen, run smooth and rational, solid, clear, and genuine ; and it is impossible that any thing which is not so should fall from her. She is able to calculate Nativities ; and can,—&c. but it is character enough to say she is—*Nancy's Friend*.

Genteel *Bettisworth*. His garb and gesture is free and natural, and his eyes sparkle like any thing.

Ingenious *Ward*, the famous Author of " The London Spy." He was truly born a Poet, not made, not formed by industry ; and (which is a great service to a man that follows the *calling* of an Author) his Muse is never subject to the curse of " bringing forth with pain ;" for he wrote that curious poem, " The Repenting Harlot," in a few days ; and he writes with the greatest ease. He is a man of a peculiar style, and his Works are in great esteem.

Discreet *Blanchard*. She has sweetness and good-nature in her air and words ; and if this age has produced a perfect Virgin, it is Mrs. Blanchard.

Mrs. *Judith Annesley*. She obliged me with being a Bridemaide at Iris's Wedding ; and once thought me her Friend * ; but, as is usual in such cases, my *misfortunes* have given a new air to my face, and I do not find she continues to know me. However, she was Iris's beloved Sister ; and I will give her a true character. She is a Virgin of eminent piety. Good Books (and, above all, the Book of Books) are her sweetest entertainment ; and she finds more comfort there than others do in their

* As appears by the Letters she sent to me to Tunbridge and Dublin.

Dressing-room, or Wardrobe. In a word, she keeps a constant watch over the frame of her soul, and the course of her actions, by daily and strict examination of both.

The loyal and ingenious *Tutchin* (alias *Master Observer*); the bold Asserter of English Liberties; the scourge of the High-flyers; the Seaman's Advocate; the Detector of the Victualling-office; the scorn and terror of Fools and Knaves; the Nation's *Argus*, and the Queen's faithful Subject. He writes with the air of a Gentleman, and sincerity of a Christian; and I would *towel* him myself (or make his Countryman do it) if I did not think him an honest man.

Nathaniel (alias *Bunyan*) *Ponder*. He has sweetness and enterprize in his air, which plead and anticipate in his favour.

Affable *Wiggins*. His conversation is general, but never impertinent.

Precise *West*; a man once of more money than brains, but now a slave to the World. He was in wicked haste (*i.e.* he sued out his indentures) to get from under the beak of his very kind and honest Master, Mr. *Samuel Manship*; and here we see what a Saint he is, and to what fine purpose he acts the Master, that will not obey when he is a Servant.

Madam *Rachael Seaton*. Her air was charming and sweet; and (being my first Mistress) I thought her an Angel in flesh and blood*.

Mrs. *Bishop*. She is a person of a free and generous temper; and, might she have acted *herself*, would have been as grateful as I could have wished.

The kind and golden *Venables*. He is so good a man, and so truly charitable, he that will write of him must still write more.

Mr. *Nevil Simmonds*. He was very generous to his learned Author (Mr. Richard Baxter), and a Bookseller of great piety. His charity was extensive, though managed with the greatest secrecy. His conjugal affection (as well as his Son's †) was very exemplary; and though it must be owned that, with all this stock of virtue, he was subject to inadvertencies and infirmities; yet they

* See p. 47.

† Whose Character you have in p. 224.

were not cherished or allowed of, but still encountered and opposed with antidotes of repentance and watchfulness; so that his life was useful, and the loss of it was justly lamented.

Accomplished *Hardesty*.

" Big with important sense, her every line
Speaks her a Norris, or an old Divine."

Mr. A——. He is a second West * for suing out his Indentures, and (being big of himself) I suppose will act the Master to as much purpose.

The ingenious and pious *Godfrey*. Iris loved her entirely, and she deserved all her friendship. She devoted to Heaven the first and the best part of her time. She embraced Religion when its Professors were persecuted and imprisoned. She had ill treatment from some of her near kindred, but was still happy in the constant friendship of Mrs. *Finley*. Mrs. Godfrey lived with me several years; and I always observed in her a cheerful and contented spirit under all events, and a most undissembled piety; and as she lived a virtuous life (and indeed the wonder of this present age), so she reserved nothing to do for a dying bed, but quietly expired in the arms of Iris (her dear Friend) with a devout resignation of her soul to Almighty God. Dr. Annesley preached her Funeral Sermon; and she was decently interred (as she had desired of me) in the New Burying-place.

Witty (alias *Sylvester*) *Dancer*, a man blessed with a retentive memory, and happy fancy.

Mr. *Richard Bateman*. He is an eminent Surgeon, and Son to that famous Bateman who died a martyr for the Protestant Religion. He is devout, yet void of superstition, strict without ill-humour and the spleen. He is good-natured without weakness, cheerful without levity, and regular without affectation.

The generous and courteous *Goodill*. I call her so, as she had a hand in my second marriage; and would go a thousand miles to make Valeria, or me, happy.

I might say the same of that pleasant Virgin, Mrs. *Mary Oxtan*. Her aspect is composed of mirth and

* See page 266.

modesty; and for her zeal to get me a good Wife, I heartily wish her a kind Husband.

Mr. *Bury*, my old Neighbour in Redcross-street. He is a plain honest man; sells the best Coffee in all the neighbourhood; and lives in this World like a spiritual Stranger and Pilgrim in a Foreign Country.

Anabaptist (alias *Elephant*) *Smith*. He was a man of great sincerity, and happy contentment in all circumstances of life.

Mr. *Trent*. He has been my dear and intimate Friend for twenty years; and I can warrant this for his true character: Mr. Trent is a very ingenious, bookish man; abhors the pomps and vanities of this life; and is neither possessed of the spirit of the world, nor conformed to it in judgment, affection, or conversation.

Madam *Fromanile* (my Sister, before her advancement). She is the only person I ever knew, whom an estate made more humble and condescending. Her life is one continued act of tenderness, wit, and piety.

Justice Oneby. He has been a pious, temperate man, all his days; and though he is now in his 80th year, he looks as young and hearty as a man of 50. He is justly admired for his impartial justice, and great moderation, to all persons. I think it a special blessing, that I have the honour of his acquaintance, and I wish I may tread in his pious steps; for he labours after conformity to his suffering Lord, in a spirit and life of true mortification; and enjoys such communion with him, as works his heart to a happy relish of a mortified state. I might enlarge in this Gentleman's character, for it is only here the Flatterer never lyeth.

Mr. *Garthwait*. He is a meek and humble man in his family; and in his public devotion there appears that gravity, and seriousness, and attention, that it is easy to perceive his soul is affected with the service.

Mr. *Herbert Jones* senior. The life of this worthy Gentleman has been a various scene, composed of brighter and more melancholy hours. He is very happy in all his children (and perhaps the World has not known a more ingenious woman than his Daughter *Kenswel*); and he is no less happy in himself; for he is a man of a noble spirit; and it is pity but his princely House at

Monmouth should be continued in his Family to the end of time.

Aged Belland. He was a faithful Servant to Dr. Annesley to the day of his death ; and I never knew a more humble man, or a better Christian.

Mr. King. He succeeded me in my Shop in the Poultry. He is a serious, well-grounded Christian. He makes as much conscience in receiving of good, as he does in doing of good ; and for his Trading in the World (wherein God hath blessed him), I have observed (while he continued my Tenant) how punctual, how just, and how impartial he would be, even to "the dust of the Balance;" a great ornament to his Christian profession.

Mr. Benjamin Harvey. He was born in the Town where my Father was Minister ; and I shall always covet his friendship, for he is a generous good man ; never slights an old acquaintance because he is unfortunate ; and all his actions are perfectly devoted to Religion and Virtue.

Madam Hacker. She was a kind and tender Mother-in-law to my Brother *Lake Dunton*, and the most generous Friend that he ever had ; neither was he less happy in a kind and virtuous Wife. And I must say (both of Mother and Daughter) that their whole Life is a study to die well.

Mr. Durant, a Linen-draper in Cheapside. I came first acquainted with him at Tunbridge-Wells, and thought myself very happy in his conversation. He is a modest, humble, religious man ; does not judge by factions or parties ; but is universal in his duty, as well as spiritual.

Cousin Taylor. She was a tender and constant friend to my dear Iris. She attended, and helped her, in her forty weeks illness, with indefatigable zeal, and diligence, and love ; and to her, next to me, she used most freely to communicate her thoughts. She "mourned with her when she mourned;" and, for several weeks, seemed "to wake with her when she waked;" being, at all hours of the night, not only within call, but even to a wonder as it were actually ready to assist her ; and therefore, though some have been so ungrateful to forget her love and care of their tender Mother, I shall ever

acknowledge her affection to Iris, as it was both tender and durable; and though I am not hugely fond of life, yet I pray God I may live so long as to be able to requite her kindness.

Sister *Sudbury*. I call her so, as she is the only Sister I have in the world (either by affinity or consanguinity) that has a soul brave enough to own a Friend in adversity. It is true, some others will give me a kind nod; but the grateful *Sudbury* treats me as if I were still rich. Like the glow-worm, the emblem of true Friendship, she has still shined to me in the dark; and I here take occasion to tell her, that her generous treatment has obliged a person that knows how to be grateful (and will be so) when opportunity offers.

Mrs. *Johanna Milner*. I shall not flourish on her outward form, her face, and shape (though these are not without their charms); but I shall speak of her inward beauty. This (to use the words of a late Writer) is "too great to be confined in her own breast; it adorns her, and comforts others." She is not like those who have great virtues and great vices too, but she distinguishes herself from all others, by an unaffected sweetness and piety; all her actions are like the smiles of sleeping Infants; without disguise or art. And, as to her voice, it is so excelling all those I ever heard, that I am at a loss for words to describe it; being only able to say, it is superlatively fine. In a word, she is a very ingenious honest Virgin; and, though she has had her troubles, has more wit and manners in her little finger than her Sister *H—* has in her whole body.

Honest and courteous *Luntley*; but a little too innocent for some men; for *Luntley* asking advice about a Socinian Book, he was merely tricked out of the Copy by the very Loon that dissuaded him from it.

There are other *Lay Persons* that I either forget, or reserve for the "Second Part of my Life."

I would next insert (would my room allow it) a very particular account of the Lives and Characters of several pious, learned, and charitable Prelates; as,

Dr. *Tenison*, Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*. We have excellent both Doctrine and Worship, and as good a class of Bishops and Clergy, as any Church under the

Heavens. Of this, the present Archbishop of Canterbury is an eminent instance. If we search into his Life and Character, we shall find it an exact Pattern of true Piety, Learning, and Moderation. It is not his being "My Lord," or "His Grace," has changed his temper; for (contrary to mean spirits) his Honour and Learning have "made him the more humble." He is the great Light of the Church of England, and may justly be called *Venerable*. It was this conspicuous Piety and Learning that so soon raised our Bishop, from a private post, to be Minister of St. Martin's, where he erected a School and Library at his own charges, which was a useful and noble Charity. That sent him from thence to be Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards made him Archbishop of Canterbury; where he guides his high orb with admirable address and dexterity; dispensing the influence of his own example to direct the steps of the inferior Clergy in the ways of Truth and Devotion.

Dr. *Sharp*, Lord Archbishop of *York*. Where shall I begin? When so many things present themselves, it is hard reducing them into order; when such a variety of great things meet, it is not easy to judge which most contributes to his just Character. Those who (like Archbishop *Sharp*) are raised upon Virtue, are durable and permanent; others may shine sooner, but these surer and longer: those are as blazing Meteors, these as Fixed Stars. I shall first speak of him, in a lower orb, as Minister of St. Giles's; here his labours were unwearied, and such efficacy accompanied the Word preached (and his *unexampled* Eloquence) that St. Giles's was greatly reformed. But, King William hearing how useful he was in the Church, we must prepare to meet him in a higher Sphere; and the next Preferment he bestowed upon him was the Archbishoprick of York; and here we find him acting suitably to the toil and greatness of that large Diocese he is called to preside over.

Dr. *Thomas Sprat*, Lord Bishop of *Rochester*. He is consummate in all sorts of Piety and Learning; is a great master of the English Tongue, and may deservedly be called the Universal Scholar; witness his matchless "History of the Royal Society;" and his other Works, which have supported their first character to this day:

they have flourished into reputation by the length of their date; and, like wine improved with age, they never grow stale upon our hands; not like your ordinary Coin, which may go to-day, and to-morrow be called in; but like Gold by weight, which is eternally current.

Dr. *Gilbert Burnet*, Lord Bishop of *Sarum*. Men had need be very good, and very wise, that lead others; both which may be said of the Bishop of *Salisbury*. This generous Prelate is "rich in good works," and does as willingly seek out objects of his Charity as others do avoid them. He is crowded by the Poor, as a common Father. He delivers his Sermons with a great deal of zeal and action; and whether he unfolds the deeper mysteries of Divinity, or matters of Controversy, there is something so moving in them all, that makes conquests of his Hearers; so that they are never weary of the subject, nor over-jaded with listening. His printed Works (especially his "History of the Reformation") have done great service to the Church of England; yet men that are too warm and furious in their temper have endeavoured to represent him under all the colours of disadvantage, as though he was disaffected, and wanted a just zeal for the Church, because he treats the Dissenters with due moderation. These Hot-spurs are a little mistaken in their scheme of Ecclesiastical Policy: they think men may be frowned into reason and principle; and that inhumanity is an argument for conviction. Bishop Burnet has studied History and Human Nature to better purpose; and his great Charity, Moderation, and Learning, have made him a public Blessing.

Dr. *Simon Patrick*, Lord Bishop of *Ely*. He has read a vast deal in the Scriptures, and has gone very nicely through the whole Controversies of Religion; and that he is a true Master in the whole Body of Divinity, all will own, that read his "Parable of the Pilgrim," his "Christian Sacrifice," and the rest of his pious Writings, which were a second to his practice. The *first Edition* of them was in his own breast. He wears not his Religion, as he does his Lawn Sleeves, as an *extempore* Dignity; but, in all the conditions and changes of life, it was incorporated and wrought into the threads of his actions. He performs the offices of Piety with as much

ease and cheerfulness as if they had been ripened into instinct and nature in him; it runs through all the circumstances of his conduct, and diffuses itself through all the scenes and branches of his converse. In a word, he is deservedly called "the Preaching Bishop;" and, were all others like him in that respect, the Dissenters would have no colour to complain that "these Bishops *Sermonize* so seldom;" for every one of his days is a Sermon in effect, and he is ripe for Heaven.

Dr. *Edward Fowler*, Lord Bishop of *Gloucester*. He has the affection as well as the title of a Father; tender, and mild, and compassionate, even to those that are disobedient; like those of old, "worthy of double honour;" and, which greatly enhances his character, he was (in the worst of times) a professed enemy to persecution. Had this Prelate lived in the primitive times, he had been one of the eminent Fathers of that age; and they that consider his great Piety, Learning, and Moderation, readily own he is a great honour to the present Hierarchy.

Dr. *Beveridge*, Lord Bishop of *St. Asaph*. He is but a young Bishop, though an antient and learned man. His inherent greatness wanted no outward accessions; and all the preferment he was ambitious of was, to go from his Flock in Cornhill unto the Shepherd and Bishop of Souls. His excellent "Sermon on the Common Prayer," and "New Exposition of the Church Catechism," shew that we have in this learned Prelate the very spirits of Devotion and Church Ceremonies—like the beams of the Sun in a burning-glass, collected into one point (I mean into one Bishop), by whose rays of Goodness and Learning we may warm and refresh ourselves.

Dr. *John Hall*, Lord Bishop of *Bristol*. He has attained to great eminence of Learning and Moderation, and is an ornament to the Church of England. His charity to those that are in want, and his bounty to all learned men that are put to wrestle with difficulties, are so very extraordinary, and so many do partake of them, that I need not enlarge in his Character; for it is acknowledged by all, that the whole business of his life is

to feed that Flock over which the Holy Ghost has made him Overseer.

Dr. Richard Kidder, late Lord Bishop of *Bath and Wells*. This Prelate, before he arrived to his dignity, was afraid, rather than ambitious, of so dangerous an honour: so far from widening old wounds, that (had he survived the Storm*) he would have been willing, at the price of his blood, to repair the breaches of past ages; but shall we own that he died suddenly, when his whole life (both before and since his advancement) was a serious preparation for death!

Dr. John Hough, Lord Bishop of *Lichfield and Coventry*. He is furnished with a large stock of learning and piety. He has turned over the Fathers with great curiosity and pains, and paid a venerable respect to their ashes; and, as he is a Prelate of remarkable piety and learning, so he is a Hero of great temper and courage. This was seen in his resolute defending the rights of *Magdalen College*; for this noble service he is justly rewarded with the See of *Lichfield and Coventry*. Those whose actions are eminently pious and brave, will, like this worthy Champion, be eminent in place and person.

Dr. John Williams, Lord Bishop of *Chichester*. This pious and learned Prelate was formerly Rector of *St. Mildred's, Poultry*, where I had the happiness to be personally known to him; and I have had the honour to wait on his Lordship since his deserved advancement. I call it *deserved*, as Bp. Williams was one whom no Friends, but his own merits; no Party, but that of Virtue; no mean adulation, but solid worth and distinguishing goodness, raised to that place; and this advancement was with so uncontested a desert, that it would have argued negligence in King William (whose care was to promote men of his moderate principles) to have suffered his continuing among the crowd of the world. And may his Lordship go on as he has begun, to preside over his Province with a gravity of admonition, exemplariness of conversation, and integrity of discipline, till the Great Bishop of Souls shall remove him from his Palace at *Chichester* to the *New Jerusalem*!

* See before, page 162.

To these Prelates I would add (had I room for it) the Lives and Characters of those famous Divines of the Church of England :

Sir *William Dawes* *, D. D. While he was yet in the moulding, he hit naturally on the true method of study, and contracted friendship with great men, which contributed to the perfection of his mind, and were prophetic symptoms of his future eminence; but that which finished this great man, and gave him the last polishing, was his serious and nice study of the Sacred Scriptures. This I gather from that great vein of piety and devotion which runs through all his Writings; they (as well as his conversation) savour of the primitive simplicity and zeal, and are well fitted to make men serious and devout.

Dean *Sherlock*. His not taking the Oath to King William at first, and doing it afterwards, is such a depth in Religion and Politicks I could never fathom. But I shall drop this *Mystery*, to speak of this *great Light*, so far as I can see by it. He has cut out a new method for himself, which is modeled to edify and please. He has advanced notions about the Trinity, &c. which *Oxford* will never relish; and his "Discourse of the Knowledge of Christ" has been often answered by the Non-conformists. I will not pretend to determine who is most in the right; for all must own Dean *Sherlock's* compass of Learning is very large, his judgment correct and clear, and he preaches in good earnest. His present Seat is very commodious for speculation and thought; and I suppose it was here he laid the plan of his excellent "Discourse of Death" (of which there has been fourteen Editions), and other Pieces, which are adjusted with extreme nicety to the various circumstances of a Christian life.

Dr. *South* †. He is, perhaps, the finest Orator we have in England; and his mind is constantly employed on the best objects. He has composed a wonderful variety of *curious Sermons* (published in two Volumes) on such subjects as are most important. He can practise a *metaphysical niceness* in the most subtle points of Divinity; but he knows how to condescend to ordinary capacities.

* Afterwards Archbishop of York.

† Prebendary of Westminster, and Canon of Christ Church.

What he has writ on the Trinity, &c. is not too philosophical for common Readers. He knows the fine-spun notions of *Personality* cannot possibly lead a man through the mystery. To conclude his Character. His Wit and Learning are invincible. But I will not enlarge; for his victorious Controversy with Dr. Sherlock has eternized his fame.

Dr. *Stanhope* *. He is naturally formed to convey the milder messages of Peace and Grace: the very genius of his style is fine and soft, and has more of the persuasive than the terrible. He is a grave and substantial Preacher, yet has gaiety enough to make his Discourses shine. He gives them all a sparkling air of politeness, and a peculiar turn of harmony to please the palate of the curious. He also makes them moving and divine, to gratify the devout. His "Translations" are fine, and matchless; and he calculates his Writings for all sorts of Readers: they are contrived, like common air, both for Courtier and Peasant.

Dr. *Fleetwood* †. His life is a fair transcript of our Saviour's example, and only lost so much in the remove as the disadvantage of Humanity, and hereditary bias, necessarily ask. The Original Copy suffered only so much in the Translation, as might bring it down to a level for our imitation; it has no more shade and blemish in it than is necessary to proportion it to our faculties, and make it an object of our view; more *light* would have overpowered our weak organs—we could not have drawn after it. Or, in plainer English, Dr. Fleetwood is a most pious, learned, and humble man, and comes the nearest to perfection, in his Preaching, of any Minister that I ever heard.

Dr. *Wake* ‡. He was formerly Minister of Gray's Inn; but his eminent Piety and Learning have lately raised him to higher preferment. He devotes himself to Preaching and Divine Meditations; and he excels in Experimental Divinity.

Dr. *Nicolls*. He esteems Controversy as an useless province, and constantly ill-natured and ungentle. I

* Afterwards Dean of Canterbury.

† Afterwards Bishop of Ely.

‡ Afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.

guess this is the reason he chooses to shew us "The Vanity of the World," in Practical Books. He is highly obliged to the contrivance of Nature for the peculiar turn of his constitution. I might dwell upon this Character; for the charms of his pen, and the blameless measures of his conversation, gain him the love of his Hearers, and a true veneration from all that know him.

Dr. *Edwards*. "The Preacher," he lately published, is no more than a copy of his own practice. He is a great Critick in the Languages, a famous Textuary, and a Practical Divine. The great Learning he is master of gives him to understand that *Notion* was never able to furnish out his happiness, and therefore he seeks it by Virtue and Holy Living; and certainly, after all our pursuits, we must recur to this as the only mean to felicity. "Virtue is the refuge of the wise man." The glory and procession of life is nothing to him; he either despises it as a false flattering shew, or, at furthest, never gives it his heart so as to doat upon it. I have known Dr. Edwards ever since I lived in the Poultry, and I take this to be his true character. He is a great Scholar, and wholly devotes his time and studies to the service of Religion.

Dr. *Wincop*. We have a pious example to follow in this learned Divine; for he is a great master of his temper, and no man is better skilled than Dr. Wincop in the mystery of winning upon the hearts of men. He is well read in Casuistic Divinity, which does abundantly furnish him for treating with persons either shaken with opinions or troubled in mind; and he is a Divine of such great sincerity, that any may safely discover their cases to him without any fear of upbraiding or treachery.

Dr. *Hayley*. How little need would there be of many Books writ for "the Truth and Excellency of our Religion," if we had more such arguments as this *one Life* of Dr. Hayley's has produced. He is a great blessing to St. Giles's Parish. He is not only a zealous and famous Preacher; but is plainly and sincerely, in the sight of God, as well as in the view of men, a good Christian, "even one of a thousand." In him we see the Doctrine which we hear.

Dr. Bentley. He has a vast reach both of knowledge and apprehension, an universal affability, and has for ever confuted the *Atheists*, &c.; and with these, and many more excellent qualities, he has the deepest sense of Religion that this age has seen.

Dr. Lucas. Though his eyes are blind, he has a soul that can see every thing. What clearness of judgment, what sweetness of style, and what grace of carriage, is seen in every thing he prints, or does! He endeavours to keep up the life and spirit of Religion; and perhaps, his "Discourse of Happiness," &c. is as useful a piece as this age as produced.

Dr. Atterbury*. He is a zealous defender of the Church of England, as thinking it the *purest* Church upon Earth. He has a mighty sense of the worth of souls, and of the vast importance of those truths which he delivers to them. He encourages Piety wherever he comes; and, though a Court Preacher, has too unblemished a candour to be capable of those arts and practices that a false and deceitful World does account wisdom. To conclude: He is a good Liver, and an eloquent Preacher; and converses with persons of all conditions without lessening his character.

Mr. Stubbs. He is a fervent and constant Preacher, and faithful in all the parts of his duty. His Sermons are well studied and substantial; his utterance not remiss, but *earnest*, and as one concerned to profit others; and, being himself affected, he expresses a heartiness in all he says. He preaches with mighty force and conviction, speaks the sense of his soul, and enters into the hearts of his people. He is no friend to Occasional Conformity; for, being sincere himself, he hates a Hypocrite, and would have no man halt between two opinions. Such goodness as his admits no hopes of imitation, and by that only is privileged from envy and emulation. But, though Mr. Stubbs is eminent in every grace, yet in nothing does he excel more than in Charity, and readiness to visit the Sick. But I shall not enlarge; for, though he has many virtues of no ordinary growth, yet we may call them to mind by reviewing his excellent

* Afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

"Sermons," printed for Mr. Mortlack in St. Paul's Church-yard.

Mr. *Knaggs*. The moving gaiety of his aspect, and the gravity of his deportment, with the vivacity of his Sermons, and delicate softness of his style, strikes a general respect and concern upon his Hearers; so that, whenever he mounts the pulpit at St. Giles's, he seems rather "an Angel fresh from the scenes of Glory," than a Mortal, who had only heard of those wonders at a distance.

Mr. *Moss* *. His Preaching and Life are the same; he is all that he looks; and it would drain any wit but his own to do his Piety justice. I shall only add, he preaches at Gray's Inn; by which it appears the Lawyers are in earnest to go to Heaven; for they chose Dr. Wake, and now Mr. Moss, and cull our "*best Guides*" to shew them the way.

Mr. *Smithies*. His faithful and excellent Preaching commands the attention of men, and his constancy in it procures their love. He has been Curate of Cripplegate Parish near thirty years; and preaches the Morning Lecture in St. Michael's, Cornhill, where he is so well beloved, he seeks for no other preferment. He is a most humble and hearty Christian, of great patience and resignation to the will of God (as appeared by his carriage when he was cut for the Stone), and a most mortified man to the World. His Practical Books are in great esteem; and I heartily wish all that neglect the Sacrament would seriously read his Treatise intituled "*The Unworthy Non-communicant*."

Mr. *Bisset*. He would speak "Plain English †," though he preached to a King. I would enlarge, but that his Piety and Courage are too great to be spoken, and yet too great to be concealed. For a larger character of this Pulpit-hero, I refer the Reader to my Essay, intituled "*Yet Plainer English*."

Mr. *Stephens*, Minister of Sutton. He differs from Mr. Bisset no more than in bare name and person; for I cannot say any thing of the Piety and Courage, &c. of the one, which may not truly be said of the other.

* Afterwards Bishop of Ely.

† The Title of one of his publications.

Mr. David Jones is another Bisset (or Stephens) for courage and pious living; or, if any shall doubt this, I would have them consult the Usurers in Lombard-street, or his "Farewell Sermon," printed for Mr. Parkhurst.

Mr. Collier. He is a breathing Library; and for Metaphysical Learning and good Oratory, he bears the bell from most that can be named. I know of none that equal him in these respects, except it be Dr. South, Dr. Stanhope, and Mr. Norris, &c. The "Supplement to the Great Historical Dictionary" must needs be a noble Work, being written by Mr. Collier.

Mr. Dorington. I have heard him preach many *fine* Sermons in the Meeting-house in Change-alley; but a good Living has better informed his judgment, and he is now a convert to the Church of England, and (for all my jesting) I hope *sincere*; for he writes "Books of Devotion," and spends all his time in a serious preparation for Death and Judgement.

Mr. Marshall. He preaches to one of the largest Congregations in London (I need not say it is St. Anne's). I should commend particulars, but then how should I end without a Volume? He bears his great commission in his looks; and his exemplary Life and Preaching are a standing reproach upon those who are negligent, and always trudging after Preferment.

Mr. Milbourn. Most other perfections are so far from matching his, they deserve not to be mentioned. His "Translations" are fine and true; his Preaching sublime and rational; and he is a first-rate Poet.

Mr. Blackstone. He was my Reverend and kind Neighbour when I lived in Jewin-street; and, having long and intimate friendship with him, I found this to be his true Character. His humour is full of kindness and good-nature; he is affable, and easy of access; and, being a pious humble man, is universally beloved in Cripplegate Parish, where he has been Reader for many years.

A full and distinct Character is also due to these eminent Dissenting Ministers:

Mr. Charlton. I could say much of his Piety, Learning, Moderation, &c.; but I say all this in telling the Reader, that not only *Manchester*, but the whole Kingdom, is blest for the sake of that good man:

Mr. Cunningham. He is a polite, accomplished person; fits young men for the Ministry; and is a match for Antiquity in its greatest purity.

Mr. Dixon (now Minister in Colchester). He was *Mr. Cunningham's* Pupil, and is a person of eminent Learning and Piety.

His eyes diffuse a venerable grace,
And Charity itself sits in his face;
Refines himself to soul, to curb the sense,
And makes almost a sin of Abstinence.

Mr. Calamy (*Edm. Fil. & Nepos*). He is a gentleman of great Learning and temper. He seems to be made on purpose for the service of Dissenters; and does not only dive into the depths of Speculation and Controversy, but can, at pleasure, unbend his thoughts, and let them run upon the easier subjects of "Baptism and the Lord's Supper."

Mr. Robinson. He is a very ingenious person; he succeeds *Dr. Annesley* in his new Meeting-house, and copies after his holy life. I may say the same of this learned Divine as *Mr. Baxter* says of the good Doctor: "He is a most sincere, godly, humble man, totally devoted to God."

Mr. Earle. He is a polite Preacher, and noted for his eminent Piety. Whoever reads his late Sermon at *Salter's Hall*, will own him a master of style, and a great promoter of the Reformation.

Mr. Barton. He has all the graceful parts of body and mind that might attract love, or conduce to the accomplishment of a Gospel Minister.

Mr. Ridgley. He is a man of a spreading fame. His accurate and excellent Sermons sufficiently shew his Learning; and where shall we equal his noble Charity?

Mr. Piggot. He has an air of pleasantness in his countenance, and a loud and brisk delivery, which contributes to the advantage of his performances. He is a sound Preacher, and very popular; and, being a man of moderate principles, he recommends "Union and Peace," both in his Sermons and Conversation.

Mr. Samuel Doolittle:

"His Preaching much, but more his Practice wrought,
A living Sermon of the Truths he taught."

Mr. Pope. He is famed for his excellent Preaching, and is a man of a piercing judgment. He hath, as it were, "put a girdle about the World," and found all her *Quicksands*. He knows how to advise the troubled Conscience in the greatest difficulty. He is a man of eminent Learning and Charity, and his bounty is limited by Reason, not Ostentation. He can survey Good, and love it; and loves to do it himself, for its own sake, not for thanks. He knows there is no such misery as to out-live a good name, nor no such folly as to put it in practice; and for this reason his Charity is free and secret. His Pride is but to be cleanly, and his Piety is very sincere. He preaches for no other end but "to save himself and those that hear him."

Mr. Goodwin, of Pinner. "He is Son to the learned Dr. *Thomas Goodwin*; whose Practical Works have been so well received. He keeps a Private Academy, and no man is better qualified for that undertaking (I will scarce except Dr. *Kerr*, of Highgate). It is no flattery to say, Mr. Goodwin has the best Library (of any Dissenting Minister) in the Three Kingdoms; and is himself a well-furnished Library, full of all faculties, and of all Learning. He has scanned the "Lives of our English Kings;" and it is no wonder that he is such a great Historian, for his memory and reading are next to a miracle.

Mr. Tongue. He is a great Scholar, a nice Casuist, and an example of sincere Piety, which is the best part of a Minister. His Preaching is much esteemed. He is a true Minister of Christ, both in doctrine and life, answering that title.

Mr. Collins, and **Mr. Bragg.** They succeed the famous *Mather*, and are two men eminently useful in their generation. They equal the character of their learned Predecessor, which makes some considerable amends for the loss of that great Divine.

Mr. Grosvenor. He is a popular man, and a rich and fortunate Husband. His Sermons are ordered with so much art, that they exceed all that we ever heard; yet, being sincere at heart, he is one that desires to have his fame only measured by his goodness. He knows that the Hall of Fame yields a most delightful prospect; but withal that it is most subject to Lightning and Thun-

der; and that the people (as in antient Tragedies) sit and magnify the least slip in a Minister; and for that reason, his care is to appear such to his Hearers as he would have them to be, and to be himself such as he appears; for Virtue cannot seem one thing and be another. In a word, he is the famous and matchless Preacher amongst the Dissenters; and wants nothing of an Angel but Eternity.

Mr. *Cotton*; a name most dear to Virtue. He understands things, not by their form, but qualities; and his quick invention (in which he excels) serves not to excuse his frailties, but to excite his piety. He is not subject to casualties, for Fortune (in that sense as we use the word) hath nothing to do with a man of his easy spirit; so that (being contented in all conditions) he is subject neither to Time nor his frailties (if he has any). In a word, he is the Servant of Virtue; and, by Virtue, the Friend of the Highest.

Mr. *Stennett*; whom few can equal; best, but imitate:

So much a Saint, I scarce dare call him so,
For fear to wrong him with a name too low.

He was born a Poet; has been educated a Scholar; and his whole conversation has been copied from the innocence and piety of the Primitive Christians.

Mr. *Glasscock*. He hath surveyed and fortified his disposition; and, being a wise man, converts all occurrences into experience and reason. There is Marriage! The issue are his actions; his mind enjoys a continual serenity, and his *consideration* is always at home. He is a most nice and strenuous Disputant on the most difficult points in Divinity, and an universal Scholar. It would be a wrong to his reputation to say he is ignorant of any thing; and (which makes his character shine the brighter) he is, Mr. *Stretton* and Mr. *Reynolds* excepted; the most humble man that I ever knew.

Mr. *Gilson*, of Colchester. He did me the honour to give me a letter of recommendation to his worthy Friend Dr. *Oakes*, of New England; and therefore to forget his Character would be ungrateful. He is a man of a steady virtue; very upright, and sincere without affectation. He lives as he preaches, and is a pattern to most Ministers for Moderation and Charity.

The mourning * and pious *Gledhill* :

When he laments, we weep, and mourn, and die,
And labour in the extremes of sympathy.

Mr. Rosewell. He is Son to the famous Rosewell, and is a great honour to the Nonconformists, and to his holy Profession. If ever Virtue took a body to shew its else unconceivable beauty, it was in this eloquent Preacher :

" His speech is soft and gentle, and his breath
Perfumes the air, and makes a Heaven on Earth."

The pious and humble *Powell*. He is great that is good ; and no man, methinks, is happy on earth to him that (like Mr. Powell) hath Grace for substance, and Humility for ornament. He has had his Temptations (like other good men) ; but, being truly religious, when Death comes, he has nothing to fear.

Mr. Freke. He is *little* of size, but has a *large* soul, His thoughts have a high aim, though their dwelling be in the vale of a low stature, whence, as by an engine (that raises water to fall that it may rise the higher) he is *heightened* in his Humility ; and it is what we might all expect, for he nourishes his pigmy dimensions, not by delicacies, but temperance ; and his great Mind, by giving it pre-eminence over his little Body. In a word, "A lark 'is worth a kite ;" and, though Mr. Freke be a little man, he is *greatly* admired.

Mr. Walker, of Brentford. His air and person are very charming ; his wit and virtues are written legibly in his face, and " helives the doctrine he preaches ;" but, if you would see him in a better light, read his "Thanksgiving Sermon, preached to the Dissenters of Brentford."

Mr. Noble. He is a pious, eloquent, sincere, and temperate man, and a constant zealous Preacher.

Mr. Fleming. His Father's Character I attempted before ; and the Son merits a large Panegyrick. He calls not the variety of the world Chance ; for, being a divine Poet, his meditation hath travelled over them, and his eye (mounted on Pegasus) seeth them as things underneath. In a word, he is a person of exemplary worth ; and the respect he has paid to King William's memory (in the noble character he gave of him) ought to endear his name to all true Protestants.

* He lately buried a very kind and obliging Wife.

Mr. Crisp. He has a wonderful gift in Prayer, and is zealous in helping forward the conversion of souls.

Mr. Mayo. He was not at first designed for the Ministry; but, having a great inclination for it, by close application and study he is become an eminent Preacher; he treads in the same steps of his Reverend Father*, and leads a most pious and useful life.

Mr. Nisbet. He is a person of great learning and judgment, and "his conversation is much in Heaven." He thinks Pride and Avarice *great sins* in the Laity, and in the Clergy scandalous vices; I verily think, should any man break in his debt, he would think himself then most honourably seated when he gave Mercy the upper hand; nor would he demand unreasonable security (I mean the mortgage of a whole estate for a small sum) to the hurt of his Debtor. No; he is made up of compassion and charity, and rather strives to purchase a good name than land; and of all "rich Stuffs" forbidden by the Statute, he would never consent that his Wife or Heir should wear their clothes cut out of Cruelty and Extortion. To conclude his Character: He is both religious and merciful; and that makes him both live and act as I have here described.

Mr. Stot. He formerly sought his quietness in secrecy; and was wont, till of late, to hide himself in retiredness, and his tongue in himself; but now he is come into the light (being removed from Harwich to a Congregation in London), he shews by his useful Preaching that his obscurity was neither from affectation nor weakness. In a word, he is both an apt Scholar and a good Master; for every thing he sees informs him, and his mind, enriched with plentiful observations, can give us excellent precepts.

Mr. Norris. There is a Conformist Minister of the same name, and I cannot say which is the better Scholar, or the more *curious* Preacher. As to the *Dissenting Norris*, he is a man lives a devout life, and bath this hand over Fortune, that her injuries, however violent or sudden soever, do not daunt him; for, living in the discharge of his duty, whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both courageously; even then, like the

* Mr. Richard Mayo, whose Character you had before; see p. 174.

Sun near his setting, he shews unto the world his clearest countenance. He lately published a most ingenious "Sermon upon the Thanksgiving," which he dedicated to the Countess of Sunderland; so that our *London Norris* must be owned to be a person of great piety and wit; and for his skill in Oratory and Metaphysical Learning, he equals (if not exceeds) his learned namesake, Mr. *Norris of Bemerton*.

Mr. *Petto*. His venerable age deserves great honour from all that know him, for "his hoary head is found in the way of righteousness." His free discourse runs back to the ages past, and recovers events out of memory, and then preventeth them by flying forwards to future things; and, by comparing one with the other, can give a verdict well near prophetic. The Dissenters of Sudbury call him their Oracle; and, considering his great age and experience, I do not know where they can find a better.

Mr. *Henry*, of Chester. He is Son (if I do not mistake) to that famous *Henry*, whose "Life" was lately printed in London. I am told he does *patrizare*; for all his actions appear to be perfectly devoted to God, strictly observing St. Paul's rule in the 4th of the Philip-
pians: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things;" which Mr. Henry does with that exactness and sincerity, the very Churchmen love him; and even Malice is angry she can find no cause to be angry with him.

Mr. *Berriman*. Dr. Annesley and this grave and ancient Divine had few equals for their public spirit and sincere piety; their *excellency* (to use a word in Dr. Annesley's Funeral Sermon) lay this way. Dr. Annesley left a living of 700*l. per annum* (*viz.* Cripplegate) for the sake of a good conscience, and he devoted his whole time and estate to Religion and acts of Charity; for so "his light directed;" and it certainly directed him right*.—Mr. Berriman was just such another man; for he had a large soul, and a flaming zeal, and his usefulness was very extensive. He had a good estate; but, like

* As I have proved it at large in my "Post-Angel."

some others I forbear to mention, it did not narrow his spirit, but made him the more charitable. "He would never" (as was said of Dr. Annesley) "be rich whilst any man was poor;" and for that reason he preached for *nothing*, and gave great part of his own estate to promote the Gospel. His apprehension was quick and clear; his reasoning faculty acute and sound; his method, in all his Sermons, might be exposed to the most critical censorer; and, though he died in his 80th year, his memory was admirable, nor was it impaired to the last hour he lived.

Mr. Oakes. He is a person of good learning and of a genteel spirit. He is an excellent and useful Preacher, and it is pity London has lost his company.

Mr. Hussey. His Philosophical "Discourse on the late Storm" shews he is a man of learning. He can dispute well, and has done it with great applause; but he is no lover of controversies, but a sincere promoter of practical godliness. He preaches in Cambridge, and some of the Scholars do now and then *peep* into his Meeting; and, I can tell them, their time would not be lost if they stayed out the whole Sermon; for Mr. Hussey is a Divine of great piety and universal moderation. Then I do not see why the Cantabrigians should refuse to hear him; for he has a great respect for the pious men of the Church of England, and never lays any stress on those *little things* (I mean Ceremonies, or such indifferent things as are not essential to Salvation), in which he is very sensible others are as much at liberty to differ from him as he from them.

Mr. Weeks. of Bristol. He is a solid Preacher, and a man of general Learning; his delight is in the Saints, his business is Religion, and his whole deportment strictly conscientious.

Mr. Kentish. He is (or was) Mr. Weeks's Assistant. His language is always neat and fine, but unaffected, free from starch or intricacy. He is a popular Preacher; and his fame is deservedly got to so great a height, that whenever Mr. Weeks dies, his large Congregation cannot fix on a better Successor.

Mr. Mauduit. He was my Customer, and Author, for many years; and I take Modesty and Learning to have

the ascendant of all his virtues. He is never dry, nor pumping, but always full and flowing. His "Discourse on the Trinity" is a matchless piece. He is a solid Divine, and a good Disputant; his returns and repartees are quick, apposite, and genteel, and it is a pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself. In fine, he is a pious man, as well as a great Scholar; and wherever he comes, there is so much good-humour in his whole conduct, he is the very life and spirit of the company.

Mr. *Crusoe*. He was called "The Golden Preacher," and was so great a Textuary, that he could pray two hours together in Scripture Language. It is true, he was not arrived at *perfection*, as appeared by his sloth in tying the conjugal-knot; but his repentance was sincere and public (being declared in the Pulpit with his own mouth), and I do not fear but Tim Crusoe is now a glorified Saint in Heaven.

Mr. *Clark*, of London. He is a man of a very generous and public spirit. Vital Religion flourishes wherever he lives or preaches. He is a man more than ordinarily mortified to the pleasures of the flesh and the vanities of the world; and his conversation is in Heaven.

Mr. *Rosewel* senior. In 1674 he was chosen to succeed Mr. James Janeway in his Congregation at Rotherhithe. In 1684 he was indicted for High Treason, and had very hard measure; but came off with a great deal of reputation. I heard his Trial at Westminster-hall, and must declare, I never heard a more pious and learned Defence in my whole life. He had a particular veneration for Dr. Annesley; and for that reason I had the honour to see Mr. Rosewell every week at my house. He was a wonder of Humility, Charity, and Moderation; and it would do a very great honour to Nonconformity, if his Son-in-law Mr. Lawrence would be persuaded to print his Trial.

Mr. *Thomas Gouge*. Mr. Baxter says, "that he never heard any one person, of what rank, sort, or sect soever; speak one word to his dishonour, or name any fault that they charged on his life or doctrine; no, not the highest Prelatists themselves, save only that he conformed not to their Impositions." God blessed him with a great

estate; and he liberally used it in works of Charity; "which," as Mr. Calamy tells us, "he made the great business of his life." His Funeral Sermon was preached by Dr. Tillotson (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury); and in giving his character, he hath these words among others: "So that, all things considered, there have not, since the primitive times of Christianity, been many among the sons of men to whom that glorious character of the Son of God might be better applied, That he went about doing good."

Mr. *Lewis*. He is a person of strict morals and remarkable friendship. He zealously lays out himself in the discharge of his pastoral work, and I hear he has many seals of his Ministry. I am able to say, from the short acquaintance I had with him, that I never knew a man more heavenly in his conversation, of greater humility, or more truly compassionate to those in distress, or that had more clear and right notions both of persons and things: so that the good Samaritan I have been seeking all my days is found in Mr. Lewis.

I might insert other Dissenting Ministers, who, with all that are here named, shall have a large and distinct Character in the "Second Part of my Life;" but for the present I shall only add Mr. *Palmer's* Character; and I chuse to make his Character the *finishing stroke* to all the rest, as I pretend to know him thoroughly, and find by intimate acquaintance with him.

Mr. *Samuel Palmer* had the happiness to be educated under the care of the learned Dr. Kerr. He pursued his studies with wonderful application, and constantly sat to them in his study, or was employed in exercises in the Schools, as I am well informed, at the rate of seventeen hours a day. This uncommon industry, falling in with the peculiar strength and capacity of his genius, has produced a man who wants nothing but an opportunity to shew himself, in order to be as much admired above others of his standing, as his merits are more *shining* and *sixable* than theirs. His temper lies very open and sincere, and abhors all trick and flattery. He is a man of great generosity; very charitable, and very humble; for he never courts the rich, and is always

ready to attend the poorest creature; and is well accomplished for "the solemn office of a Minister," which he discharges with a great degree of faithfulness, and has been blessed and honoured with great success. His delivery, his voice, and style, are excellent; and he preaches without *Notes*, which is no small recommendation of a young Minister. Were that most ingenious and rational Sermon he lately preached upon "Conjugal Duties" but universally known and practised, there would not be a bad Husband or Wife in the world. He takes a great deal of pains with the Rising Generation; and his Catechetical Lectures are very instructive, being plain, easy, and full. He discourses with judgment, and at the same time with all imaginable freedom, upon "Free Grace," "the Trinity," &c. and such subjects that require a great depth of thought—a talent which is far from being common even among good Scholars. His acquaintance with the Antients is very considerable. He reads a Greek or Latin Author with a great deal of ease; and to this sort of Learning his mind is well turned. He is well beloved by all the Clergy and Gentlemen of the Church of England who have had an opportunity to know him. He is well skilled in Law and Politicks, and knows our English Constitution much better, perhaps, than any man of his own character that can be named. There has a Controversy fallen out of late between him and the dignified Mr. Samuel Wesley, concerning the Private Academies here at home, wherein he has fully vindicated those nurseries of Piety and good Learning from the scandal and imputation which Mr. Wesley endeavoured to throw upon them. Mr. Wesley's first Piece, addressed to the Parliament then sitting, was a most unkind Satire upon himself; the World had not known him unless he had thought fit to make himself public. I am afraid Mr. Wesley's vein has almost spent itself: the dregs come the last. Whether his last Libel be worthy of an answer, Mr. Palmer is the best judge, and that province belongs to him. His brave and generous soul is mounted above the reach of Bigotry on the one hand, or Levity in Opinion on the other; and it must be great and rational evidence that induces him to change.

By these Characters of the Dissenting Ministers (which I declare to be true and impartial, from the best observations I could make on their Lives and Preaching for twenty years)—I say, from hence it plainly appears, that Mr. Wesley's taxing their *Morals* and *Behaviour*, &c. was a malicious falsehood, published on purpose to curry favour with the *High-flyers*, and to enlarge his Pre-ferment.

I have been too brief in the Characters; but though I crowd several persons into one line (and some of them Men of Quality), yet I desire they would pardon this short draught; for in the "Second Part of my Life" I intend to paint them at full length. And if there is any person takes it amiss that he is not so respected as to find his name mentioned in these sheets, he need do no more than speak his mind freely of this Book, and then he shall certainly see himself inserted in the Second Part of my *Life and Errors*.

CHAPTER X.

THE AFTER-THOUGHT.

OR, A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND ERRORS OF JOHN DUNTON, WITH THE MANNER HOW HE WOULD CORRECT, OR SHUN THEM, MIGHT HE LIVE OVER HIS DAYS AGAIN, &c. (WRITTEN IN 1705.)

THUS have I described my *Life and Errors* in the several Stages of it, and have shewn how I would think, speak, and act, might I live over my infancy, childhood, youth, and manhood again, &c. I have also run through all the duties of the Christian Religion, and owned how defective and negligent I have been in the practice of them; but, as David says, "who can know the errors of his life?" Psalm xix. 12. And seeing I have been guilty of many faults which I have forgot to insert, I here add

a Supplement to them, which I will call "The After-Thought," &c. And here, Reader, I shall first acquaint thee, that I should think my After-Thought well employed, if any thing I can further propose would be of any force, either to prevent the pursuing a mistaken course of life, or prevail with those that are just beginning to live, to make their advantage of my *Errors*, and avoid them—it would extremely encourage me to address to all that shall be so charitably disposed as to give me the occasion, by exposing my faults to do so much good : but this is such a piece of self-flattery, I can find nothing to support it ; not being able to find any rules I could safely rely on, but such as were perfectly opposite to the maxims of the World, especially so refined as now it is, that it can make Vice and Virtue equally charming as they come in vogue. And therefore, I fear this *After-Thought* will be scarce intelligible to the age we live in ; it is therefore to the next to come (those that are yet unborn) that I address myself, with much greater hopes and expectations, that when the World has had full experience of the mischievous effects of their lenity towards Youth, they may begin to think it good to take away the privilege they have so long enjoyed to their own destruction, and to the dishonour of God and Religion. Then this *After-Thought* may be of some use, to put a little caution into the minds of young persons, and make them look in some measure to the end of their race, that they may not live for no other purpose than to make themselves the worse for coming into the world, and the world the worse for their living in it ; and that which gives the most expectation of the next age is, that we so lately had a Star of the first magnitude shining in our hemisphere, which gave great light and direction to the paths of Virtue ; though the God of the World had so blinded the hearts of the men of this generation, it was little seen or regarded : but that Star no sooner sets, than another arises ; who by her bright example, we hope, will work upon that part of this age that is not so deeply engaged in wickedness, that no example can change the habit, no not the mode at Court ; but what they cannot mend in themselves, perhaps they may be content to mend in their children,

if it be but to qualify for the Queen's favour ; so that the children yet unborn may come into a world so well disposed, that any rules that point out their duty to God, or give them the least assistance towards the attaining their chief end, the love and favour of God, may be accepted. But to proceed to my After-Thought.

After a second reflecting upon my *Past Life*, I am inclined to think, were I to begin a *New*, it were impossible for me to act as I have done, had I that experience I have now. I find my Thoughts so changed, I have quite other apprehensions of this world : I could no more be cheated into the pursuit and expectation of happiness from any thing it can give me ; worldly prosperity has lost all esteem with me, that now it is almost a wonder to me how it was possible to be so blind as I was when without experience ; and to encourage others (especially great sinners) to enter upon a *New Life*, I do further assure them, I find more real joy in one penitential tear than in all the sins I ever committed. I never before but saw a beauty in worldly comforts ; but now those seem so faded by the greater lustre and beauty that I see in God in Christ Jesus, that I am astonished where I have been wandering all my days, spending my time and money for that which is not bread : yet, I am satisfied, the wisdom of Providence sees it necessary for the good of the Universe, that we should remain in this blindness for some time ; for we see the greatest part of most persons' lives are spent in so much blindness, that, before Experience can have opened their eyes, Death is ready to shut them. Especially those of eminent wit and parts are often distinguished by some fall occasioned by their blindness ; and what is more proper to mortify the pride and arrogance of human nature, than to give them a full experience of their folly and vanity ? which must needs bring them, if any thing will, to a true humility, and a perfect sense of their own weakness, when, upon a review of their lives, they find that hitherto they have only laboured to procure to themselves shame and confusion, or at least have spent their time to very little purpose—that time that can never be recalled, but carries with it youth, strength, and health, and all the prime faculties of human nature—Time, that precious

treasure so soon lost, yet such a loss as would take up all the remaining moments of our lives to lament, but that it leaves experience behind it of such use to us, it supplies the place of a thousand Masters; we need no other, to teach us the knowledge of ourselves, "what we are, what we have done, and what we might have done," in the same temptations wherein we have seen others fall. And when once we are come to this knowledge, we have finished the business of this life; and if we are continued longer in it, it is more for the sake of others than ourselves; for then we are furnished with all that this world can afford us, towards the fitting us for a better. When Experience has taught us that wisdom, to know we have laboured in vain, and missed of our happiness, by seeing it in a wrong place; then are our hearts set upon Heaven, having no more expectation in this world; and all our business now is to wait patiently till our change come.—And now I would fain see, if it were possible, to imagine (Time recalled, and a *New Life* begun) by what means I might avoid my former miscarriages. All the disorders of my Youth were not wholly to be imputed to corrupt nature, but as much to the *Evil Customs* I learned, and the wicked *Maxims* I picked up in my converse with the World. From a corrupt heart, I had a large share of Pride and Ambition, with a violent love of myself; but, for my own interest, I sought the love and esteem of others; and when I perceived Pride and Vanity was the charming object of all people's love and affections, I gave myself up to them without reserve, as to the most perfect and lasting perfections: for, though it is possible Vanity may make but a short flourish for a while amongst gay and youthful persons only, yet Pride will be sure to keep its station, suiting itself to all persons and circumstances of life: whatever it is, we must still find something to be proud of, or else we forfeit all esteem and respect with others. And I have sometimes observed, there have been persons that without any thing to recommend them but the marks of Pride, and a high value for themselves, have gained esteem; being supposed to have some merit, only for pretending to it; but that was a deceit. I durst not trust to, but endeavoured to acquire some

amiable qualities, that might justly recommend me ; and a great deal of time and money I spent with respect to the esteem and applause of the World, which I pursued without the least check, finding it to be an universal principle, recommended to all young persons as the best Industry and Labour, but not under the notion of Pride and Vanity, but of being finely bred, genteel, and agreeable.

Yet I found it a very hard task to divide myself between God and the World ; for, by his gracious Providence (as I hinted in the First Stage of my Life) I was born of such religious Parents as carefully educated me in the principles of Religion, and, by their own example and encouragement gave me the greatest opportunity to live in the practice of it. This took away from me the full liberty of taking all the ways possible to please the World ; and so I lived in an uneasy strife between both, neither enjoying the comfort and pleasures of Religion, nor, with all my industry able to make myself so considerable in the World as I expected and desired ; for I was much restrained from all public converse, by the regular orders and sobriety observed in our Family, so that all the mischievous maxims I picked up were chiefly from our own Servants, who first poisoned me with flattery and observance, amusing and filling my head with idle and impertinent fancies—and amongst the rest, all the foolish and abominable superstitions observed amongst the Heathens, as observations of dreams and ill omens ; and the high thoughts they had possessed me with, though merely for their own interest, so puffed me up, I thought myself above my equals, and acknowledged no superior but my Parents.—But, when I was come to the age that I was thought fit to be trusted with my own conduct, I still ran on in the same mistake. I thought all my happiness depended upon the opinion of the World ; I little valued what I thought or knew by myself, so that the World knew nothing that might lessen their esteem of me. I found it no hard matter to impose upon a blind World, which encouraged me to make it my business to set myself up for an Idol in it ; and it was but a little way I was advanced in this design, when Vanity forsook me, so that I grew indifferent to all the

distinguishing pomps and gaieties of life; but Pride stuck close to me, and much assisted me to reproach and condemn Vanity, wherever I found it. I might very well perceive the advantage I had over those that were devoted to Vanity, without setting such a value upon it as filled me with such contempt for others. But this is the true nature of Pride, wherever it is entertained; it fails not to turn even our very Virtues into Sin.

Thus Pride went on, deluding me into a mighty observation of the faults and imperfections of others, that I had not time to see my own. I almost thought I had none, unless it were any defect that obstructed some ambitious design; such I could not chuse but see and remember, which could vex, but never humbled me; for I submitted entirely to my fancy, and made my own reason and discretion the only rule to judge by, as well for others as myself; but never thought of bearing with any persons' faults and infirmities, for I would allow them none, supposing I had none myself, at least not such as theirs; and whatever I could do or suffer, I believed others might if they pleased, and therefore had the less compassion for them in their extremities. Thus Pride furnished me with all the ways of disobliging, when at the same time I was studying to make myself loved and esteemed; but my aim was at commanding their esteem by my perfections; when that was done, their love or envy was equal to me; to so much folly and presumption had my Pride brought me.

Thus had I raised a prodigious structure of Pride; and little thought how soon it would be destroyed, much less that I myself should do it, and by the very same way I took to raise it; for, not being able to support any disgrace of my Family, no more than my own, whenever their credit required my assistance, I was ready to help them beyond my power. I foresaw none of the mischiefs I was falling into, such an absolute dominion had Pride over me, it could lead me into any danger. But yet I must own there was much of natural tenderness and compassion, that helped as well to transport me to that degree of rashness, as not to see that what was done to help some, was as much to the prejudice of some other of my Relations, which is now my greatest trouble. Could

I have suffered by myself alone, I should have thought it nothing, because it proved such an effectual means to mortify my Pride, which was come to such a height, it would have baffled a smaller force; and to be rid of such an evil, makes amends for many sufferings. Thus Pride and Vanity were all my study in Youth: but how much better had I employed my first thoughts in inquiring, "Why I came into the World? and upon what errand?" which would have led me to the knowledge of the infinite Power, Goodness, and Mercy of God, which first created, and then redeemed me; and that I am his by so many *Titles*—besides, being sworn and dedicated to Him in my Baptism, I cannot, without committing the highest sacrilege, misemploy upon myself or the World, any of those gifts of body or mind God has blessed me with. But such was the blindness of my first years, that I sought happiness in a wrong place; so that all my notions were rewarded with nothing but trouble and contention.

I saw at length my *Errors*, how vainly I had spent my time and labour for that which satisfieth not; and by this means I lost the *advantage* of getting an early habit of Piety and Virtue, which had been my best defence and security against the temptations of the World; in which if we are once ensnared, we cannot hope to be delivered without many sorrows and afflictions; which, though I have had great comfort in, and can bless God for them, I should be glad those who are yet unborn might be warned by my experience, that God may never see it necessary to teach them by afflictions, but that his Mercy and Goodness may even lead them to repentance of their daily sins and infirmities! for, could we be as really touched with the sense of God's love to us, as we are with the feeling of sorrows and afflictions, that alone would move us to a continual sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, which would render all crosses and afflictions useless, and serve the best of any thing to make us draw near to God. Therefore, were I to begin my Life again from my Youth, to prevent at least my particular miscarriages, I would carefully be kept from the company and conversation of Servants, or any other person but those that must instruct me; and no liberty allowed me to waste my time in idle follies, but strictly kept to silence and

obedience to all my Superiors, which should be all persons above me in age and experience. I would be taught as soon as possible the best and readiest way of doing my own affairs without the help of a Servant, which would be both exercise and employment for body and mind, and take off the necessity of any other diversion; for what pleasure can diversion give greater than what the mind takes in doing well and wisely the necessary concerns of life?

I would have all my time measured, and a share allotted for each business, and change of employment should be all my diversion—I mean from that which takes up the mind to some other that exercises the body; but Reading should have a principal share of this time, as it relates to the greatest concern, the good of the Soul—chiefly the Holy Scriptures, in which I would have my memory wholly exercised, that, when I heard it publicly explained in Sermons, I might have the readier apprehensions of it. I would not be permitted to read what Books I pleased; but have my Books chosen, not above my capacity, to confound and discourage me, but such as should instruct me in the plain and easy principles of Religion, and have them explained to me in a familiar way, so as to make me understand what engagement I had to God, and what to the World. And now, I presume, this continued for some time would give me such a habit of a sober and regular way of life, I should think it a doing violence to my nature to alter it, which, I am persuaded, would pretty well secure the time of Youth.

Then to proceed to my coming to act in the World. My first study must be how to avoid both the pleasing and displeasing it: there is danger in both; and to secure me from the necessity of pleasing the World, that is, of submitting to its laws, I would chuse to be hid in obscurity, that my actions might be little known, and less regarded. The smaller their value of me were, the more I should be at liberty, and in the less danger of displeasing them. I would keep my time and money out of their dispose; and therefore they should not know how much I had of either to command it; but, where it might do any real good, I would freely give some share of both, what I could spare: but I should hardly have

so much of either, as to be willing to afford any considerable part for trifling Conversation, Plays, Raffling, China, Tea or Chocolate, fine Cloaths, or great Equipage. And if the World disrespected me for that, I could only beg their pardon, should I disrespect them, so as not to care. I am fixed; for my Experience tells me, those things are nothing at all; however the World esteems them, it is all but Children's play: and that so much respect should be had to the judgment of our Fellow-creatures, sinful, blind mortals, like ourselves; that all our fortunes, ease, and satisfaction, should be sacrificed to the keeping up our credit with them; that ever such a Slavery could be imposed upon us,—would be thought the greatest wonder, were it not for another much greater, that at the same time we should decline the service of that great God, our Creator, who has placed us in the World only to do his pleasure, and one on whom all our well-being depends, who has made “his service perfect freedom;” that, could we but keep the World from exhausting so vast a proportion of our time and money, we might find more than enough of both to serve him with according to his will; so easy has God in his goodness and mercy made our duty and service. But I am not only convinced of the danger of “pleasing the World,” but I find some reasons also to oblige me not to *displease* it. I was not born for myself, but “for the glory and service of God;” but I make myself unserviceable, if by my words and actions I give offence, filling people's minds with prejudice against all I say or do, which would leave me no power, by example or instruction, to do the least good. I would therefore keep fair with them, by complying as much as I could, and so conform myself to their customs and manners, as never to reject them without a perfect necessity; and since it is God's pleasure that Vanity should be the subsistence and support of so many people—till he sees fit to alter it, I would never affront new modes so much as positively to oppose them, but follow only such to which some way or other it is possible to give a decent and sober look; yet should allow the same liberty I take, and suffer others to approve what I did not.

I never found myself infallible in any thing. I have lived to see my *Errors*, that I can look with the less rigour upon those of others, considering how easily we slip into them, and in what we condemn others we have as much reason to condemn ourselves; which reminds me how much I have been mistaken in judging of others by myself. All persons are not liable to the same faults: there are faults some may abstain from with more ease than others; and some persons find more difficulty in the exercise of some particular virtues than some others; so that *allowance* must be made for both; what that must be, God only knows, who sees the heart. I would therefore learn to pity and compassionate the faults of others, and save all my *indignation* for my own, which may best be judged by my own measure; for, how little soever I know my own heart, I know much less the hearts of others. But for those that carry their vices with pride and ostentation, I would keep myself at the greatest distance from them—not out of respect; but abhorrence, both to avoid the contagion of their ill example, and to approve myself a true and faithful Servant of God, that will never be brought to have affinity with his enemies: for what greater mark can be given of reprobation? It goes beyond the Fool that “makes a mock at sin.” One shews his folly and ignorance; the other a diabolical spirit that defies Heaven, which extremely justifies me in this severity: otherwise I could wish to be as merciful to the faults of others as I am partial to my own, which is to that degree I can never know and hate them till I see them in others, and then am hardly brought to own them for mine; so natural I have ever found it to esteem one's self, and despise others. But experience tells me, if ever I would be easy and happy, I must change the object, esteeming others better than myself. This will cover most of their faults, and set their virtues in a full light, which will bring me to take pleasure in yielding and compliance with others for their good, and not think this indispensable duty such a hard service; for Love makes all things easy. Every virtue, therefore, should engage my love, and every fault my compassion; and could I thus live without pleasing or displeasing the World, I should enjoy a great blessing, the blessing of

Peace ; and gain to myself all that time that is generally spent in hearing and relating all the weaknesses, follies, and infirmities, that have occasioned any miscarriages in the World, which fills it with so many uncharitable animosities and divisions. So that you see, Reader, I publish this *Idea of a New Life*, to refine and spiritualize my own practice ; and if, by divulging my *Errors*, I bring thine to remembrance, it will not only compensate my labour in *Writing*, but thine in *Reading*.

I come now to reflect upon the most considerable part of my acting in the World. Though I would chuse not to live by chance, and let the World impose upon me, and, rather than rack myself to satisfy its expectation, find a way to look too inconsiderable for the World to mind me ; yet I very well know by experience, there is no chusing one's way of living ; but whatever Divine Providence sees fit must be my lot ; for the troubles I brought upon myself and others by a foolish way I took to avoid them has plainly convinced me, that, when God determines to humble us, the very methods we take to avoid it shall bring it upon us. There is no resisting his will ; and, blessed be God ! there is no reason to desire to do it, all his Dispensations are so tempered with mercy ; for in all my afflictions I have found such favour ; and his miraculous Providences over me have plainly shewed me, " it is of very faithfulness God has caused me to be afflicted," and to give me occasion to praise him. " I called upon him in the time of trouble, and he heard me," according to his promise ; not only heard me when I called, but with many great providences prevented such mischiefs as came not to my knowledge till after I had escaped them. I see, therefore, it is God that must " chuse which way " I shall glorify him ; for, though there is a plausible pretence for " desiring riches, to be enabled to do good, and exercise many virtues," yet who would change for the virtues of poverty, that knows truly by experience what they are ? The World sees and approves the virtues of Riches, and the honour and respect it pays them requites in some measure the labours and disquiets that attend them ; but " God only sees and approves the virtues of Poverty," and finds ways to reward them even in this life. If he strips me of all,

and leaves me nothing I can call my own, but "feeds and cloaths me, as he does the fowls of the air, which, like me, can neither toil nor spin;" yet he assures me of his fatherly care, who both knows what I need, and with what means to supply me.

I may conclude, I have no reason to desire any thing I have not, because God knows I have all I need. But there are many virtues must go to the making me thus wise; which if God's having placed me in an humble state of poverty has procured me, by taking from me all earthly supports, to keep me from foolishly relying on them—and at the same time giving me such instances of his bounty and liberality, that my trust and confidence are by that means made to surmount all my fears—what can deprive me of joy, peace, and comfort, which must needs establish me in many virtues, of Meekness, Patience, and Long-suffering; but, above all, in a perfect Resignation to his Will, who has made me a Stranger and Pilgrim with him in this World, so giving me earnest of a better inheritance with Him in Glory? And, since my poverty procures me so many blessings, I cannot be solicitous to consider by what means I might have prevented it. I could never think, after a thing was once come to pass, there could ever have been any possibility of preventing it. Yet it is myself only I charge with all the folly and infirmity that effected it, and to which, for my comfort, it was merely owing, and not to a mistaken design of passion or self-interest, which had been much worse; and I have still so much of the same weakness, I know not how to frame rules against it. And this I esteem the greatest affliction I have; for, having been too remiss in the *First Part of my Life*, I have now (if I get to Heaven) a great way to go by a setting Sun; but, seeing every temptation I overcome will be a shining jewel in my Crown of Victory, I will strive hard (will repent of all I have done amiss) that I may take Heaven by violence, and (if possible) get in at the strait gate. In a word; for those few moments I have left, I will do what I can to improve them to God's service. Not my unworthiness and ill-deserving could hinder Him from pouring his benefits upon me; neither shall any human respect withhold me from entirely devoting to his honour

and glory, my time, with all the precious talents and gifts he either has, or shall hereafter, bestow on me.

It shall be my care and business to make my way of living (as much as in me lies) conformable to this design; and the greatest obstacle I apprehend, is the contempt and disrespect of the World: for we are apt to think their very pity uneasy to us; and it is plain to perceive, that to be envied composes all the pleasure of the rich and great; for what is too little for their minds, they find too much for their bodies: neither the toil of riches or honour could ever be supported, did it procure them Pity, instead of Envy. Though I think I neither "love the World, nor the things of the World," yet I find one ill sign of too much respect to it, which is, that I am readier to bestow my money where it is expected, than where it is needed. I must therefore be fortified on that weak side; which to do, I need only reflect upon the grossness of this idolatry, that sets man above God. If in a low and contemptible condition I can be acceptable to God; "what is man, that I should have such respect to him, and his opinion of me?" But it is an ill impression we receive from our infancy, being long acquainted with the World before we can be taught to know God, and the fear and awe exacted by Parents and Governors (those especially that affect an arbitrary dominion) inclines us to think all our well-being depends on their pleasure; and knowing too well how far flattery, lying, and dissimulation, goes toward the deluding them, we have recourse to those arts, as the only way to be able to support their tyranny, as well as to gratify our foolish passions, so often crossed by their authority—besides a natural pride we inherit from our Parents, which they take more care to improve, than to suppress; teaching us to decline at any price the bringing upon ourselves, or them for our sakes, the least contempt or disrespect. While we forget "all honour comes from God;" the World is no proper Judge of it; that which the World gives, too often ends in shame and confusion.

Then, might I live over my Life again, were it possible, I would live the Life of an Angel; for can he be too religious, or think too much of "mortifying every lust," that hopes to be rewarded with Heaven at last? "Seeing

all these things must be dissolved, what manner of men ought we to be !”

I will therefore set myself with so much earnestness to perform my duty to God, I will not be at leisure to know or consider what the World says or thinks of me. I look upon Religion as the highest privilege God gives to any creature. We are not born, but made Christians, and by the will of God only, not man ; and since it is God that bids me, I count it my duty, to believe that I am one of those God has ordained to eternal life ; and dare not make the least question of it, upon account of my sins and unworthiness, as if any goodness foreseen in us could be the cause of God's election, and not, as St. Paul writes to the Ephesians and others, “ that it was according to the good pleasure of his Will, to the praise and glory of his Grace, having from the beginning chosen us to salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the Truth.” This should make me strive “ to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith I am called ;” and to be sure to let nothing discourage me, neither “ weakness within, nor temptations without ; not the malice of the Devil, nor the treachery of my own deceitful heart.” None of these can hurt me ; for whatever advantage any one, or all of these together, shall get over me, shall turn to my good ; for God “ brings good out of all the evil He permits ;” glory to Himself, and much good to his Elect. And since a long trial of myself has given me a full experience of my own weakness, I will never presume upon my strength or ability in any thing either spiritual or temporal ; but give up myself to be governed and guided by Almighty God, as his Holy Spirit and Divine Providence shall direct ; and in every thing I do will beg his assistance, having the confidence that “ whatever we ask according to his Will, He heareth us ;” and whatever we do according to his Will, He prospers it ; and to know his Will, that I may do it, shall be the whole business of my life.

To that end, I will allot myself a considerable portion of Holy Scripture, to read every day, beginning always with prayer, and ending with meditation and thanksgiving ; for it is only by a constant application to God that ever I must expect to overcome “ the World, the

Flesh, and the Devil ;" to which I am engaged in a combat to my life's end ; and I had need to watch, and be careful to take every advantage against such powerful adversaries. But, could I make my converse with the world, and the necessary affairs of life, acts of Religion, it would prove the strongest bulwark of defence that could possibly be made against them ; which might be done, would we deny our passions and appetites in every thing, and make God's Will the rule and reason of all our actions. How hard soever this may look at first, Custom and Experience will make it both easy and pleasant. We cannot but be sensible how often our Passions have misled us, enough to discourage our indulging them ; for to what can be assigned the miseries of life so perpetually lamented, but to some inordinate appetite of the Mind or Body ? But, did we often deny to satisfy them, they would in time lose the habit of expecting it ; and then nothing would hinder us from designing all our actions to some good end, which makes them religious duties ; and it will be as easy to conclude there must needs be some pleasure also in doing the only thing wherein we can testify our love to God, when we know with how much pleasure we can cross any of our inclinations to shew our love to a Friend. This is all that goes to the making an active life as religious as a contemplative ; for the closest walking with God is to consider him in all we do, which will require a strict guard over our Thoughts, Words, and Actions, that we be not mere strangers to our own hearts.

I must also reflect upon the true use of all the benefits God has blessed me with in this life, so that I may not abuse them, but answer the ends for which they are given. My Time especially I will employ to the best use I can ; the first and best, in the morning, after rest and the refreshment of sleep, I will give to religious duties ; and my necessities shall after that have as much as they can justly challenge, upon the account of being natural, so must be provided for ; but I will take care to destroy all necessities of my own making, if neglect will do it : and that method which Physicians use, to correct the ill habits of the body, by repeating the medicine three times a day, seems to me no less needful for the Soul to

take, by returning three times a day to religious duties, to strengthen and support the soul, especially of such whose condition exempts them from any labour of body or mind : for, as with high feeding and no exercise the body contracts many diseases, which require much physick to prevent or cure ; so those souls whose station gives them much leisure feed too much upon amusements and vain talk, that fills them with many diseases, that, unless prevented by physick and exercise, concludes in Death ; but Reading, Prayer, and Recollection, are the best physick and cordials, and the serving our own and others' necessities the best exercise, both to preserve the health and keep up the strength and vigour of the soul. Of this I am by experience so convinced, I will neglect neither, but join to religious duties the serving my own and others' necessities ; nor will I rest satisfied till with St. Paul I can say, "These hands have ministered to my necessities" and those of others : for, let my station be high or low, they may be equal in this respect ; for, if I am obliged to keep more Servants for state and attendance than for necessity, this may easily be made an act of great charity, and give me occasion to "serve to their necessities," which I shall do, if I take care to have them well principled in Religion, and so employed that no time or opportunity be given for idle converse together, to strengthen one another in the wicked maxims of the World ; and by setting the best examples I can of thrift and good management, and keep them always working for themselves or me.

But I cannot approve of so much good Housewifery as hinders the Poor ; all honest Trades should live ; and to manage so as to have little occasion to employ Tradesmen, instead of good management, would be wicked and unjustifiable, because in that I cross the ends and order of Providence ; this hinders not but that I and my Servants may find work enough to exercise us for the supply of others' necessities, though not my own, and procure to myself and my posterity the blessing and prayers of those that cannot work for themselves, who are the only persons I shall work for. Besides, the World will be the better for Servants so well taught ; for, when they come to have Families and Children, they will teach them to

get their living by honest labour, and conscionable trading and industry.

But, in a lower station, my exercise must be the supplying my own necessities, as well as the needs of others; and for those of mine, they shall be brought into the smallest circle I can possibly, by cutting off all the claims of custom, fancy, or the general vogue and opinion of the World; and then I shall have none but of cleanliness and decency, which will be soon supplied, and give way to others' concerns, which I should place before my own; yet shall my care for either be moderate; for whatever it is I undertake, I will leave the success to God's good pleasure. If I do nothing but with respect to my duty, God will certainly prosper it first or last, how adverse soever some things may seem for the present. — I know nothing comes to pass but by Divine Providence: why then should I murmur or repine at any cross event, affront, or injury; or be angry at the actors in them? Let it be interest, folly, or malice, they acted by, they are their own enemies, not mine. I will both pity and pray for them; and for my encouragement to this, I have often found their ill designs have had a quite contrary effect to their intentions; and that, by suffering patiently, and forbearing to publish their injuries, I have given them occasion to change their minds. It shall therefore be a rule with me not to give way to any resentment (and I may truly say, it is so easy to me to forgive injuries, that it is scarce a virtue); my unworthiness and ingratitude to God makes me deserve no better treatment at the hands of men; and so little right have I to the love and esteem of any, it were injustice to exact it. But such care has God taken for the comfort and support of his creatures, he has made it a law to Christians to love and assist one another; and I should shew myself unworthy of such a mercy and favour, could any injury nourish in me hatred or revenge. I will set no mark upon those that are not disposed to do me any kindness, but I owe the more to those that are; and in my gratitude to them I pay my thanks to God, who has made them his instruments to do me good; which has sometimes been those my corrupt nature would never have chosen to be obliged to;

but I can choose nothing for myself, which is my happiness. So much better it is to be ruled and governed by God, than by the best wisdom of our own, that, now I know the pleasure and comfort of it, I shall hardly suffer any more the World, the Devil, and my own unruly passions, to exercise their tyrannical dominions over me; I never served any of these Masters that ever I was paid my wages. Pride and Ambition made me serve the World, that I might have honour and esteem; the Devil I served for fear of suffering disgrace; and my passions promised me content and pleasure, and all agreed in disappointing me. But I could never say that ever I crossed my passions, or resisted a temptation for God's sake, that ever I failed of my reward; and till all my desires are brought to centre in the will of God (which sets me out of the reach of every disaster), where can I expect ease or safety? There is no blind person but would think it a great security to be under the protection of those whose care and conduct would perfectly supply all the inconveniences of that defect: such is my case; how should I fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction, as (says St. Paul) they do that will be rich, did I not distrust my own blind conduct so much as wholly to rely upon the guide and protection of Divine Providence! Our first parents' fondness to have their eyes opened hath so deprived us their posterity of sight and light, there is now no stirring a step without a guide; and where shall we find any but blind guides, unless God himself should vouchsafe to guide us, which of his infinite mercy He has, in giving us "a Saviour, to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of Death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace?" Who would not rejoice in this light and direction, and seek no other; for indeed we are never brought into the way of peace, till we renounce all our own wisdom and human reason, and humbly and meekly give up ourselves to the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, in all the ways he takes to teach and conduct us through this World—as by his Word (read and preached), and by his Divine Providence to ourselves or others, and that experience by which we come sensibly to feel the weakness of human

nature perfectly, incapable of Divine Knowledge; and it is my happiness that I am come at last to that experience; and time enough, it was as soon as God saw it necessary for his glory. And now, after all, a new experience is added, by writing this Essay; for, by a deep and serious reflection upon my past failings, and the way and means to avoid them, I have learned that it is not experience that can humble us, or teach us any thing, till God's Holy Spirit has truly mortified us, which no care and industry of ours can accomplish. Though Religion is more experience than knowledge, yet that experience must be taught of God, and by his own way and method too; that is, in time, and by degrees.

How then can I imagine I could mend my past life were I to begin again? Which way can I avoid the passing through the first follies and ignorance of youth, and then the errors of our violent passions in our riper years, which help us to form wicked principles, and contract vicious habits? And after all this mischief is done, then comes Experience, to make the discovery of our faults, which is all it can do, for it is only the grace of God can mend them. And what power have we over this grace, which God gives when and to whom he pleases? We, for our part, are much better at resisting than procuring it; but if, by a deep search into my heart and mind, I find there the least spark of Grace, all I can do is to esteem it a precious heavenly treasure, which I should study to preserve, by heaping about it all that were capable of increasing it to a flame, that might make it visible to myself and others, and never be extinguished. But I must be highly to blame, and shew myself insensible of this divine favour and mercy, if I do not give it full power and authority to govern and direct me in all my thoughts, words, and actions; especially my thoughts, for nothing less than the grace of God can rule them; and it is from them our words and actions spring, if they are the true interpreters of our minds, as in truth and sincerity they ought to be; and it is a vain attempt to go about to regulate our words and actions, without beginning at the thoughts, though I should allow the advantage our words and actions have above them; because it is they only, and not our thoughts, can pass

the judgment of the world, which we so much respect; but no perfection in our words and actions, while they differ from our thoughts, can advance us higher than to the being Hypocrites, detested both of God and Man.

But, if by God's grace I can regulate my *thoughts*, I need not study so much my words and actions; for to be so very exact and careful of my words and actions that relate to men, but very careless of my thoughts (one of the chief ways of my converse with God), can there be any defection in corrupt nature that ought to give more horror and confusion? Though I am very sensible I am not able of myself to think a good thought, I will endeavour to avoid the entertainment of loose and evil thoughts, and whatever gives nourishment to them; this if I can do, will put the surest restraint upon my words and actions, whatever opposition my corrupt nature shall make to it.

I know how tedious every thing is which we do without delight, and it is apparent that all reading and conversations are chosen to delight our depraved passions and inclinations. I can remark from my youth how I was pleased with Tales and simple Stories, when I had nothing in my head but childish fancies.

After that, when I was possessed with Ambition and Curiosity, I found much pleasure in Novels and Romances, or any other pieces of wit and novelty; but when I was once acquainted with the charms of virtue and sobriety, I quitted all my former, for the single pleasure of contemplating the happiness of a virtuous way of living, and no Books pleased me but of that subject. But now at last I pursue a pleasure transcendant to all these; it is, to be united, and enjoy the presence of God, and all the ways that lead to it: to that end I place my whole delight in reading the Holy Scriptures, humbly beginning with Prayer. It is a holy conversation, that leaves an impression upon the mind, of the power, the majesty, and the infinite goodness and mercy of God to poor Sinners, "so full of love to us, and pity to our failings and infirmities," that there is nothing to discourage us, either in ourselves or him; and where else can we hope to find so much joy and consolation? But I remember the time when I had rather have read

any other Book of Divinity; and am therefore willing to hope it is a mark of God's love revealed to me, which has in some measure taken up my thoughts and affections; and made this change.

Thus, having God and his Holy Word for my guide, I may go on cheerfully, but no farther than that leads me. I will not presume to tread in the paths of the great Saints, unless I had the same measure of zeal and devotion; for so I may lead myself beyond my strength, and make Religion a penance instead of a delight. I had rather take my measures of devotion and prayer from the love and zeal I find in my own breast; not that I should decline any labour or difficulty that meets me in my duty, for I know I am a soldier, and must endure hardness. But, for all whatever I could possibly do or suffer, I should desire no greater reward in this life than to delight in acts of devotion, which, with the blessing of God, will naturally follow; for what is our duty but to pursue the destruction of all the enemies to truth and holiness? And could we obtain an entire victory over them, nothing would obstruct our communion with God, our joy and our delight: but, knowing how much my enemies exceed me in strength and power, I must be ready with all my forces, and give them no advantage by my sloth and negligence. I will be careful to beg of God that assistance I need, and content myself with such a victory as he is pleased to give me; "all my desires shall wait on his pleasure;" for that great God that at first made me what he pleased, and sent me into the world in that circumstance he approved, has the same right to dispose of all he has given me—soul, body, and goods: if I be not slothful and negligent, but thankfully make use of those means his good Providence brings me for the support of myself and those that depend on me, it is all I can or need to do as to what relates to the temporal things of this life; for, by taking care, I shall but make it worse. "Sufficient to the day is the evil thereof." And if I am so unable to provide for my body, much more for my soul; for if God did not prevent me with his grace, I could not so much as desire it, or take any delight in using the means he has ordained for obtaining it; and blessed be God, that has not

made our well-being depend upon our performances : they are his good gifts alone that preserve the life both of body and soul ; and, for our comfort and security, the gifts and calling of God are without repentance. To be sure, he will finish what he has once begun ; and as to our condition in this world, a mediocrity in our desires and expectation is best. I will, therefore, with a faithful Servant of God, pray, " Lord, let me be a sharer with thy Saints in the life to come ; and let me act in this life what part it pleases thee to impose upon me."

But for spiritual gifts and graces, there is nothing too great for us to hope and expect from God's bountiful and gracious promise—even the *Holy Spirit* to those that ask it ; so that no failing and infirmity of mine shall discourage me ; but I will pray, " O Lord God, if I cannot be like Thee in holiness, let me be like thy Angels in obedience." And if I can attain to neither, let me at least aspire to both ; and what I want in power and performance, let me supply with vows and prayers.

And thus has my *After-thought* brought many *Errors* to light, which I forgot to insert in the several Stages of my Life. But though by ransacking my Life and Actions I find myself guilty of many *Errors* ; yet I challenge the worst Enemy I have to prove " black is my eye" with respect to Women, Avarice, Drunkenness, Injustice, or any other immoral practice : not but the *single life* I am forced to will make people the more censorious, and some that have been in the *Oven* will be raising lies of me (so common to men under a cloud) : but I refer them to Time to clear me ; for, by the grace of God, I shall live such a *New Life*, as " I may have a conscience void of offence both towards God and towards Man."

It is a comfort that accusations make no man a criminal (Aristophanes was accused ninety-five times, and ever acquitted) ; or, if they did, my Friend Mr. *Richard Taylor*, and all the Houses where I have lived, are ready to testify in what innocent manner I spend my hours. Or, supposing there were such a *She-Lunatick* (for my own sex was never guilty of such *madness*) as to mind the words of distracted people, such a *Tawdry* is fitter for *Bedlam* than those confined to a chain, or a

dark room. Not that the greatest innocence will clear a man of reflection (even charity to a Widow in Bedlam, or the requiting of innocent favours, shall pass for I know not what) : but shall I be ungrateful (a vice that my soul abhors) because the World is uncharitable? God forbid! I will ever do what I think my duty, and bid the World go whistle. I live above undeserved slander; and dare, whenever I am wronged, trust Heaven with my vindication. I may indeed suffer awhile (should my Enemies live concealed). But it cannot be long, for the Sun, though curtained with clouds, yet in time dissipates the congealed vapours, and gets the victory, and dissolves those veils to thinness; and so to nothing. So honest men (like Socrates) dissipate calumnies by the innocence of their lives, as the crystal currents of rivers carry along the small flying dust. All the arrows of reproach (as is seen in the disgrace that befalls slanderers) return upon the calumniator (for I will find him out if he be not hanged). Thus a Basilisk desirous to infect a looking-glass, killeth himself by repercussion of vapours which proceed from his own body; and the slanderer doth the like. When (like the accusers of Socrates) he meeteth with an unspotted life, it is a smooth glass, which killeth him with his own proper arms; and for this reason, when Philip was advised to chastise the Grecians for speaking against him, he only answered, "If they slander me without reason, what would they do if I should do them hurt? But," added he, "they make me a better man; for I strive daily, both in my words and deeds, to prove them liars." I will imitate Philip in this excellent practice, and hope to lead such a *New Life*, that even the Devil himself shall find it hard to accuse me; were it possible, of one sinful thought. But could I refine myself to an angel, or were as innocent as those in Paradise, there are some in St. Alban's, could it save them two pence, would rail at me. Almost every man knows so much ill of himself, that he is very forward to censure another; but (as in the former part of my life, so in the conclusion of it) I judge of all men's Religion by their charity. Prejudice and mis-information have murdered the reputation of many innocent persons; and for that reason I never judge any man un-

heard ; but now-a-days men are bold to speak any thing, since many are willing to credit all, but more especially lies. Lies are sooner believed than Truth ; and for this reason, one man will slander his neighbour, to pick a thank ; another, to revenge a quarrel ; a third from the pleasure he takes in doing of ill turns. And every man thinks, be he never so scrupulous in other respects, that to *be-rogue* another is to *be-saint* himself ; so that, if I believe one report in forty, I give a very large allowance.

For my own share, two old maids have talked very freely of me, and for no other reason but that my Wife and I are parted. But my conscience is better than a thousand witnesses ; and those actions of my life which some have thought the most culpable, I solemnly declare to be the most innocent. It is true, my hereditary distemper, the stone, often brings me so very low, that I am not able to help myself. At Mr. *Marshal's*, in Suffolk, I could not turn myself in my bed, for several months. At Mr. *Lutwiche's*, I was brought to the brink of Eternity. At Mrs. *Gardiner's*, I was consumed to a mere skeleton. At Mr. *Wilson's*, I was given up for a dead man. And I am often seized in the streets with such fits of the stone, as I can neither stand nor go. This makes it necessary for me, except I would perish to save charges, to have the constant assistance of some person ; and none so fit as those, for my own sex make but odd nurses, that have been indefatigable in the saving my life ; and as zealous (nay perhaps have been over-righteous) for the health of my soul.

The Reverend Mr. *Charles Buck* * gives *Climene* the character of being "a very good woman, and an excellent nurse." And Mr. *Henry*, who lived with her several months, assured his Friend † "that she is a very virtuous person in all respects ;" and all the persons that know her assert, that she strives to be so like Virtue, by fasting every Sunday, and receiving the Sacrament every month, that you can scarce know one from the other. This is that Guardian-angel that has kept me from Sin and Death ; and none but rogues and the worst of women will slander such a necessary and pious Friend. In a

* In his Letter, dated September 25, 1708. † Mr. P. Bowtel.

word, Virtue and Innocence were the rise and cement of my friendship to good Climene. Neither would I desire her help, though to want it would end my life; did I not think her chaste so much as in thought.

But, though my frequent disorders of body and mind make it necessary for me to have the constant service of some person; yet no Creditor is a farthing the worse for the charge that attends my sickness, as I *slave* for it at my fingers' ends.

Perhaps such a miser as *R——* will abuse me for taking such care of myself. But, as no man shall lose a farthing by me, I may justly despise such merciless creditors. Indeed all men under a cloud are called rogues and scoundrels: it was the fate of the two *B——neels*, and that true Nathaniel, Mr. *William Emp——n*; but it is a word I could never digest, and, by the grace of God, I will never deserve it. Yet I cannot deny but most men owe, not only their learning to their plenty, but likewise their virtue and their honesty; for how many thousands are there in the world, in great reputation for their honest and just dealings with mankind, who, if they were put to their shifts, as others as honestly inclined are, would soon lose their reputation, yea, turn rogues and scoundrels, as the vulgar think, and generally call, such as are not able to pay their debts! I question not but want and self-preservation, for hunger will break through stone walls, would put some of them upon those very hard shifts they now blame so much in others.

But, if my marrying a fortune has made me a scoundrel, for my bond would pass for six thousand pounds if my Wife would let it, it is but while I continue a Widower bewitched; for that very minute she opens her purse, which, it is thought, will reach from hence to St. Alban's, I shall be counted the same honest man which I was before, and will run to meet her with open arms.

But I need not apologize here; for, to do my Creditors justice, they are all equally civil to me; if any have exceeded in kindness, it is Mr. *Grantham* and Mr. *Hool*. But, if I had nothing left but a *New Life*, I have enough in conscience to bear my charges to Heaven. So that you see, Reader, none will censure those Friends that serve me, but such as would slander Virtue itself,

were she dressed in petticoats. But, alas! some men are so vile, that, when no merit of fortune can make them hope to enjoy the bodies of those beauties they are charmed with, they will yet lie with their reputations, and make their fames suffer. It is true, to such women, innocence is the safest armour (for just Heaven will never forsake the innocent); yet this lewd revenge is a double villainy, for certainly Women are necessary evils; from our Cradle to our Grave, we are wrapt in a circle of obligations to them. Dr. Tom— was of this opinion, or had never sent so often for Iris; and I am sure such a mortal as I, who am helpless at best, cannot live without their assistance. But how many times do believed misinterpretations cause men to have undue or evil opinion of us, and our innocent and faultless actions! And for that reason, I will never deny myself an honest solace, for fear of an airy censure; why should another man's injustice breed my unkindness to myself?

I would not, for the Manor of Sampsil, to which Madam Nicholas's promise has given me a just title*, contribute to my own destruction; which I must do, should I, to humour censorious people, rather die in a fit of the stone, than receive help from the hand of a woman. No, dear Spouse, assure yourself I shall not deny myself of a necessary assistance, because the world is uncharitable. I am more afraid of myself than of all the world. A man cannot run from his own conscience. Now if I live according to this *Idea*, a fig for B—, N— IV—y, and all those *Summer-friends* that now requite me "evil for good," and would, by their private slanders, *unmake* those favours they can never requite†.

It was said of Chrysostom, "that he never spake ill of any man;" but your right slanderer will publish that

* "As for that sort of debt which is brought upon a man by his own voluntary promise, it cannot, without great injustice, be withholden; for it is now the man's right, and then it is no matter by what means it came to be so. Therefore we see David makes it part of the description of a just man, Psal. xv. 4, "that he keeps his promises; yea, though they were made to his own disadvantage." Thus far the Author of "The Whole Duty of Man," p. 227; and, he adds, surely he is utterly unfit to ascend to that Holy Hill there spoken of, either as that signifies the Church here, or Heaven hereafter, that does not punctually observe this part of justice.

† As they formerly owned in their Letters to me.

to all, that he dares not own to any : their hands can never be clean that throw so much dirt in other men's faces. Sure I am, the abusive language of *S—'s* children has made them as black as Hell. They now act the ungrateful Spaniel, who, when he gets out of the river, shakes off that very water which supported him. But, when they come to their death-beds, I cannot see how they can die in peace, especially *Parson Grubb*, without asking my pardon for those many false and injurious things they said of me, and of those innocent persons before mentioned. By this it appears, as I said before, that "accusations make no man a criminal;" and that there be many things that look odd, when we inspect into the causes of them, are strictly virtuous; and for this reason, might I live over my days again, I would believe no man's eyes, nor ears, but my own; or, "If there were any need that a man should be evil spoken of, it is but fair and equal that his good and bad qualities should be mentioned together; otherwise he may be strangely misrepresented, and an indifferent man may be made a monster. They that will observe nothing in a good man but his failings and infirmities, may make a shift to render a very wise and good man (and I never pretended to be either) very despicable. If one should heap together all the passionate speeches, all the froward and imprudent actions of the best man, all that he had said and done amiss in his whole life, and present it all at one view, concealing his wisdom and virtues; the man in this disguise would look like a madman or a fury: and yet, if his life were fairly represented, and just in the same manner it was led, and his many and great virtues set over against his failings and infirmities, he would appear to all the world to be an admirable and excellent person: but how many and great soever any man's ill qualities are, it is but just that, with all his heavy load of faults, he should have the due praise of the few real virtues that are in him *."

One would think this passage of Archbishop Tillotson was enough to cure *censuring*. It is certain, had the innocent persons before mentioned but met with this

* Archbishop Tillotson's Works, p. 515.

just treatment, they had passed, as they really are, for excellent Christians. However, I have here inserted what false things have been said of them, that the world may see what a vile thing slandering is, especially the private slanderer. "The thing is true; but pray say nothing you had it from me!" is a wound can never be cured; it is stabbing a man behind, and is the worst sort of murder, as it leaves no room for defence. And for this reason, for the time to come, I will rather be silent than speak ill of any man, though he deserve it; and that I may do so, I will observe this rule: "Whosoever I hear one ill spoken of, before I second it, I will examine mine own heart; and it is odds but I shall find in myself either the same fault, or a worse than what he is accused for; so I shall be forced either to mend myself, or not to condemn him; which if I do, it shall be to his face; for the private slanderer is the blackest of all villains. Besides, it is a pitiful cowardice that strikes a man in the dark; I mean, that sends lies to St. Alban's without a name; and then, like a serpent, creeps into his hole again, for want of courage, or witnesses, to prove them. This way of stabbing is so unmanly, that Anthony put those slanderers to death which could not prove their accusations. The design of these private varlets was, to make a difference between me and Valeria: but I am much mistaken in my present Wife, if her great innocence does not set her above suspicion. It is only guilty people are jealous. Or, if it does not, my innocence is too great to need my concealing the worst that malice or slander can say of me; for there is no sex in souls; and I shall think it a duty to respect Virtue wherever I find it. My first Wife was of this opinion; and therefore told the Pindaric Lady *, that "Platonic Love is the most noble, and may be allowed by all." The learned Norris published several letters which he sent to his Maiden Friend; and, sure I am, none but such as are lewd themselves, and so cannot help suspecting of others, will censure a Friendship where the body has nothing to do.

Now if any are so vile as to nibble at this *confession*, they may go about their business; for I have not an

* See before, page 198. Edrr.

acquaintance in the whole world, I will scarce except the reverend Sam. Wesley, but may find enough in his own life to damp his censuring me, and those virtuous persons that out of mere charity endeavour to save my life.

Thus have I finished my *After-Thought*, which concludes the account of my *Life and Errors*; and, if my Reader apprehend me such as I am, I have my end in this Publication. But if, by these features of my confession, he imagine others to my prejudice, let him look to it; for I would come again from the other world, to contradict any one that should represent me other than I was, though he did it to honour me. But I think I may assure the Reader, that, if he practises my *Idea of a New Life*, and avoids the *Errors* I repent of in these sheets, we shall meet in Heaven at last; for, though Pride and Vain-glory may incline that man to recommend Mortification and Repentance, and extol even the Stoicism of Cato, who privately hugs his darling lusts, and lives as sensual a life as the late Earl of *Warwick**; yet, Reader, if thou and I, which is true living, in the vigour of our youth, and the full career of pleasure, set bounds to our inordinate appetites; if we begin a new life before sickness comes, and retire from the world and its vanities before they leave us, we plainly demonstrate that there is some more sublime happiness we pursue after, some more perfect good which attracts our affections.

To persuade to this *New Life*, is the design of this *Idea*; and (that we may want no helps in the way to Heaven) one end of our Saviour's coming into the world was to be "a pattern of holy living and dying," to convince us that, notwithstanding the infirmities of our nature, the most stubborn lusts may be subdued, the most alluring temptations may be rejected, if we call in his Grace to the assistance of our honest endeavours.

So that, you see, Reader, my *Idea of a New Life* is no feigned matter to beg applause of men, but is all (except the two Prayers of Sir Richard Baker) what I collected from my own breast; and is my true thoughts in sincerity. It was written in *solitude*, and wants those

* Edward-Rich, who succeeded his Father in 1675, and died in 1701. EDIT.

embellishments which it might have had was I near a Library; but it is as much to the purpose to assure my Reader I wrote it with my own hand, as a register of my fixed resolution to practise it.

I hope I would rather die a thousand times than commit again the *Errors* I have here confessed. Indeed, it was a saying of a Father of the Church, "that it is more easy to find one that has preserved his innocence from his baptism, than a sincere and hearty penitent, because few are converted as they ought to be." Nevertheless, God, out of his infinite goodness and compassion, does from time to time turn the hearts of some prodigious sinners; demonstrating to the world, that he is truly "a God of Mercy;" and that there is no man who has been never so desperately wicked, but he will receive him, if he enters upon a *New Life*, and does it with a heart truly sensible of his former sins. "He does not desire the death of a sinner, for he came to lay down his life for such; but only that they would be converted, and live."

Then shall it suffice, O my God, to acknowledge thy benefits? will it be any recompense to employ the remainder of that time in thy service, which hitherto has been spent in affronting thy Majesty? or will the divorcing those unlawful pleasures to which I have been formerly wedded satisfy thy justice, and blot out my transgressions? In short, will it be sufficient to secure me from Hell, that henceforward I will aspire after nothing but Heaven, the fruition of thyself, and those ravishing pleasures which are at thy right hand for evermore? If so, blessed Lord, I will endeavour, by thy Grace, daily to act faith and repentance, and direct all the future steps of my life towards Heaven.

And as I wrote this *Idea* to influence my own practice, and to caution those who are yet unborn, or but just entered into the world; so I also publish it for their sakes, who, having seen their *Errors*, are desirous to reform their lives, and "bid adieu to their vain conversation;" and I hope it will put all, especially old sinners, upon a new way of living. Sure it is time for us all to examine what public and secret sins we have been guilty of, and to imitate that repentance which I press so much in every Stage of my Life.

But, let the Atheist, or Libertine, live as he please; for myself, I am desirous to bid a long Farewell to *Life*, which, at best, is but a dull repetition of the same thing; and, if I spend the remaining part of my days according to this *Idea*, when I come to die, I hope I shall have nothing to do but to die. Not that I would be delivered from sudden death in respect of itself, for I care not how short my passage be, so it be safe. Never any weary Traveller complained that he came too soon to his journey's end. It is true, the Manor of Sampsil is a fine sight; but he that looks up to Heaven will not care for the World. "Oh, how amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! One day in thy courts is better than a thousand." There is nothing in this World but Vanity, Disappointment, and black Ingratitude.

Oh, that I was stripped into a naked spirit, and set ashore in a better World!

What though I must pass through the gates of Death,
It is to come to Thee that gav'st me breath;
And Thou art better, Lord, than dunghill earth.

When shall I come? Lord, tell me, tell me when:
What! must I tarry threescore years and ten?
My thirsty soul cannot hold out till then.

When I consider that Sin, like a leprosy, hath so corrupted me, that there is no soundness in my mind, memory, will, and affections, it makes me even weary of life. Indeed, Death is called "The King of Terrors;" but I do not fear Death for the *pain* of it, for I am persuaded I have endured as great pains in Life, as I shall find in Death; and I trust God, who hath loved me in Life, will not neglect me in Death, but will succour and strengthen me all the time of the combat. Neither do I fear Death for any *loss*, for I shall but lose my Body by it, and that is but a prison to my Soul, an old rotten house or ragged garment; nay, I shall not lose that neither, for I shall have it restored again at my Saviour's second coming, much better than now it is; for this vile body shall be like the Body of Christ; and by Death I shall obtain a far better Life.

But, seeing Sin will cleave to me to the last moment of my life, and seeing upon that moment depends Eternity, I would expire with these or the like words:

MY LAST PRAYER.

"Eternal and ever-living God, I am now drawing near the gates of Death, and, which is infinitely more terrible, the bar of thy Judgement. Oh, Lord, when I consider this, my flesh trembleth for fear of Thee, and my heart is wounded within me. But one deep calleth upon another, the depth of my misery upon the depth of thy mercy. Lord, save me now, or I perish eternally. Lord, one day is with Thee as a thousand years : Oh let thy mighty Spirit work in me now, in this my last hour, whatsoever Thou seest wanting to fit me for thy mercy and acceptance ; and then, though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, I will fear no evil. I cannot without some reluctance think of leaving my friends and relations, and for ever shutting my eyes upon that World where I now live, to go into a World where I never was : but, though the light is pleasant, and a joyful thing it is to behold the Sun ; yet let it abundantly content me, O Lord, that, whether dead or alive, I shall be always thine. Help me, O Lord, in every passage of my Life and Death, to say, ' Thy Will be done.' If it be thy Will I shall die now, receive my Spirit ; and although I come in the evening, at the very last of all, grant unto me that I may receive eternal rest. Blessed Lord, seal my pardon, before I go hence, and be seen no more : and since Death is my passage into thy presence, suffer not the thoughts of it to be terrible unto me. Blessed Jesus, have mercy on me ! Pardon the Sins of my whole Life ; and when my breath is gone, grant, O Lord, that I may see and know *her* * again, who died praying for my everlasting happiness. Into thy hand, O Lord, I resign my Body and Soul. Blessed Saviour, receive my Spirit. Even so ; come, Lord Jesus ; come quickly. Amen."

When the trembling Soul has Heaven thus in sight,
Oh, with what joy and ravishing delight
She spreads her wings, and bids this World good night.

I would have this Prayer be my last breath, till my lips fail, and my tongue cleaveth to the roof of my mouth ;


* The person I mean here is Mrs. Elizabeth Dunton, my first Wife

for, as the Sun shines brightest at his setting, so should Man at his departing. In this manner I would correct the *Errors* of my past Life, and (by repenting of all my Sins), as it were, live over my days again.

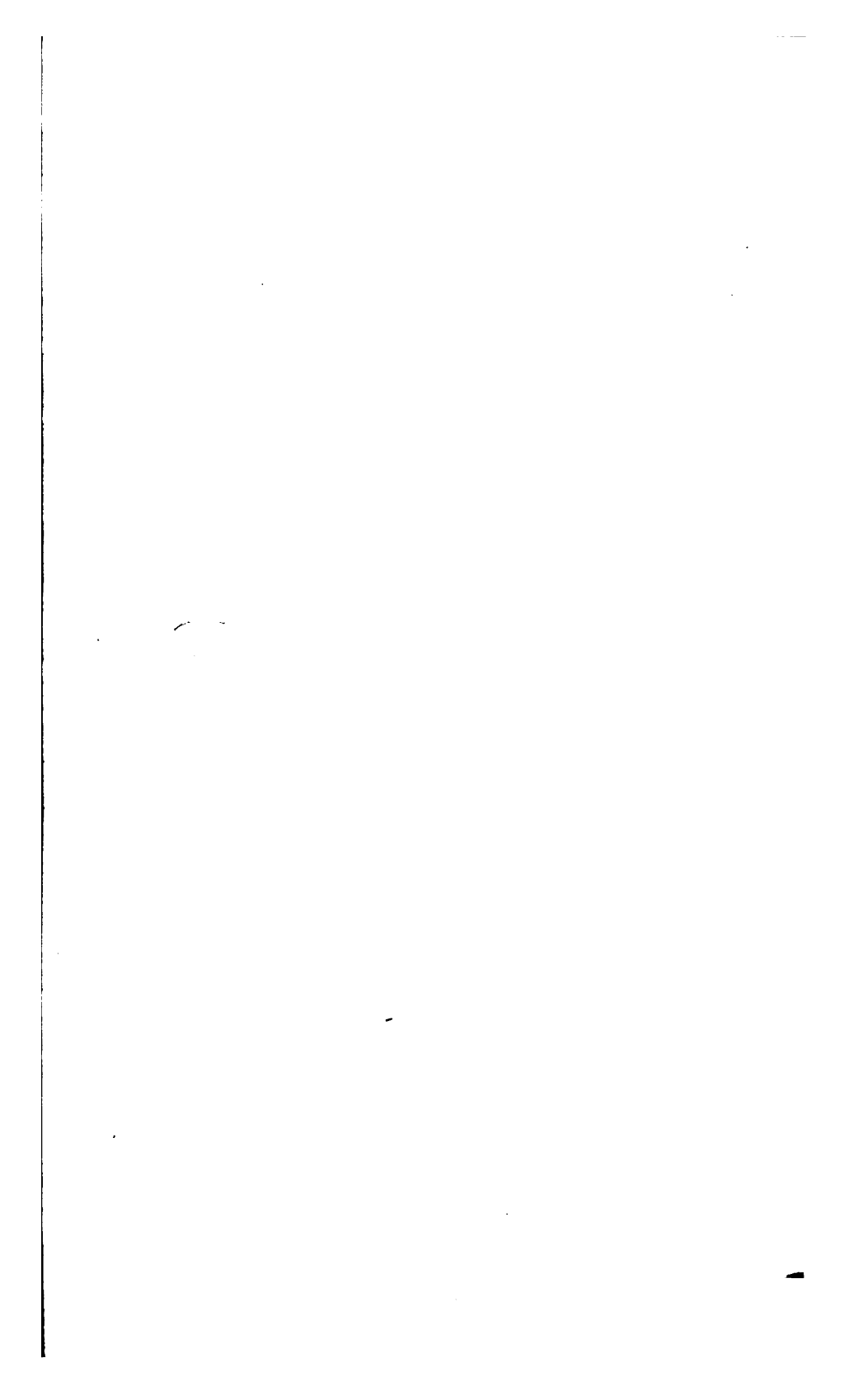
To conclude. I desire the World to date my age, not from what I was, but from what I am; for no man can be said to live, till he forsake his Sins, and resolves for Heaven. And for this reason the day of my Birth should now be reckoned from the day I forsook all my *Errors*, and began that *New Life* I here recommend. And if he that repents is innocent, I am to all intents and purposes as innocent as the child unborn, &c.; for whose sake this Essay was published. So that, if I practise my own *Idea of a New Life*, I may say, as the converted gallant once said to a strumpet that tempted him after three years' absence, "Ego non sum Ego."—"Do not you know me?" said she; "why, it is I!" "Yes," said he, "but I am not the same Man."

CONCLUSION OF THE "LIFE AND ERRORS."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



Printed by J. Nichols, Son, and Bentley, at the Printing Office of the Votes of
the House of Commons, 25, Parliament Street, and 10, King Street, Westminster.





OCT 1 - 1953✓

